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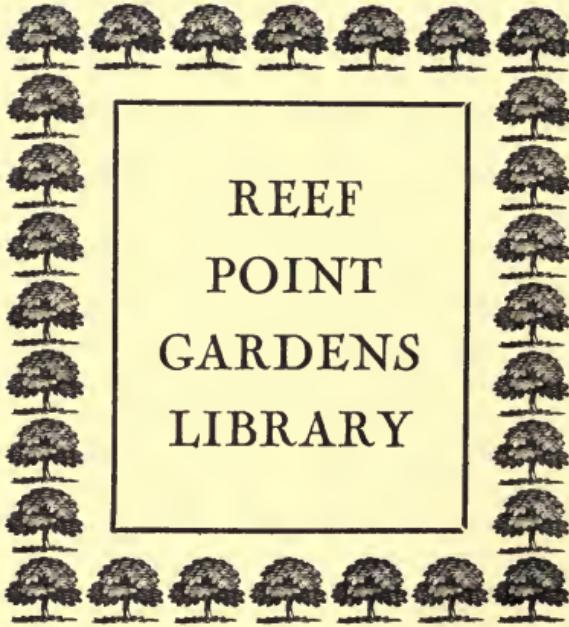
DEVONSHIRE

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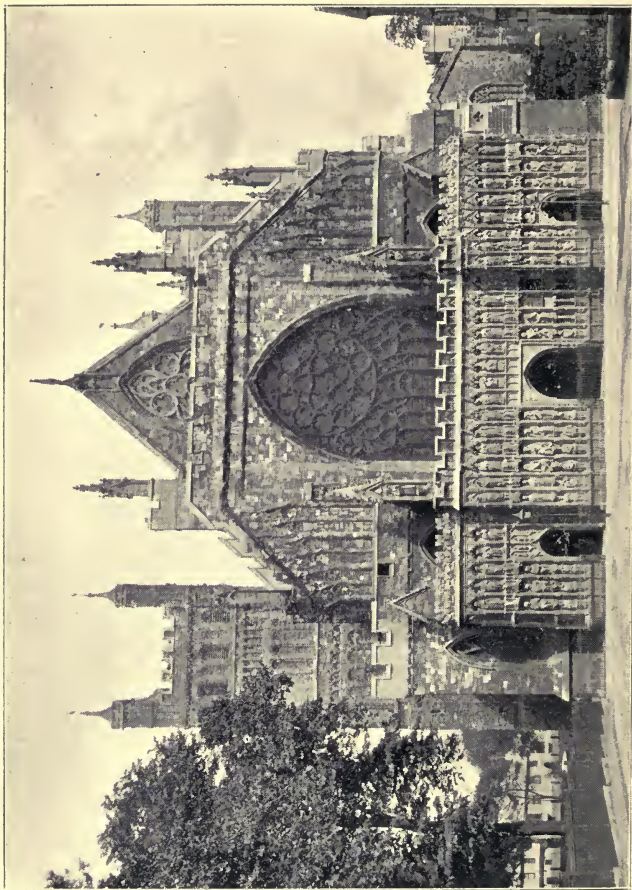


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BLACK'S GUIDE TO DEVONSHIRE





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BLACK'S GUIDE
TO
DEVONSHIRE

EDITED BY

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EDITOR OF 'WHERE SHALL WE GO?' 'WHERE TO GO ABROAD,' ETC.

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PREFACE

THIS Guide has been recast and enlarged both in size and scope. It will be found arranged upon a principle which seems to answer to the present conditions of touring. On the main routes of communication, we have, as far as possible, taken the places of chief resort as centres from which our excursions radiate in different directions. This arrangement should prove specially convenient in Devonshire, where visitors are much in the way of making their headquarters at certain popular watering-places that afford unusually ample facilities for pleasure-trips about their vicinity, or even to points at a considerable distance.

At each place we have tried to outline how may be most profitably and pleasantly spent an hour, a day, a week, or whatever time is likely to be passed there. It is possible to overload a Guide with too many details, and to confuse readers by indicating far more than they can or care to see; on the other hand, various tastes and needs have to be considered within limits of space one would often wish more elastic. The Editor can only

hope he has made the best of these limits for the greatest good of the greatest number.

As a rule, the railway lines and coach routes are followed, but with frequent hints to pedestrians, usually distinguished by small print ; and at the end will be found an Itinerary of road distances for cyclists.

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INTRODUCTION

DEVONSHIRE, one of the largest, is, in the opinion of not a few, the most beautiful of English counties. Certainly there is none more attractive throughout, displaying a greater contrast of varied charms in the luxuriant richness of its valleys and lowlands, and the wild picturesqueness of the hills, that at some points might claim to be called mountains. The coast-line, also, is almost uniformly striking, and often grand, both on the north and the south sea face which this county has to show. Perhaps its most characteristic feature is that of the short river-courses by which Devon is so thickly seamed. Its name has been plausibly derived from *De Avon*, Avon being the old British word for a rapid river; *Axe* and *Exe*, like *Esk* and *Usk*, have some similar signification; and such frequently recurring terminations as *ford* and *bridge* give a plain indication of the nature of the scenery.

Devon men have good right to be proud of their county, that has reared so many worthies to play such a stout part in our history, by land and sea, in peace as in war. It is rich in monuments and memorials of the past, testifying to an importance which shows no sign of decay. The antiquarian will here be as much in clover as the amateur of scenery, among a succession of relics coming down from those attributed to the Druids, a dim name that still haunts the mists of Dartmoor, though their supposed handiwork is now treated doubtfully by learned Societies. Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck's famous essay on "Castrametation" could hardly be judged complete till he had visited the many heights of this county, displaying

time-worn fortifications, raised by warriors of various races, whose tombs also may sometimes be traced near the scene of their battles.

The **Antiquities** of the primeval period are chiefly to be found on Dartmoor and its borders, consisting of cromlechs, stone circles, alignments (the most noteworthy at Merivale Bridge, near Prince Town), single sepulchral stones, kistvæns or stone chests, logans or rocking stones, rock basins, hut circles, pounds, and traces of walled villages.

Ancient British roads ran from Exmouth through Woodbury into Somersetshire, *viâ* Taunton; from Exeter to Molland and Okehampton; and also on Haldon. Celts, rings, and brooches are from time to time unearthed in various parts of the county, especially in the tin streams on Dartmoor, and from sepulchral barrows. Roman coins, and other relics, have been frequently discovered in Exeter. The principal Roman road passed through the whole length of Devonshire from N.E. to S.W., and was called "Ikeneld." It entered the county from Dorsetshire, a little east of Axminster. Roman villas have been excavated at Uplyme, and near Seaton; but the Roman remains, coins, pottery, etc., belong for the most part to Exeter or its neighbourhood.

In relics of the Middle Ages also Devonshire abounds. The principal monastic remains are at Buckfastleigh, Tavistock, and Buckland Monachorum; the finest castelated ruins at Okehampton, Totnes, and Berry Pomeroy; while interesting examples of old domestic architecture are scattered over the county. In very many of the country churches traces of all the different periods of pointed architecture will be recognised. Most of them, however, were extensively restored in the prevailing style of the 15th century, and the windows, therefore, as a rule, are late Perpendicular. There are many Norman and Early English fonts, and numerous examples of 15th century woodwork, chiefly in the shape of screens and parcloses. The wayside and churchyard crosses throughout the county have received a great deal of attention

from local antiquaries, and many of them have been carefully restored. Perhaps the finest example is that at Copplestone, in the parish of Colebrook.

The brick of modern building shows well against the prevailing green of the landscapes, but Devonshire has no lack of quarries to supply more enduring materials for those historic edifices. Its marbles, notably, are often used with fine effect in church decoration. Granite, limestone, and red sandstone afford a pleasing variety of effect. Cottages, and even more pretentious dwellings here, were much built of *cob*, that is baked mud, the use of which seems now dying out, yet it made most comfortable houses, cool in summer and warm in winter; while such walls took on a good show of white and black paint and creeping greenery. In some parts the use of slate, as armour against the wind, for outer walls, will be noticed.

History.—Devonshire formed under the Romans part of the division known as *Britannia Prima*. It then came to be included in the Saxon Wessex, incorporated with the rest of the kingdom under Egbert. There has since been nothing peculiar in its government save what were known as *The Stannary Laws*, which prevailed among the tin-miners from a very early period. (See *Crockern Tor*.)

It was not till a year after the destruction of the Saxon power that the army of the Conqueror moved westward and invested Exeter, where King Harold's mother had taken refuge. After the capitulation of the city, King William marched directly into Cornwall, dividing the lands of the county between his kindred and followers. Amongst the most important of these, the Pomeroyes of Berry held their castle until the reign of Edward VI. Many great families of the county, such as the Courtenays, Carews, Fulfords, and Fortescues, do not seem to have been original Norman settlers, but acquired their lands in Devon at a somewhat later date, since they are not mentioned in Domesday.

Except for the troubles arising from Exeter's taking the side of the Empress Maud, the county had but little connection with general English history till the Wars

of the Roses ; and even then the operations, apart from Exeter, were chiefly confined to slight skirmishes between the small parties of such rival leaders as the Courtenays and Bonvilles, the former of whom declared for Lancaster, the latter for York. The risings of 1549, which commenced at Sampford, Courtenay and culminated in the siege of Exeter, were founded on the change of ritual. They chiefly affected the district between Crediton and the capital of the west. But the age of Elizabeth and the exploits of those famous Devonshire sea-dogs, Drake, Hawkins, Raleigh, and Gilbert, notably in connection with the defeat of the Spanish Armada, form a very important part of the history of England. So do the affairs of this county in the reign of Charles I. The great towns, especially Plymouth, were mostly in favour of the Parliamentary party, but the county gentry on the side of the king. Many old houses can still show, in loop-holed walls and ivy-clad ruins, traces of the disastrous struggles of that evil period in our history.

Once more, in the next generation, Monmouth's unlucky rising disturbed the borders of Devon, not far from which was fought Sedgemoor, the last battle on English ground. On 5th November 1688, William, Prince of Orange, landed on Brixham Quay, and with his followers marched from one end of the county to the other on his road to London. He does not seem, however, to have secured much support in Devon, which, on the whole, shows a spirit of loyalty to the past down to our own day.

The episcopal see for Devonshire was at first established at Crediton in A.D. 909. The ancient Cornish see, which had existed during the British independence of Cornwall, was afterwards united to that of Crediton ; and in 1050, the place of the united sees was removed by the Confessor from Crediton to Exeter. There was no further change until 1876, when the Cornish see was again separated from that of Devonshire, and the place of it fixed at Truro. The diocese of Exeter is now therefore confined to Devonshire, the ancient see of Crediton having been restored as a suffragan bishopric.

Geology.—Devonshire is well adapted for the purposes of the geological student, since it affords representative formations of the *Palæozoic*, *Mesozoic*, and *Kainozoic* epochs. The first of these includes the metamorphic schists, mica, and slate, which form the southern angle of the county, of which the rocks of Prawle and Bolt Heads are formed. The Devonian limestones and slates prevail partially in the north of Devon, as also in the neighbourhood of Highweek, Tavistock, and the Start. The Carboniferous rocks spread over the whole of Central and West Devon ; and Dartmoor, so called from its principal river, is of granitic formation.

To the Mesozoic period belong the New Red Sandstone, conglomerates, and marls, which prevail in the eastern part of the county, the last, which form the lower beds of the series, being coloured red by the action of peroxide of iron ; also the chalks and greensands, which occur on the Haldon Hills, near Exeter, and in the south-east part of the county.

The Kainozoic epoch has left the Tertiary deposits, flints and gravel, lignite, the ossiferous caverns, the raised beaches and submerged forests, traces of which are found in Torbay, at Salcombe, and in Bideford Bay, where the recession of the tide often exposes the trunks of trees. A remarkable Tertiary deposit, belonging to the Lower Miocene period, occurs at Bovey Tracey, below the eastern escarpment of Dartmoor. It fills the bed of an ancient lake over 3 miles long, and consists of beds of lignite, clay, and sand, with an aggregate thickness of more than 100 feet. In the lignites at least fifty species of plants have been found, all indicating a sub-tropical climate ; but the greater part of the lignite beds is formed by fragments of an enormous coniferous tree, belonging to the genus *Sequoia*, the only living species of which are in California. Great lumps of inspissated turpentine, due to the conifers, are found here. Fine potters' clay occurs above this clay and sand, and has been turned to account in the Pottery works of the neighbourhood. The lignite called "Bovey coal" burns with a disagreeable smell, but is used locally.

The **climate** varies in different parts of the county, being everywhere mild and moist compared with that of the eastern or northern parts of England. Both Devon and Cornwall have a mean annual temperature about $1^{\circ}5$ above that of the midland counties, than which their shores are notably warmer in winter, while often cooler in the summer heats. The air of the Dartmoor hills is sharp and bracing, where mists are frequent, and snow often lies long. On the south coast frost is little familiar, but rain rather too much so; and many half-hardy plants, such as hydrangeas, myrtles, geraniums, and heliotropes, live through the winter without protection. The climate of Sidmouth, Exmouth, Torquay, and other watering-places on this coast, is very equable, the mean temperature of the winter months being usually about 47° , while indeed an exceptional spell of severe weather may come to disappoint delicate visitors, as during the blizzard of 1891, and the long frost of 1895. The north coast, exposed to the storms and swell of the Atlantic, is more bracing; yet there also, in the more sheltered nooks, myrtles of great size and age flower freely; and there is reason to believe that Ilfracombe has as favoured a winter climate as any place in the county. The strip of the South Hams between the rivers Teign and Tamar, sheltered by the high land of Dartmoor, is called "garden of Devonshire." It may be considered the centre of the cider district, and includes also some of the best pasturage in the county, although scarcely surpassing that of the Clyst Valley in the neighbourhood of Exeter.

These rich pastures are celebrated as supporting what is perhaps the chief industry of the county, the supply of butter, milk, and that local luxury which commonly goes by the name of Devonshire cream, though over the border any other title than *Cornish* cream will be received with stolid surprise; and other southern meadow-lands are able to produce what is here called cream *par excellence*. Devonshire apples also are celebrated, and the cider made from them, which seems now to be less appreciated in

the county, while it comes more into favour in London and elsewhere as a beverage needing only care and choice to rival many foreign vintages. The old woollen and other manufactures have to a great extent died out, though here and there they flourish in a quiet way not inconsistent with idyllic neighbourhood. There are no Manchesters or Sheffields to cloud the face of Devon ; but it is closely dotted with small ancient market-towns more or less prospering as centres of agricultural trade. Some of the most thriving towns have risen, in the course of the last generation or two, as health or holiday resorts, and shall therefore, for our purposes, receive special attention. By far the largest and most important place in the county is Plymouth, with its annexes of Devonport and Stonehouse, which we trust to show as worthy of more attention than it always receives from tourists and pleasure-seekers. Exeter, the venerable and dignified county town, needs no advertisement to attract strangers.

The county contains 1,667,097 acres, or about 2600 square miles. Its population, by the last census, amounted to 660,444. For parliamentary purposes Devonshire is formed into eight county divisions, each returning one member, viz. East (*Honiton*), Mid (*Ashburton*), North (*South Molton*), North-east (*Tiverton*), North-west (*Barnstaple*), South (*Totnes*), West (*Tavistock*), and Torquay, while the boroughs of Plymouth and Devonport return two members each, and Exeter has one.

Considering the ruggedness of its configuration, Devon is well off for railways belonging to or connected with the two great systems of the *Great Western* and the *London and South-Western* Companies, whose keen competition is a good guarantee for public convenience. Roughly speaking, it might be said that the G. W. R. serves the south of the county, the L. & S.-W. R. the north ; but the former has a line along the northern border from Taunton to Barnstaple, while the latter, having already pushed on to Plymouth, is credited with an ambition still further to invade the territory of its rival. Both lines

run express trains from London to Exeter in about four hours, so that the choice between them is much a matter of nearness to the London stations, *Paddington* (G. W. R.), and *Waterloo* (L. & S.-W. R.). The short cut to Taunton, by which the G. W. R. will save a score of miles on its present roundabout route, should before long put it at marked advantage.

As to the Hotels, we need only say that they are usually what may be expected at places much visited by strangers ; while in out-of-the-way nooks can be found many snug inns, known to anglers and other intimates of the scenery, where a friendly welcome will go far to make up for any roughness of lodging or service. At some of the chief resorts, notably at Torquay and Ilfracombe, the system of boarding-houses seems to have taken firm root.

Everywhere, as usual, we have made it our attempt to mention all the chief hotels, inns, and boarding-houses. While, as our rule is, we have shrunk from the responsibility of recommendation, it has been our design to name these houses, as far as possible, in order of reputation and expensiveness, also, where desirable, with some indication of their character and situation. We should be particularly grateful for corrections here in any particular,—the management of such houses being so apt to change.

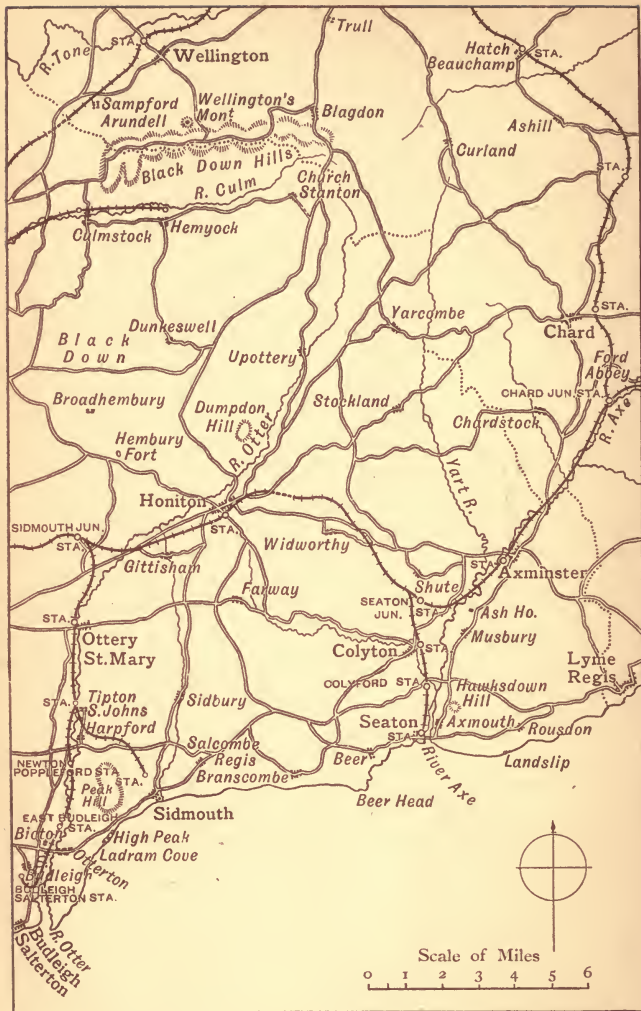
The posting charges begin at the ordinary shilling a mile for a one-horse carriage, with threepence for the driver. Coaches are run, especially about Dartmoor and on the northern coast, one stretch of it still untouched by railways. In the season, at tourist resorts, sociable driving excursions will be frequently organised. On the coast, steamboat and sailing trips are in favour. Cyclists are more or less at home in this county, abounding as it does, in some parts, with breakneck descents which demand caution. There is, however, no way of enjoying a trip through Devon like that which costs nothing for locomotion but shoe leather. To pedestrians, in particular, we have one word of excuse for a certain vagueness that may sometimes appear in our estimate of distances. A "Devonshire mile" is notoriously a long one in the

opinion of a rustic informant, though it is not likely to err on this side as calculated for posting charges. Sometimes, then, our reckoning has been a little hard to make accurate ; while we often suppose or advise the reader to take a route on which he may be much tempted to stray aside, to linger, even to turn back for a moment, so that his progress cannot be timed with the precision of an ordnance surveyor. When we speak of "an hour's walk," a rate of three miles or so is in mind. "A mile or so" —"about six miles," is enough for practical purposes when hurry is the last thing to be thought of ; and he would be a monster in tourist shape who would hurry over a county like Devon.

The pedestrian who has leisure and enterprise and a taste for independent exploration, would have this advantage, among others—that he could often turn aside to search out nooks quite as beautiful as many more celebrated, which want of space, or ignorance on our part, or their distance from main lines of travel, may have caused us to pass over unnoticed, and to which, accordingly, we can only offer most regretful apologies for a neglect that, perhaps, will make them all the more dear to the choice few who keep their secrets.



EAST DEVON



LONDON TO EXETER

FROM London to Exeter the direct road (168 miles) goes by *Staines, Basingstoke, Andover, Stonehenge, Wincanton, Chard, and Honiton*, which route may be varied by visiting other places, not far out of the way, as shown in our Guides to Hants, Somerset, and Dorset. Only a mile or so longer, for instance, is the way by *Salisbury* and *Yeovil*, going off the first route at Basingstoke or Andover and coming into it again at Chard; and it makes a difference of no more than three or four miles to go round by *Taunton* and *Wellington*, following the G. W. R. line from Langport in the heart of Somerset, for which one turns off beyond Sparkford. A still longer round (194 miles) is by Bath and Bristol to Taunton, whence the road to Exeter accompanies the G. W. R., while the direct way keeps near the L. & S.-W. R. In coming from Taunton, indeed, beyond *Cullompton* (see below) cyclists find their best road in turning from the course of the Culm to that of the Clyst, where they strike the L. & S.-W. R. route; but the more picturesque way is to hold down the Culm to the Exe valley.

By rail to Exeter, we have these two main routes, the Great Western from Paddington, and the London and South-Western from Waterloo, whose express trains have rivalled each other in speed. The G. W. R., hitherto handicapped by its bend through Bristol, is now cutting off some score of miles from this roundabout route to Exeter; and after the completion of its new line through the heart of Somerset, may be expected to give the shortest journey.

GREAT WESTERN ROUTE TO EXETER

Taunton is the great junction of diverging lines, whence the main route holds on up the valley of the Tone, near the foot of the Black Down Hills to the south. Towards the farther end of this ridge, above the town of *Wellington*, the **Wellington Monument** stands conspicuous, looking far over Devonshire, which we enter through the tunnel under *White Ball Hill*, before reaching the next station, *Burlescombe*.

The first Devonshire station of consequence is **Tiverton Junction**, where two branches go off, right to *Tiverton* (for which see p. 43), left to *Hemyock*, at the back of the Black Down ridge, to which the leisurely tourist might make a pleasant digression of 7 miles.

CULM VALLEY LINE

[**Tiverton Junction to Hemyock** (7 m.).—This little branch line continues along the valley of the Culm, through pleasant pastoral scenery, and by the stations of **Uffculme** and **Culmstock**. At the former village the Church displays a considerable variety of Gothic architecture.

Hemyock (Hotels: *Culm Valley, Star*), or *Hemmick*, stands agreeably situated at the foot of the Black Down Hills. Here are some ivy-shrouded ruins, and the grassy moat of a Roman castle, which played its part in our own civil wars. The gateway is in good condition. Hemyock Church exhibits Early English and Decorated characteristics. Good trout-fishing may be had at Culm Bridge. The Culm, if we mistake not, is the stream running through Mr. Blackmore's novel *Perlycross*, which, as yet, however, has not done for this quiet neighbourhood what *Lorna Doone* did for Exmoor.

From Hemyock may be taken a pleasant walk of half a dozen miles across the *Black Down Hills* and by the Wellington Monument to *Wellington* on the other side. Southwards, a walk of near twice as far would bring us to *Honiton* by *Dunkeswell* (p. 13) through fine hilly country.

The ridge of the Somerset *Black Down Hills* rises to about 1000 feet, and runs for 10 miles from *Castle Neroche* at the eastern end

to *Sampford Point*, beyond the Wellington Monument. Reached from either side, this western buttress, or the lofty monument, gives a grand Pisgah view over Devon, northwards towards its cliff-edged coast, westward across the valley of the Exe to the heights of Dartmoor, and on Exmoor to the north.]

On the main route, the next station is **Cullompton** (Hotels: *White Hart*, *Victoria* Temperance, etc.), a quiet old town of 4000 people, once flourishing on wool, and now on the papermaking that has become a chief industry hereabouts. Its broad street shows some good old houses; and it has a notable church worth stopping to see. We are here 13 miles from *Exeter*, 16 from *Crediton* (p. 46), and 11 from *Honiton* (p. 11).

The Church, its red tower a conspicuous object from the railway, dates in the main from the 15th century; but one John Lane, a Cullompton clothier, built, 1528, the elegant Decorated chapel on the south side. The roof is elaborately enriched with fan tracery. The screen, decorated with the vine leaf, is exquisitely carved; and very curious indeed is the portion that remains of the oaken Calvary, preserving its accessories of skulls and bones, and the mortice wherein the rood was formerly inserted. When the building was restored in 1849, the plaster was removed from singular frescoes; amongst others, St. Clara in a robe of saffron, St. Michael weighing human spirits in his balance, St. Christopher surrounded by quaint fishes, and such mermaids as Tennyson never dreamed of.

About two miles north-east of Cullompton is *Bradfield Hall*, a fine old Elizabethan mansion, with gables and mullioned windows, that has been well restored, keeping its original oaken roof.

Hele comes next, on the sparkling Culm, a place of note chiefly for its large paper-mill, but its station serves the ancient borough of **Bradninch**, a long mile on the Cullompton road, now come down to a large village, preserving a composite Church with an elaborate screen, and, in what was once the Guildhall, some relics of its former state, while the manor-house has some carved oak rooms. On the other side of the railway, farther off (4 miles), lies **Plymtree**, a pretty village, whose Perpendicular church has also a renowned screen with painted panels, undefaced statues of the Virgin and Infant Jesus niched in the tower, and other ancient features.

Near the next station, **Silverton**, is *Silverton Park*, where the Earl of Egremont began an ambitious classical mansion, which was never finished, and whose many columns and empty chambers would have cost a great fortune to complete according to the design ; so, after making a laughing-stock for more than half a century, it has now been demolished by means of dynamite. A little farther on, to the left, is *Killerton Park*, its mansion girt about with patriarchal trees. Above this, overlooking the Culm valley, rises **Dolbury Camp**, for whose legendary renown see p. 43.

At **Stoke Canon**, where the branch from Dulverton (p. 42) comes in, we are near *Poltimore Park*, a fine demesne, south of which runs the high road from Cullompton. If Stoke Canon have been reached by the road through Bradninch, there is hence a choice of hill and valley roads to Exeter (4 miles), the former giving fine views (p. 36). The railway naturally takes the latter way, now leaving the course of the Culm for that of the Exe, along which it runs into Exeter under a bank of woodland, which, up to the last, hardly suggests to the traveller his approach to a large city. On a hillside to the right is seen *Pynes*, the residence of the Earl of Iddesleigh (p. 37), then our line meets the L. & S.-W. R. coming out of Exeter, which, as also in the case of Plymouth, these rival routes enter and leave in opposite directions.

THE LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN ROUTE

This line, with its branches to the sea-coast, requires fuller description, that will delay us on the journey to Exeter. It goes through Surrey, the north side of Hants, and the south of Wilts to *Salisbury*, the chief half-way station. At *Semley* (station for *Shaftesbury* on the heights above) it begins to cut through corners of Dorset ; then, some miles to the right, one may catch the high-built King Alfred's Tower on the hilly edge of Somerset, in which county mainly lies its next stage. Beyond *Crewkerne* it is guided towards Devonshire by the windings of the Axe, a

word for water that so often recurs here and elsewhere in such varied forms—Exe, Aix, Usk, Uisk, *whiskey*, etc. On the bank of the river, to the left of the line, is seen **Ford Abbey**, which, once in an outlying part of Devon, is now included in Dorset.

Ford Abbey is a fine monastic foundation of the 12th century converted into a modern dwelling-house. The present buildings display various styles of architecture, ranging from the transition Norman to modern classicalities, but they form a fine and striking group; and some of the apartments with their decorations, notably the famous tapestry of Raphael's cartoons presented to the owner by Queen Anne, are among the sights of the neighbourhood, open to visitors on Thursdays in the summer months. The oldest part is the *Chapel* and *Monk's Walk*, a 13th-century cloister. The Grecian Porch is one of the incongruities of Inigo Jones, the architect employed to secularise this structure.

Next comes a short branch for *Chard*, through which we could come into connection with the G. W. R. at *Taunton*. Then, still following the green valley of the Axe, we reach the first Devonshire town.

AXMINSTER

Hotels: *George, Bell*, etc.

This town stands to the south of the railway, where was once a British, afterwards a Saxon settlement; and a castle was built here in 916 on the site of the present market-place. The *Minster* shows a curious mixture of styles, the greater portion of the fabric being of the reign of Richard II. An ancient circular font, three *sedilia*, an arched *piscina* of good workmanship, an oak pulpit finely carved, and a Saxon doorway at the east end of the south aisle, will repay examination.

The carpet manufacture, which once made the name of Axminster a household word, has long been removed, and it is now a quiet little borough of about 2500 inhabitants, interesting to the tourist chiefly as a stopping-place from which excursions might be made. It is perhaps best known to strangers as nearest station for the beautiful

Dorset harbour of *Lyme Regis* (5 miles). Hitherto the connection with Lyme, as with its neighbour *Charmouth*, has been by an omnibus service from Axminster Station ; but a light railway is now in progress that should prove a great relief to horse-flesh on these steep roads. But Axminster lies among picturesque hill and dale scenery that makes it worth stopping at on its own account. The Dorsetshire heights, eastward, are particularly alluring to the pedestrian.

The valley scenery of the Axe hereabouts is very pleasing in the pastoral style, and good fishing for small trout can be had. Its tributary, the *Yart*, to the north of Axminster, might be pleasantly explored as guide northwards to *Yarcombe*, near another edge of the county, whence one can pass over to *Upottery*, and descend the course of the Otter to *Honiton*. Without going so far up, one can cross from one valley to the other, over the ridge of **Stockland Hill**, that at one point rises to nearly 800 feet, 2 miles east of *Stockland* village.

The direct road to *Honiton* (9 miles) also takes an airy course, passing to the north of **Shute Hill** (567 feet), on the south side of which, seen from the railway near *Seaton Junction*, lies **Shute** with its woods, deer park, and noble old mansion deserted by the Pole family, whose memorials may be seen in the picturesque church. Sir William Pole was the well-known Devon antiquary, whose descendants built themselves a new home on an adjoining height. Thence by *Wilmington* and the park of *Widworthy* this road mounts to over 700 feet before descending from *Honiton Hill* to *Honiton* (p. 11). Before going on, however, let us turn aside to *Seaton* and a fine stretch of the coast.

AXMINSTER TO SEATON

The road (7 miles) goes out down the east side of the Axe, on whose bank are passed the slight remains of the Cistercian Abbey of *Newenham*, then a mile farther on is *Ashe House*, birthplace of the great Duke of Marlborough, now a farm. In 3 miles comes **Musbury**, on the hill above which is a British camp. A mile beyond we have a choice of routes. One may keep down the same side to

Axmouth, which has a church with a good Norman doorway and moulded arch; and above it is another camp on **Hawkesdown Hill**. The names of the inns here (*Ship*, etc.) show how this was once a harbour, but now it is nearly a mile to the actual mouth of the river, by a road which may be found flooded at high tide; then a toll bridge (1d.) lets one over to Seaton. The safer way is to cross by the bridge, about 2 miles back, into that tiniest of boroughs, **Colyford**, from whose post-office there goes a winding road down to Seaton.

The railway branch turns off the main line at **Seaton Junction** (*Shute Arms Hotel*), and goes on the right of the Axe, presently swollen by the Coly coming down from the wooded heights that form such inviting landscapes westwards. The chief place on the way is **Colyton**, whose hotel, *Colcombe Castle*, is named from the camp-crowned height to the north. The little town lies pleasantly situated at the confluence of the streams, and has a stately church, with a stone screen and an altar tomb said to commemorate the beautiful Margaret Courtenay, daughter of the Earl of Courtenay by Princess Katherine (daughter of Edward IV.).

The only other station is *Colyford* farther on; then the branch ends at the mouth of the river, some half mile east of Seaton.

SEATON

Hotels: *Beach, Clarence, Pole Arms, Lion, Gould's Temperance.*

This pleasant bathing place lies on an opening among the hills near the Axe estuary, consisting of an old village running inland, and of an esplanade along the great bar of shingle on a curve between the *White Cliff* to the west, and the *Haven Cliff* across the river. Huge letters along the front of the esplanade proclaim Seaton as the Roman *Moridunum*, a pretension not undisputed. There is good bathing, not so safe near the river mouth, where bass-fishing may sometimes be had. A spacious golf ground on the Haven Cliff is among the attractions of a place that makes an excellent playground for children; and the only thing

to be said against Seaton is that the cliffs westward are too much taken up by private residences.

Round these cliffs, or by road westward (about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile), is reached **Beer**, which seems to be growing faster than Seaton itself of late years, and has a fine modern church, in contrast with the old one of its neighbour. Once a nest of smugglers, as one may know from the curious memoirs of John Rattenbury, the "Rob Roy of the West," Beer is now peacefully occupied in the lace-work that flourishes hereabouts. Originally one long street dropping through a deep combe, it is extending in villas and lodging-houses on higher ground. The old inns (*Dolphin, Anchor*, etc.) have long been known to artists, drawn here by the broken beauties of **Beer Head**, a mile to the south, the chief promontory between the Lyme and the Exe, and the western end of the chalk cliffs. On its top is a wild common most picturesquely broken into chalky ruins at the edge, where rough paths lead down to a fringe of landscape and a shore strewn with huge fragments. Round the cliff, a coast-guard path may be followed to **Branscombe Mouth**, a mile farther on, from which one winds up to the scattered village of *Branscombe*, with its old church in a hollow. It was near this that Telford proposed to begin a ship canal to Bridgewater Bay, so as to unite the Bristol and British Channels.

The road from Beer to Branscombe takes a shorter course inland over the heights. About a mile behind Beer is a famous quarry of white freestone, whose long underground ramifications may be explored by lantern light, not without a guide. This used to be lit up once a year by a host of candles; but such a spectacle appears to have gone out of favour.

Besides scrambles on *Beer Head*, longer walks may be taken to the hills and camps inland, such as **Blackbury Castle** (600 feet), rising to the right of the main Exeter road, that passes a good mile north of Seaton, and to which a by-road leads from Beer by *Bovey House*, an old manor with some notable features. But the whole of this up and down country we must pass over lightly, giving more attention to the stretches of the coast eastward and westward from Seaton.

Lyme Regis by the Landslips.—To the east of the Axe, 7 miles of Devonshire bring us to *Lyme Regis*, on the edge of Dorset. The inland country is picturesquely broken by hills and woods; but the glory of this corner is the coast-line, where, beyond *Culverhole Point*, 2 miles east of Seaton, the slipping of chalk and lias cliffs has formed a confused wilderness, the most beautiful scene of the kind in England, not excepting even the Isle of Wight Undercliff.

The road to Lyme runs back to *Axmouth* (p. 7), whence it loops up the valley in two branches, of which the left is the prettier, but the right should be taken if we wish to gain the Landslips from behind. After crossing the bridge at Seaton (1d. toll), the third gate on the right (formally closed once a year) opens a footway up to the Coastguard Station, whence a path may be taken along the cliffs, or one may gain them from below. This way through the mazes of tumbled ground is often rough and hard to find, and the less adventurous course is to drive or walk to *Dowlands Farm* on the road above, through which a charge of 6d. is made for descending to the **Dowlands Landslip**, so called *par excellence*, but the whole coast onwards to Lyme has long been liable to subside from its treacherous foundations. The shore may also be gained from the ancient farm-house of *Bindon*, nearer Seaton, where also a small toll (3d.) is levied for access. Horses are put up at either farm; cycles also might be stabled.

The way through Dowlands leads down to a dome-like knoll of chalk, crowned by a pole, marking a central point of the devastation produced by the great landslip of 1839, when the chalk and sand of the upper cliff slipped away from the lias below, forming a rugged chaos, now overgrown by grass and brushwood, as beautiful as wild. Nearly a mile of the coast then sank from 100 to 200 feet. If we come down through Dowlands, some of the finest effects of natural ruin must be looked for towards Seaton. Hence one can walk on to Lyme by the shore, the path making labyrinthine windings through overarching thickets. Beyond the next opening in the cliffs, a coastguard flagstaff may be steeply climbed to for a view over this scene of tangled greenery; but caution is suggested by a monument to a victim of such slippery slopes. A narrow track runs on below, at times almost buried in bowery shade. In a tiny ravine, where steps lead down to the sea, we find the chalk changing to sand. Near this, the *Chapel Rocks* enclose a secluded hollow in which the nonconformists of Lyme stealthily met for worship under Charles II. By the *Pinney Cliffs*, we come to the last stretch of the maze, beneath unstable heights, always ready to crumble, to be undermined by springs or washed away by the waves, where the romantic confusion of old date has

been still more picturesquely confounded through fresh landslips. The broken and bosky charms of this wilderness were well known to Lyme visitors in the days of Jane Austen and of Miss Mitford. A large green mound, the "Giant's Grave," and an opening known as "Donkey Green," are prominent spots among the rank copses, brightened by wild flowers, blossoms, and berries. On the height above will be seen a column of rock, known as the "Chimney," to which one might scramble up for a wider outlook, or spend hours in rambling through the hillocks and thickets below, not without places where refreshments may be had in the season. By a wicket gate opposite the buildings of St. Michael's College, one gets out on the road leading down into Lyme, or can descend the rough slope to the shore near its famous "Cobb," the breakwater at this end of the town.

It is difficult to calculate one's distance in miles over such broken ground, or even to keep a path that has so many divagations. To trace a way all through the landslips would be a matter of some hours; but at more than one point the road on the cliffs behind may be gained. In walking by the road, beyond Dowlands, a corner is cut off by taking the drive between the red-roofed lodges of *Rousdon* (Sir W. Peek), passing the beautiful new Church with its sweet chimes, the many-gabled mansion that, when mellowed by time, should make a good specimen of Victorian architecture, imitating an earlier style, and an observatory, in which the late baronet took much interest. The rest of this demesne is private. On the height above Lyme Regis, we leave Devon, within which county lies *Uplyme*, on the Axminster road; but the town itself, nestling beneath its blue lias cliffs at the mouth of the Lyme, is in Dorset, while we understand it has an ambition to go over to Devon.

Seaton to Sidmouth.—The road from Seaton to Sidmouth is called about 9 miles; but the pedestrian who follows the coast must look on that figure as a mere *rateable value*, and will find the journey nearly doubled in exertion by trying ups and downs upon cliffs between 400 and 500 feet high, broken by beautifully overgrown combes. For part of the way, he may turn back to the Exeter high road running farther inland. If he count on keeping the rough paths near the edge of the cliffs, he must have a sharp eye and stout breeches, not to speak of nailed boots, while walking on the shingle below is still more arduous.

The projection of Beer Head makes a mile or two more than the road behind to *Branscombe* (4 miles). A middle course is to turn up from Beer to the quarries, just beyond which a lane begins a path

over the hill—there are said to be seven such paths, but this one will be easiest found and followed. Behind the churchyard at Branscombe another path leads up through a wood to knolls and bluffs of turf on which are a camp and a group of tumuli. Here one may descend by a lovely path and through some potato plantings to the shore, or hold on along the *Coze Cliff* to *Weston Mouth*, a ravine half choked up by greenery, where one is not three miles from Sidmouth—but such miles! The next stage is by *Dunscombe Cliffs*, over which we descend into another hollow at the head of which the Church of *Salcombe Regis* beckons us to the road; else one more steep climb puts us on the height above Sidmouth (p. 17), where the chalk cliffs of Beer have now changed to the deep red sandstone characteristic of this side of Devon. Of these cliffs we shall have more to say under *Sidmouth*.

Railway Route, continued.—From Seaton Junction, the railway goes on to *Honiton*, the chief town of this district.

HONITON

Hotels : *Dolphin, Angel.*

Backed by an amphitheatre of wooded heights and lying in the valley of the Otter, Honiton is one of the most agreeable of Devonshire towns, which deserves more attention from tourists. It has a name for the prosaic manufacture of butter, as well as for the delicate handmade lace, of which Queen Victoria's bridal robe was fashioned. The lace manufacture was introduced here by the Flemings in the reign of Elizabeth, and has extended to several of the neighbouring villages. If all stories are true, this industry seems threatened by the School Boards, for it is said to require a pliant dexterity of finger to be gained only in childhood; but the specimens to be seen at Mrs. Fowler's, in the High Street, do not show any signs of decadence.

Honiton has two churches—*St. Paul's*, built in 1837, containing an original painting, "The Descent from the Cross," by W. Salter, R.A., a native artist; and the old parish church of *St. Michael*, on high ground south of the town, partly restored, preserving a good screen, and at the entrance the black marble tomb of *Thomas Marwood*,

physician to Queen Elizabeth, who practised so successfully on himself that he reached the age of 105. There is an old *Grammar School* near the new church, which marks the centre of the long broad street, such a lively scene on its Saturday market-days. Fishing can be had, and otter-hunting is among the sports of the district.

The town consists mainly of that one thoroughfare, at the top of which unite the roads from Taunton and Axminster. A little below, to the right, lies the course of the Otter. To the left, just beyond St. Paul's Church, goes off a cross street leading to St. Michael's past the station. This church stands beautifully on high ground; and from its pretty churchyard there is a fine view over the town, the valley of the Otter, and on the wooded heights behind, where are conspicuous the bold head of *St. Cyres Hill* opposite, *Tracey House* upon its side, the ridge running along westward to *Hembury Fort* (p. 13), and north-eastward the clump-crowned *Dumpton Hill* (p. 13), that makes such a prominent landmark. West of the church rises *Gittisham Hill*, over which goes the road to Sidmouth (9 miles), turning off at the lower end of the town. Eastward is the moorland ridge of *Honiton Hill*, by which mounts the Axminster road. Round the corner of this, a short 2 miles out, stands a tower, from which another fine prospect may be had to the south.

From such points of vantage is well seen what finely varied country invites exploration about Honiton. We will suggest a few excursions to the pedestrian, who can also be recommended to the high-running roads for Sidmouth and Axminster, while swift cyclists may rather admire the main highway to Exeter, beyond Honiton taking a straight stretch of Roman road.

The road going past the old church southwards leads along **Farway Hill**, its crest dotted with the tumuli that, like old camps, are such common features of the heights hereabouts. About $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles out, near the highest point (over 800 feet), one might descend on the left to **Farway**, a little village beyond which, by *Netherton Hall*, a way up another lofty ridge leads back to the road over Farway Hill. Had one kept on this road southwards, half a dozen miles would bring one into the high road from Lyme to

Exeter, about half-way between Seaton and Sidmouth on either hand.

St. Cyres Hill, the wooded head overlooking the town beyond the river, may be reached by a way that would give a good sample of this green country. Go out by the road for *Combe Raleigh*, crossing the river a little above a bathing-place (to be gained by an alley near the Dolphin and over a couple of fields). Beyond the bridge, by the first cottage at corner of a wood, take a lane (left) and almost at once a path over a stile (right). Keep up the fields in same direction till a drive is crossed, within which, a few yards on the right, another stile lets one into the field beyond. Here turn up to the hill, trending right for the stile at the further corner, beyond which the way is plain. From outside the wood there is a good view over Honiton and the heights to the north and east.

Through the wood and a little along the ridge a way might be found down to the Cullompton road on the south side. Or at the bottom of the field outside the wood a rough lane descends to **Combe Raleigh**, whose thickly ivied Church tower is very visible; and thence a pleasant half hour's road leads back to Honiton.

From the mill beyond *Combe Raleigh* one might make a short cut to **Dumpton Hill** (854 feet), which, crowned by a camp and a clump of trees, makes such a conspicuous landmark far around. The road leading to it (under three miles) goes off from the high road to Taunton, a little beyond the top of the town, crossing the Otter at Langford Bridge; then Ford Bridge, a mile higher up, gives a change of way for return to the Taunton road.

The road to *Cullompton* (page 3, 11 miles) turns right from the main street, a little way beyond the Dolphin, near the post-office. It crosses the Otter below the woods of *Tracy House*, going on to *Awliscombe* under the slopes of **St. Cyres Hill**; then, 4 miles out, beside the lofty road comes **Hembury Fort** (665 feet), the most notable of the ancient strongholds in this district, if not the best specimen of a Roman camp in Devon. It is oval in shape, divided into two parts by an earthwork, and enclosed by a triple vallum. Some antiquaries have identified it with the *Moridunum* of Antoninus; but this Roman station seems more probably to have been High Peak, near Sidmouth, while Seaton also puts in a claim by the gigantic inscription in front of its esplanade.

The by-road southwards from Hembury Fort would lead, in about 3 miles, by *Pay Hembury* to *Sidmouth Junction*, where train could be taken back to Honiton or on to Exeter. Northwards a way leads over the heights to **Dunkeswell** (about 4 miles), where are some remains of the ancient Abbey. Thence one could return

to Honiton by *Combe Raleigh* in some half-dozen miles, or hold on northwards about as far to the railway at *Hemyock* (p. 2).

Railway Route, continued.—From Honiton the L. & S.-W. R. keeps westward, at first accompanying the high road to Exeter (17 miles), which presently crosses it, taking a straighter line to the south, through *Rockbeare* and *Honiton Clyst*, to enter the city over *Heavitree Hill* (p. 36), where tram lines become a guide to the High Street. The first station, some 4 miles along the railway, is *Sidmouth Junction*, whence a branch goes southwards with the Otter. But before turning aside for this part of the coast, we may as well hold on the dozen miles to Exeter. **Whimble** is the next station, beside which is seen a specimen of the goodly churches that are the rule in this neighbourhood. We now pass from the valley of the Otter to that of the Clyst, which falls into the Exe below Topsham, after threading a string of villages that bear its surname. **Broad Clyst** is nearly 2 miles north of its station, from which **Honiton Clyst** lies almost as far south. **Pinhoe**, the next station, a mile south of *Poltimore Park* (p. 4), is almost in the suburbs of Exeter. The main line now joins the branch from Exmouth, and under Rougemont enters *Queen Street Station*, the principal one of this railway, from which its trains for Plymouth go on to *St. David's*, and there make a junction with those of the G. W. R. (p. 23).

TO SIDMOUTH AND BUDLEIGH SALTERTON

Let us now return to **Sidmouth Junction**, a dozen miles short of Exeter. Here goes off a line to *Sidmouth*, branching on the way for *Budleigh Salterton*, which latter branch is being continued to Exmouth to meet there the L. & S.-W. R. rail from Exeter, so that, when completed, it will form a loop line along a very charming part of the coast.

In 3 miles is reached a small town of no small interest.

OTTERY ST. MARY

Hotels: *King's Arms, London etc.*

This town has twice suffered from great fires, so cannot be expected to show much antiquity. Silk-spinning and the manufacture of lace have taken the place of the old staple of Ottery trade, the serge manufacture. It is a pleasant place of 4000 inhabitants, amid attractive scenery, which would tempt those who find the world too much with them at Sidmouth, in its summer season. Its own chief attraction is the ancient Church originally founded by Edward the Confessor, and bestowed upon the Abbey of Rouen; rebuilt by Bishop Bronscombe, 1257-1280; completed, and converted into a collegiate church by Bishop Grandison, about 1340. One of its priests was the eccentric Alexander Barclay, translator of *The Ship of Fools* (d. 1552). It was thoroughly restored in 1850, so as to afford the architectural student a worthy subject for study.

The Church of Saints Mary and Edward recalls the plan of Exeter Cathedral, particularly in the arrangement of the towers at the end of the transepts. The *West Front*, with its three stories, seems to have been imitated from Exeter, though much more simple. The doorway is deeply recessed, and surmounted by a five-light window. A niche in the gable exhibits a figure of the Virgin Mary, co-patron of the church. The *South Tower* is Early English; its string course terminates in fantastic corbel heads, and in each face are inserted three lancets. The *North Tower* is crowned by a spire. The *Choir* extends three bays into the Nave, and is paved with tiles. The *Lady Chapel* is in the Decorated style of Edward III.'s reign, while the *Dorset Chapel*, on the north side of the Nave, is late Perpendicular; it contains a fine western window of six lights, representing the *Transfiguration*. It has also a richly-groined roof, and exhibits the arms of Bishops Courtenay (1478-1487) and Vesey (1519). Over each of the arches, supported by the nave-columns, is a niche for a statue. The ceiling of the Nave is very rich. In the chantry aisles the windows are by Hardman, from Pugin's designs, and represent the *Majesty of God* and *Christ on the Cross*. The modern *Font* will be admired for its costly marbles. The stone reredos has been effectively restored. The canopied niches in the rear of the altar appear to have been intended for pictures. Brackets for images are placed on either

side, and niches for statuary fill the arch above. Five misereres have been replaced on each side of the choir, separated by a low oaken screen from the transept. Round an old wooden altar is laid an elaborate pavement, and a vacant bay before the sanctuary has been protected by a screen formed out of a 14th century *parclose*. Remark the stone *sedilia*, and the gallery of stone, with its pillars of Purbeck marble, which divides the Lady Chapel from the *Ambulatory*.

Memorials to be noticed as those of Sir *Otho de Grandison*, d. 1360, brother of the bishop-architect, and *Beatrice Malmaynes*, his wife, each reposing on an altar-tomb under richly-decorated canopies; Archdeacon *Northwood*, an incised stone despoiled of its brass; and *John Cooke* of Thorne, d. 1632, an armed soldier grasping his sword. The latter is said to have been murdered by a younger brother, and his statue, therefore, steps down from its niche at midnight and stalks through the silent church. In the southern transept is the finely-sculptured tomb of Lady Coleridge.

The churchyard contains several monuments of the Coleridge family, amongst them a granite cross, 12 feet high, erected in 1877 in memory of Sir J. T. Coleridge. His grandfather, father of Coleridge the poet, who was born here, first came to Ottery as Vicar, and master of the Grammar School. To the west of the churchyard is a seat of this family, now illustrious both in law and literature, a red-brick mansion in great part rebuilt, but retaining a room said to have been occupied by Cromwell. Sir Walter Raleigh spent part of his youth at Ottery, as did Thackeray, who has celebrated it as "Clavering St. Mary," the vicinity being clearly the scene of the early part of *Pendennis*. "Fairoaks" and "Clavering Park" are still identified by the banks of the "Brawl," that had S. T. Coleridge also to sing its praises. A sand cave in the bank above the Otter, "The Pixie's Parlour," is pointed out as a haunt of the boy genius nursed in this "varied scene of wood, hill, vale, and sparkling brook," where so many pleasant rambles may be taken. Anglers, as well as landscape-lovers, would find themselves at home on the course of the Otter; and the coast, with its fine red cliffs, is within a couple of hours' walk. Permission to fish the best parts of the Otter is not given indiscriminately; but for about a mile above the sea the river is free, and certain hotels have tickets for preserved waters.

On the top of **Rockbeare Hill** (500 feet) $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile west to the left of the road to Exeter (11 miles), Mr. Nation has now made public, through the National Trust, a park commanding fine views.

Two or three miles south of Ottery the Salterton branch goes off to the right at **Tipton St. John's**. The Sidmouth branch now leaves the valley of the Otter, passing over high ground by *Harpford Wood*, then descending to its terminus, a mile behind the sea. A shady road leads on to the Esplanade, with a turn left for the main part of the town.

SIDMOUTH

Hotels : *Knowle*, in its own grounds ; *Bedford, York*, on the Esplanade ; *London*, in High Street.—Boarding Houses, *The Glen*, *Norton Garth*.

Before Torquay attained its present note, Sidmouth was a fashionable watering-place of the west. The "Glen," at the west end of the esplanade, was then occupied by the Duke of Kent and his family ; and a fine stained-glass window will be found in the Church, given by Queen Victoria in memory of her father, who died here, as the result of a chill caught in walking over the hills by which the town is shut in. After falling behind its rivals, Sidmouth seems once more to be coming into favour again, especially with permanent residents. It is now a cheerful little place of over 3000 inhabitants, which has added to its attractions *Medical Baths* for the treatment of heart disease, rheumatism, gout, etc. ; and of late years its merits as a winter resort have been much more recognised.

The climate of Sidmouth is mild, equable, and soothing, recommended for weak chests and throats. The total rainfall seems to be less than in other parts of South Devon. It enjoys a high measure of winter sunshine, with hardly any fog. In summer, statistics go to show it cooler than might be expected ; yet a hot day must be oppressively felt at the foot of its glowing cliffs. The drainage and water supply are, on the whole, well attended to ; but some houses are still supplied by wells, as to which caution is advisable.

The bathing is not very good, the shore being rather rough,

where occasionally valuable stones may be picked up. There are bathing machines and sands in front of the esplanade. Swimmers prefer to go round the corner to the bay lying west; when the point is cut off by the tide, it may be reached by going up the road on to Peak Hill, and taking the first path to the left. Here, at high tide, one can quickly plunge into deep water off a bank of shingle; and a stretch of sand is exposed as the tide goes down. On the other side of the Sid, also, men can bathe from the banked-up beach.

The town lies in the centre of a bay, running back into a horse-shoe valley behind, and filling up with its front a break in the high cliffs of red sandstone crowned by green pastures. The front is protected by a wall, forming an esplanade some half-mile long; but Sidmouth has never been able to build a pier or harbour, for all its costly efforts to bridle the winter waves. At the east end of the sea front the little Sid, gathered into a pool, filters its way through a bar of shingle thrown up by the tide, now and again, after heavy rains, bursting out more impetuously. Inland, along the valley of this stream, are pleasant level roads and field-paths; but on either side, the *Salcombe* and *Peak* cliffs must be gained by a steep ascent of about 500 feet, which will be well repaid. Once on these heights, however, one finds stretches of fairly even ground, where it is hardly possible to go wrong for airy and picturesque rambles.

The Parish Church was restored in 1860. It is adorned with a handsome reredos, a hexagonal pulpit of Devonshire marble, and much good coloured glass, including the west window to the memory of the Duke of Kent. The other church, *All Saints*, covered by ivy, that gives it a fictitiously venerable air, stands back towards the station.

In summer cricket specially flourishes at Sidmouth; and the cricket field by the shore attracts many spectators. The archery meetings here, also, are still well attended, as is the lawn tennis tournament. Golf has made its addition to these pastimes, and though the links, lying a little way back from the town, are not very large as yet, they appear to be well off for hazards. Boating and sea-fishing are to be had, under some little difficulty, indeed, for want of a harbour. The *Sid*, in its small way, and the *Otter*, not far off, are good

trout streams. Then the geologist, botanist, and conchologist will find plenty of interest about this neighbourhood, where no one need be at a loss for excursions. The best views are naturally to be found on the cliffs. Looking seaward, the eye embraces the whole of the coast which borders the great bay of Devon and Dorset, beginning at Star Point on the west, and stretching as far as Portland on the east. On the downs behind will be found several barrows, standing stones, and ancient camps as goals for excursions. In every direction, the pedestrian has a choice of wanderings over a country where the highroads are often as attractive as the byeways. In summer, coach trips run to *Seaton*, *Branscombe*, *Budleigh Salterton*, *Exmouth*, *Exeter*, and other points.

The immediate surroundings may be outlined thus:—

Salcombe is the peaked cliff (500 feet) to the east, reached by a path from the little bridge near the mouth of the Sid. Behind this rises still higher *Salcombe Down*, which commands all round views reaching to Torquay and Berry Head. Thence the pedestrian may expatiate on an amphitheatre of open heights shutting in the valley of the Sid; or in the first opening eastwards he may descend to **Salcombe Regis** (2 miles from Sidmouth by road), whose Church has a Norman Tower and Early English Chancel. This place must not be confounded with *Salcombe* at the extreme south of the county.

The way on to *Seaton* has been shown, p. 10.

Sidbury lies 3 miles up the valley, reached on foot by the heights on either side, or by pleasant field-paths along the little river. The Church has some Norman remains and interesting memorials. To the west is a large kite-shaped Camp, **Sidbury Castle** (600 feet), gained by leaving the Sidbury road a little beyond *Sidford*, $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile above Sidmouth.

To the west of Sidbury Castle rises the higher *Beacon Hill*, and beyond this, above the Otter Valley, *Harpford Wood*, goals of walks to the north-west of Sidmouth, that in 4 miles would bring one to *Tipton St. John Station* (p. 17). Beyond this, *Ottery St. Mary* (6 miles) is sure to be visited for its grand Church (p. 15).

Muttersmoor (650 feet) is another fine height to the west of the town, for which one goes up behind the Roman Catholic convent, above the Glen, then turning left may come down to the Peak Road near the coast. A new driving road has been made here that gives fine views.

Peak Hill (over 500 feet), prolonging the Muttersmoor ridge,

shuts in Sidmouth to the west, crossed by a road ascending steeply at this end of the town. Where this road gets clear of houses and grounds, one may turn off to the cliff and descend by steps to the shore. Holding along the cliff edge for a mile or so, one comes to **High Peak**, an abrupt elevation topped by an ancient camp, whence there is an extensive view. The cliffs are here composed of sand, partly calcareous, and tinted with a ruddy hue by oxide of iron. They now turn southwards towards the mouth of the Otter, and lose their boldness ; but a short mile beyond the High Peak comes what may be called the lion of Sidmouth, **Ladram Bay**, remarkable for its picturesque arches and caves hollowed out in the red sandstone by the waves. This point makes a favourite boating excursion. Continuing the coast line on foot to *Otterton* Point, one is brought up by the mouth of the Otter, but may cross by a bridge half a mile above it, unless a chance of ferrying across presents itself.

To Budleigh Salterton.—By rail, we have to go back to *Tipton St. John's*, whence the Salterton branch holds down the right side of the Otter that bars our way along the coast. The way-stations are *Newton Poppleford*, opposite *Harpford Wood* (p. 19), then *East Budleigh* behind Budleigh Salterton. At **Newton Poppleford** one can cross the river for a roundabout road to Salterton. The shortest way (6 to 7 miles) is by road over *Peak Hill* and down to *Otterton*, which may also be reached by the cliff path. Here pedestrians could hold down the river to a wooden bridge, which brings them close to Budleigh Salterton.

Otterton is a considerable village on a low wooded cliff overhanging the Otter. Close to the rebuilt Church bits of ruinous wall mark the site of Otterton Priory. Beyond the river, the road becomes less attractive except for **Bicton** on the farther side, to the right of the way on to Salterton.

Bicton Lodge, the seat of the Rolles, is famous for its arboretum and horticulture. The grounds are open on Tuesdays and Fridays in summer, tickets being supplied through the libraries at Sidmouth, Budleigh Salterton, and Exmouth at a charge of one shilling, or sixpence each for members of a party.

Bicton Church is a modern edifice of some architectural pretensions, erected at the expense of Lady Rolle. A portion of the ancient sanctuary has been converted into a family mausoleum, and connected by a corridor with the gray tower that has escaped the restorer's hand. At an intersection of roads stands an old *Cross*, presenting upon its brick pedestal some scriptural quotations.

The direct road to Budleigh Salterton, which diverges to the left a little beyond the Otterton Bridge, passes by **East Budleigh** (*The Rolle Arms*), nearly 2 miles inland from Budleigh Salterton. In the Church is the pew of the Raleigh family, dated 1537; and a grave slab inlaid in the pavement of the nave commemorates *Joan Drake*, the first wife of famous Sir Walter's father. Raleigh was born in 1552 at *Hayes Barton*, a picturesque Elizabethan farmhouse, to be seen a mile west.

BUDLEIGH SALTERTON

Hotels: Rolle Arms, Feathers, etc.

This is a *village de plaisance* of some distinction. It lies in and about an opening of the coast, a sparkling brook, spanned by numerous rustic bridges, enlivening the garden-girt villas, where myrtles and hydrangeas bloom lustily in the open air to attest a genial climate. The place is sheltered in winter, and claims to have a lower rainfall than most parts of South Devon. The beach is famous for its pebbles, beautifully marked, and so smooth that artists may use them to paint on; but this feature of the shore is not equally admired by bathers. Budleigh Salterton is certainly a place to be seen, while those who know it best would perhaps prefer to have as little as possible said about it in a guide-book. The railway cannot fail to make a great difference; but as yet the place retains its rustic simplicity, albeit its cottages of gentility now begin to be neighboured by dwellings of a more conventional type. The chief ornament is a handsome new Church, built by the Rolle family, who are beneficently autocratic hereabouts. There are Baths, Public Rooms, Golf Links, and all that can be expected of a rising resort, shut in by bold cliffs and upland commons.

Behind the coast, miles of heathy heights, dotted by dark clumps, rise between the valleys of the Otter and the Clyst. **Woodbury Common** is a general name for this fine upland, portions of which are also called from the surrounding villages. The only drawback to it as a rambling ground is that houses of refreshment

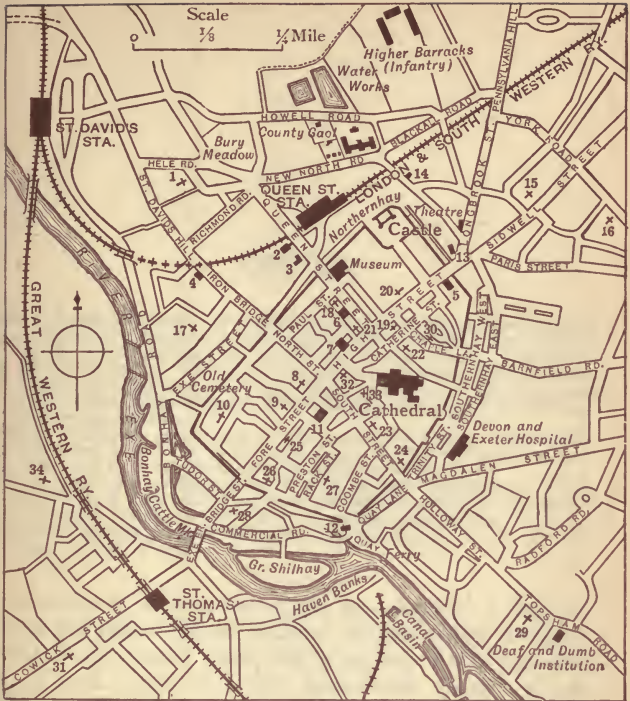
are not encouraged on the great Rolle estate. A prominent point is **Woodbury Castle** (nearly 600 feet), an ancient camp about 5 miles from the sea, whence one may find ways down to *Ottery St. Mary* (p. 15), to *Sidmouth* (p. 17), to *Lympstone* (p. 39), or *Exmouth* (p. 40), to *Woodbury* and *Woodbury Road Station* beyond it (p. 39), or 2 miles north one could strike into the highroad coming through *Newton Poppleford* (p. 20), about 7 miles out of Exeter. The *Black Hill* above Lympstone is another fine view-point; but from many heights here one gets grand prospects over the mouth of the Exe to the Haldon Hills beyond (p. 48).

A mile westward, along the cliffs, one gains the flagstaff on **Beacon Hill** (400 feet), the highest point of the coast hereabouts, with a grand outlook both landward and seaward. Here one may turn down by *Littleham* (p. 41) to the Exmouth Road, or hold round the coast for a longer and sometimes rather rough path which follows the cliffs to within a mile of Exmouth.

The Exmouth road (5 miles) goes more inland, but has woodland charms of its own. At present the gap between Salterton and Exmouth Stations is filled by an omnibus, but the completion of the line will, as already mentioned, form a loop round this corner of the coast.

At *Exmouth* (p. 40) we are within the limits of easy excursions from Exeter, where our headquarters may now be fixed.

PLAN OF EXETER



Walker & Boutall's

- | | | |
|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------|------------------------------------|
| No. 1. St. David's Church. | No. 12. Custom House. | No. 24. Trinity Church. |
| " 2. Victoria Hall. | " 13. New London Hotel. | " 25. St. John's Church. |
| " 3. Rougemont Hotel. | " 14. Electricity Works. | " 26. St. Mary Steps Church. |
| " 4. Institute for the Blind. | " 15. St. Sidwell's Church. | " 27. St. Mary Magdalene's Church. |
| " 5. General Post-Office. | " 16. St. Catharine's " | " 28. St. Edmund's Church. |
| " 6. Higher Market. | " 17. St. Michael's " | " 29. St. Leonard's " |
| " 7. Guildhall. | " 18. St. Paul's " | " 30. Bedford " |
| " 8. St. Mary Arches Church. | " 19. St. Stephen's " | " 31. St. Thomas's " |
| " 9. St. Olave's Church. | " 20. St. Lawrence's " | " 32. St. Petroe's " |
| " 10. Allhallows on the Walls Church. | " 21. Allhallows " | " 33. St. Mary Major " |
| " 11. Lower Market and Corn Exchange. | " 22. St. Martin's " | " 34. Emmanuel " |
| | " 23. R. Catholic " | |



EXETER

Hotels: *Pople's New London*, off High Street; *Rougemont*, Queen Street, opposite South-Western Station; *Royal Clarence*, Cathedral Yard; *Queen's*, Queen Street; *Globe*, Cathedral Yard; *Half Moon*, High Street. Among the smaller hotels may be mentioned the *Bude* and *White Lion*, Sidwell Street; *Elmfield* and *Railway*, close to St. David's Station; and *City Commercial* (Temperance) opposite Queen Street Station, also *Osborne* (Temperance) between the stations.

Railway Stations: *Queen Street*—London and South-Western. *St. David's*—G. W. and L. & S.-W., half a mile away. *St. Thomas's* (stopping place G. W. only for South Devon and Cornwall), across the river.

The approach from London by the G. W. R. is more picturesque; but the L. & S.-W. R. main station lands one nearer the heart of the city, while it also carries passengers to the G. W. R. station at St. David's.

Cab fares: To most parts of the centre from the station, 1s. ; 1s. 6d. over a mile; 2s. over $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile.

The city of Exeter, one of the most ancient in England, with a population not far short of 40,000, though no longer a seat of any special trade, has, as capital of this important county and centre of a rich agricultural district, a considerable stir of business to encroach on its cathedral dignity. It is finely situated on the eastern bank of the Exe, whence the lower part of the city rises to the plateau of the higher by a steep slope, broken in the centre by bare sandstone rock. From the colour of this rock the castle which stands upon it derived its name—"Rougemont,"—and the general redness of soil which pervades all the country round Exeter gives it a distinguishing character of its own among the other large towns of England. Even the red walls and creeper-clad front of the Jail (above Queen Street Station) have an inviting air not common in such institutions.

The city itself retains many memorials of its antiquity,

notably in and about the *High Street*, which makes its backbone from north-east to south-west. The heights around are taken up by modern mansions, villas and spreading suburbs, where the richness of the foliage and the "tumbledown of hills and dales" supply a picturesque setting.

History of Exeter.—The slope of a hill washed by such a river, naturally invited a Celtic settlement, which was named *Caer Isc*, the Fort on the Waters. In turn this came to be occupied by the Romans, who threw up earthworks, and made it one of their stipendiary cities, changing its name to *Isca Damnoniorum*, which began to flourish through its neighbourhood to the Dartmoor tin-mines. Then after undergoing various vicissitudes in the early years of Saxon supremacy, the town was more firmly settled by Athelstan (about 927), who protected it with walls, established an abbey, and may be regarded as the founder of Exeter. It was ravaged on two or three occasions by the Danes, but, nevertheless, grew so strong and prosperous that Edward the Confessor, in 1044, removed thither the episcopal see, which for some centuries had been established at Crediton.

At the Norman conquest, Exeter distinguished itself by its resolute defence against King William. Its inhabitants, says Ordericus Vitalis, cherished a deadly hatred towards their insolent invaders, so the siege of Exeter, in the autumn of 1067, made one of the most spirited scenes in the history of the Conquest. Had the other great English towns resisted the invaders with the same intrepidity, it may be that England would never have been Norman. And, after all, the proud city fell through the treason of foes within, not the valour of her enemies without. During the siege forty-eight houses were shattered into ruins; and with their materials the Normans built a castle, possibly upon the site of the Romano-Saxon stronghold. Its custody was entrusted to Baldwin, son of Gilbert de Brionne, appointed *vicecomes* of Devonshire.

The devotion shown to the Saxon kings came to be transferred to their conquerors, and in the motto *Semper Fidelis* Exeter has long boasted its loyalty to the crown, while bearing its share of the sufferings caused by disputed succession. During the wars which disturbed the reign of Stephen, Exeter took the Empress Matilda's side, and the Earl of Devon, a nephew of the *vicecomes*, garrisoned the castle in her name. The king marched against it, besieged it for two months (1136), and starved the inhabitants into surrender; but Matilda remained so great a favourite with the men of Exeter that for centuries afterwards an annual festival was held in commemoration of her.

Rougemont was visited by Richard III. (September 8, 1483) who connected it with a warning of his destined end—

“When last I was at Exeter

The mayor in courtesy shew'd me the castle,
And call'd it Rouge-Mont: at which name I started
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.”

The city was besieged by Perkin Warbeck and his adherents in 1497; and again, in 1549, by the Catholic insurgents, during the “Great Devonshire Commotion,” which resulted from Edward VI.'s changes in ritual. The opening of the Ship Canal, in 1563, led to Exeter's development as a trading place and the increase of its wealth. At the time of the Armada, this city did its part in contributing men and ships to resist the would-be invaders.

When the Civil War broke out, the Earl of Stamford seized upon Exeter for the Parliament, but his defeat in May 1643 opened the gates to Prince Maurice, after an eight months' siege. “The Faithful City” remained in the possession of the royalists for three years, and the queen here gave birth to the Princess Henrietta, afterwards the Duchess of Orleans. Her picture is in the Guildhall, presented to the city by her brother, Charles II. In April 1646 the city was captured by General Fairfax's Parliamentary army, the castle being dismantled, and the fortifications demolished.

The next great event in the history of Exeter was the triumphant entry of William of Orange, November 9, 1688. Since then, like other English cities, Exeter has known none but “victories of peace.” Its municipal records, arranged and indexed by Mr. Stuart Moore, form a remarkably full and almost unbroken series, of great value in illustrating the social as well as political history of the country.

Some famous natives or citizens of Exeter may be mentioned: *Baldwin*, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1184-90; *Joseph of Exeter*, a Latin poet of the 12th century; *Richard Hooker*, the “judicious” author of *The Ecclesiastical Polity* which still holds its place as one of the masterpieces of English theological literature; *Sir Thomas Bodley*, 1544-1612, who established the Bodleian Library at Oxford; *Simon Ockley*, the Oriental scholar, born 1675; *Tom d'Urfey*, 1650-1723, dramatist and ballad writer, immortalised by Steele in the *Tatler* (No. 67); *Eustace Budgell*, 1685-1737, a contributor to the *Spectator*, satirised by Pope; *William Gandy*, the portrait-painter, d. 1729, and buried in St. Paul's Church, Exeter; *William Jackson*, 1730, the composer of many exquisite chants, madrigals, and glees, and for many years the cathedral organist; and *Matthew Lock*, musician, composer of the music for “Macbeth.” Among its bishops have been: *Fox*, the founder of Corpus Christi Coll., Oxon.; *Miles Coverdale*, the translator of the Bible; *Gauden*, the chaplain of Charles I., and the supposed author of the *Eikon Basilike*; and *Bishop Jonathan Trelawney*, to whose rescue, at the trial of the Seven Bishops,

the Cornish miners made ready to hasten, as celebrated in Hawker's well-known ballad :—

“ And shall Trelawney die, and shall Trelawney die ?
Then thirty thousand Cornish men will know the reason why ! ”

Among later citizens of Exeter, may be mentioned Professor W. K. Clifford, whose career was prematurely cut short before he had lived down the proverbial prejudice against a prophet in his own country.

St. David's Station lies on the banks of the river, near the transpontine suburb *Exwick*. From the open space in front, one mounts up hill to the right, and turns left by the new Church of *St. David's*, then by the park called *Bury Meadow*, a name commemorating a visitation of plague whose victims were interred here. To the right, by a tall memorial Clock Tower and Drinking Fountain, *Queen Street* would lead us straight to *High Street*, near the Cathedral, passing the *Queen Street Station* (L. & S.-W. R.). But beyond this station, on foot, one can turn up left through the gardens of *Northernhay*, and by the walls of the Castle, coming out at the head of High Street, near the Post Office.

Northernhay is a small but beautiful promenade overlooking the Queen Street Station, its shady walks ornamented with statues of Sir Thomas Acland, Lord Iddesleigh, and other local worthies, also E. B. Stephen's “Deer Stalker,” considered the best work of this local sculptor.

Rougemont Castle adjoins Northernhay, and can be entered at the Queen Street end of the grounds. Passing round the ungothic 18th-century buildings of the *Assize Hall*, with a statue of Earl Fortescue in front, from the enclosure to the left one may ascend the walls for a view over the city, as far as the trees will allow.

This was the Norman stronghold within which John Holland, Duke of Exeter, built a stately mansion in the reign of Henry VI.; but both castle and mansion have fallen into decay. The most interesting part of the ruins has been enclosed in the grounds of the modern Rougemont Castle, the gate of which is passed on the right, as one goes on down to High Street. On Thursdays, visitors are admitted to these private grounds for a better view of what the Castle once was. The Gateway here seems the oldest portion.

Beyond the Castle, a central knot of ways is reached at

the top of *High Street*, where to the left drops the road passing over *Pennsylvania Hill* to Stoke Canon (p. 36); the main thoroughfare is continued by the tram-line of *Sidwell Street* going out as the *Black Boy Road* (which is the Bath road) towards Pinhoe; and to the right by *Paris Street* branches off the tram to Heavitree. On the farther side of High Street here opens *Southernhay*, occupied by private houses of old-fashioned dignity, which might be called the Bloomsbury of Exeter.

Down High Street, on the left, is at once reached the *Post Office*, with an Arcade beside it. Hereabouts are the best shops. Farther down, on the same side, come the Cathedral precincts, into which we might turn after passing the junction of Queen Street; but let us first hold on through this main thoroughfare. On the opposite side is seen the *Guildhall*, recently restored under the reverent eye of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings.

The singular projecting front, supported by semicircular arches which rest on columns, dates from 1593. The principal room is 63 feet long by 25 feet broad. The walls are adorned with the scutcheons of the city mayors, recorders, incorporated trades, and benefactors. Among the paintings may be named—Henrietta Maria, daughter of Charles I., and afterwards Duchess of Orleans, (born at Bedford House, in this city, June 16, 1644), by Sir *Peter Lely*; Monk, Duke of Albemarle, by *Lely*; George II., and Lord Chief-Justice Pratt (Earl Camden), by *Hudson*, a native of Exeter and master to Sir Joshua Reynolds, besides portraits of local worthies. A marble bust of Queen Victoria commemorates her late Majesty's Jubilee.

Behind the Guildhall lie the *Police Offices*, believed appropriately to occupy the site of the Roman *Prætorium*, and the *Markets* opening into *Queen Street*. Beyond, High Street is intersected by *North Street*, leading over an iron bridge to St. David's, and *South Street* which becomes the Topsham Road. The thoroughfare, now losing in dignity, as *Fore Street* and *Bridge Street* drops to the bridge, over which, through the suburb of *St. Thomas*, go out the main road westwards, and on the right bank of the Exe. *West Street* on the left, leads to the *Quay*, where one can ferry across to the head of the *Ship Canal*.

THE CATHEDRAL

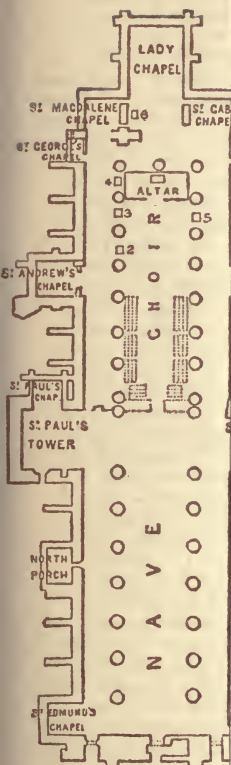
Divine Service three times a day : 7.45 and 10.30 A.M. and 3 P.M. Additional on Sundays : evening service, 7 P.M. ; and morning military service, 9.15 A.M. Admission to choir at other times, 6d.

The glory and boast of Exeter is, of course, its *Cathedral*, which, though inferior in design and size to many of our English minsters, is, in some of its details, superior to all. Its western front is admirable, and its interior almost faultless, the symmetry of the two sides being notably perfect. The building was extensively renovated under the care of the late Sir Gilbert Scott, R.A., at a cost of over £40,000.

HISTORY.—According to Hoker, a Benedictine monastery, and two other religious houses, formerly stood within the present precincts of the Cathedral, and there is little doubt but that Edward the Confessor, when he removed the episcopal see from Crediton to Exeter, converted the monastery into a cathedral-church, if he did not erect an entirely distinct building. Of the Confessor's foundation, however, no remains exist. This *Cathedral* dates from the reign of Henry I., when it was commenced by Bishop Warelwast. The city being captured and set on fire by Stephen, the Cathedral was so severely injured that Bishop Quivil resolved, in the reign of Edward I., to erect a new building on a more splendid scale. He lived to finish the Lady Chapel, and in his design he adapted the Norman towers of Bishop Warelwast as transepts. That design, with sundry modifications, was carried out by his successors for more than a century, the final touches being given to it by Bishop Brantyngham. Its defect is the want of a central tower to give dignity and majesty to the exterior, which seems rather heavy without being imposing.

The Plan of the Cathedral is cruciform ; the arms, however, are very short, the transepts having been formed out of the towers. The entire length of the building (including the Lady Chapel) is 408 feet ; the towers, covered with blank arcades and other Norman details, are 145 feet high. The windows are in the Decorated style, and enriched with exquisite tracery. Between them are bold flying buttresses, with crocketed pinnacles, supporting the clerestory, and the high-pitched roof is effectively ornamented with a fleur-de-lis crest.

The most striking portion of the Exterior, however, is the *Western Front*, which consists of three stories :—the *basement*, an elaborate screen, with a central doorway and a smaller one on each side. The entire surface is occupied with canopied niches, each containing a statue. *The second story* recedes slightly and contains the noble west window of the nave, 39 feet by 27 feet, filled



Width in feet.	Height in feet.	Bp. of Exeter.	King's Reign.
6	145	Warewast	Henry I.
6	68	Quivil	Edward I.
6	68	{ Bytton and Stapledon	Edward I. Edward II.
6	40	{ Bronescombe and Quivil	Edward I.
6	68	Quivil	Edward I.
...	...	Grandisson	Edward III.
...	...	Stapledon	Edward II.
...	...	Brantyngham	Edward III.
...
...	50	Lacy	Henry VI.
...	...	Stapledon	Edward II.
...	...	Brantyngham	Edward III.



with nine lights, trefoiled, supporting a magnificent rose that shows rich geometrical tracery. On each side are Decorated arcades, and the wall is supported by two bold flying buttresses. The *upper story*, receding behind the second story, is formed by the gable of the nave, and adorned by a window smaller than, but similar to, that which we have already described. The whole of the front was carefully restored in 1817. Its statuary forms a remarkable gallery of "patriarchs, sovereigns, prelates, nobles, saints, and angels." Of these the figures of the English kings are, perhaps, the most beautifully executed. Most of them, however, are in a very dilapidated condition. There are in all sixty-seven figures.

The Interior is divided into.

The **Nave**, with north and south aisles.

North and South Transepts (St. Paul's and St. John's Towers).

The **Choir and Aisles**.

The **Chapels**, viz.—

1. St. Paul's (east side of the north transept).

2. St. John the Baptist's (east side of south transept).

3. St. Andrew's

4. St. George's

5. St. Mary Magdalene's } (north of choir, in this order, east-

6. St. James's

7. St. Saviour's } (south of choir, in this order, eastwards).

8. St. Gabriel's

9. The Lady Chapel.

St. Edmund's Chapel, of much earlier date than the Nave itself, with which Bishop Grandisson connected it, is now used as the Consistory Court of the Bishop.

The Chapel of the Holy Ghost, generally overlooked by visitors, is situated between the South Transept and the Chapter House. It appears on a seal attached to a Chapter deed of 1237, and is unquestionably of very early date.

The **Nave**, 180 feet long, commenced by Bishop Quivil (1280-1291), and finished and vaulted by Bishop Grandisson (1328-69), is celebrated for the exquisite enrichments of its windows; its bold vaulted roof; the shapely clustered columns of Purbeck marble which separate it from the aisles; and its general simplicity and grandeur. The western window forms a conspicuous feature. The glass, however, is not good. A figure of St. Peter, the patron saint of the cathedral, occupies the centre. From the clerestory on the north side projects the curious "Minstrels' Gallery," adorned with well-wrought figures of angels playing on shawms and cithars, harp, bagpipe, organ, trumpet, and tambourine—date, reign of Edward III. On the north side is a beautifully-sculptured stone pulpit, designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, in memory of Bishop Patteson, murdered in the South Pacific Islands in 1871. The *Organ* is one of the finest instruments in England. It was built, in 1665, by John Loosemore, at a cost of £2000, and after being

improved by various organ builders, was remodelled and entirely rebuilt in 1891. Exeter has been noted for the excellence of its choral service.

The **Transepts** are short and unimpressive. In the south tower hang eleven bells; the tenor, weighing 7522 lbs., the gift of Bishop Grandisson, was cracked when ringing an exultant peal on the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. In 1676 it was recast by Perdue, who also recast Great Peter of Exeter (in the north tower), which weighs 12,500 lbs., and was brought from Llandaff Cathedral in 1484 by Bishop Courtenay.

In the north transept is a curious astronomical clock, *temp.* Edward III. The upper dial, which shows the minutes, was added in 1760. The lower dial is divided into three parts,—the earth in the innermost circle, the moon in the middle, and the sun in the outer one. The moon, blackened on one side, is moved by the clockwork.

The triple-arched **Rood-screen**, separating the Nave from the Choir, had modern additions made in 1819. The original design and workmanship (*temp.* Edward II.) are excellent, and the panels are covered with a remarkable series of very rude and very ancient oil-paintings on stone, of singular value as illustrations of early English art. They represent—1. The Creation; 2. Adam and Eve in the Garden; 3. The Deluge; 4. The Israelites crossing the Red Sea; 5. Destruction of Solomon's Temple; 6. Building of the Second Temple; 7. The Angel and Zacharias; 8. The Nativity; 9. Baptism of Christ; 10. Christ removed from the Cross; 11. The Resurrection; 12. The Ascension; 13. Pentecost.

The **Choir** is the richest and completest portion of the Cathedral. It was commenced by Bishop Bytton, continued by Stapledon, and completed by Grandisson (1329-69). The oaken "Misereres" are some of the most ancient examples of Early English carving in wood to be found anywhere; the canopies recent. The *Bishop's Throne* is a fine pyramidal structure of open tracery and pointed arches, 52 feet high. Bishop Stapledon placed it here in 1316. When the Puritans defaced the statues and broke the richly painted windows, the throne escaped through having been taken to pieces and concealed before the city was surrendered to Fairfax. A handsome new *Reredos*, designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, 22 feet high, of marble and Derbyshire alabaster, with precious stones, occupies a large space at the east end of the choir. The centre compartment is occupied by a sculptured group representing the Ascension. The figure of the Saviour is supported on either side by angels, while St. Peter, to whom the cathedral is dedicated, occupies a prominent position. The transfiguration and descent of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost are also represented. The pavement is formed of yellow and green glazed tiles like those at Gloucester. The great Eastern Window (Early Perpendicular) dates from 1380, and the stained glass is of the same date. A beautiful

pulpit of Derbyshire alabaster, the gift of the late chapter-clerk, was erected in 1876.

The Choir is separated from the aisles by an elaborate modern stone screen. The aisles respectively terminate in *St. Mary Magdalene's Chapel*, with *St. George's* adjoining on the north, and *St. Gabriel's* and *St. Saviour's* on the south.

The **Lady Chapel**, where early morning service is held, has fine sculpture in the vaulting, and a restored *Reredos*, exhibiting the Nativity and other Scriptural scenes. The East window is a magnificent one, filled with memorial glass. The side windows are in memory of *Henry Philpotts*, the militant modern bishop, who so long ruled this diocese, and is still remembered for his Gorham and other controversies.

The **Chapter-House** (1427-78), to the south of the south transept, is a noble apartment, 75 feet by 30, with a richly-decorated roof. The lower portion is Early English, begun by Bishop Bruere (1223-44). The cathedral library of 8000 volumes, increased some few years since by the gift of the private library of the late Chancellor Harington, is in the new library over the modern cloisters (see table). Here may be seen a copy of an edition of *Cæsar*, printed in 1471; the "*Codex Exoniensis*," a MS. volume of Saxon poetry left by *Leofric*, first Bishop of Exeter, and edited by Mr. Thorpe; several Saxon MSS.; the volume of *Domesday Book* relating to Devon and Cornwall; and the registers of the see from the reign of Edward I.

There is a **Crypt** under *St. James's Chapel*, south aisle of choir.

The **Cloisters** are a partial modern restoration.

The view from the Tower would be recommendable, were Exeter not so well off for natural prospect points.

Principal Monuments

In the **Nave**—Brass of *Sir Peter Courtenay*, d. 1409. A bronze memorial by Marochetti, of the 9th Royal Lancers who fell in the Indian Mutiny.

In the **North Transept**—*William Sylke*, d. 1508. Above this chantry (built 1485) was discovered, in 1852, a curious fresco of "The Resurrection."—Jerusalem in the background; the apostles and disciples around; and Christ rising from the tomb, bestowing a benediction with his right hand, and holding a crozier in his left. Beside it is Chantry's statue of *James Northcote*, *R.A.*

In the **South Transept**—*Hugh Courtenay*, Earl of Devon, and his Countess Margaret; finely-sculptured effigies removed from Nave. Tomb and effigies of *Sir John* and *Lady Gilbert* (1580).

In the **Choir**—*North Side*—*Bishop Stapledon*, founder of Exeter College, Oxford, d. 1326; canopied effigy, in the decorated style. *Sir Richard Stapledon*, his brother, d. 1326; effigy of a knight in armour. Both knight and bishop were murdered by a mob in

Cheapside for having too warmly espoused the cause of Edward II. *Bishop Marshall*, d. 1206 ; effigy on a richly-sculptured tomb of Purbeck marble. *Bishop Carey*, d. 1622. A singular effigy here shows the figure of an emaciated corpse.

In the **Choir**—*South Side*—*Bishop Weston*, d. 1741 ; *Bishop Cotton*, d. 1621 ; effigy. *Humphrey de Bohun*, Earl of Hereford, slain at Boroughbridge in 1322 ; effigy in armour. *Lieut.-General Simcoe*, d. 1806 ; a mural monument, with figures, by Flaxman.

In the **Chapel of St. George**—*Sir John Speke*, d. 1518 ; chantry-screen and effigy, also memorial window to his descendant, Speke the explorer of Africa.

In the **Chapel of St. Mary Magdalene**—*Sir Peter Carew*, slain in Flanders, *temp.* Elizabeth ; effigy. *Bishop Stafford*, d. 1419 ; altar-tomb and canopy, screen and effigy of alabaster, exquisitely sculptured.

In the **Lady Chapel**—*Bishop Peter Quivil*, d. 1293 ; slab on the floor, engraved with a floriated cross. *Bishop Bartholomew*, d. 1148 ; effigy. *Bishop Simon de Apulia*, d. 1223 ; effigy. Tombs of *Judge Doddridge* (d. 1628), and his wife, *Dorothy*, whose effigy lies in a quaintly uncomfortable attitude.

In the **Chapel of St. Gabriel**—*Bishop Bronscombe*, d. 1280 ; effigy and tomb, very beautiful, of the same date, the screen and canopy, *temp.* Edward III.

In the **Chapel of St. Saviour**—*Bishop Oldham*, d. 1519 ; chantry-screen and effigy. Note, on the panels and in the window glass, the repetition of *owls* as a rebus on the bishop's name.

In **West Front**—Burial-place of *Bishop Grandisson* ; chantry, St. Rhadegunde. St. Rhadegunde was the Queen of Clotaire, eldest son of Clovis. There is a considerable amount of foreign character in the architecture of this chapel, and indeed in the whole of the Western Screen, in the thickness of which it was constructed. Its founder's tomb was desecrated by Elizabeth's "visitors," and the low arch upon which the bishop's statue reposed was at one time open to the Nave.

The *Bishop's Palace* lies to the south-east of the Cathedral. It was thoroughly renovated some half century ago, but preserves some fine carving. On leaving a card at the entrance in *Palace Street*, strangers are usually allowed to enter the grounds.

The *Cathedral Yard*, irregular in its shape and its buildings, makes a picturesque surrounding for the ancient Minster. Among the old buildings here (at the corner of a way into High Street) will be noticed *Mol's Coffee House*, a Tudor mansion, now Worth's Photograph Depôt. On the first floor is shown a fine oak-panelled room, used for the

exhibition of sketches, etc., of the district, containing a fine show of coats of arms, chiefly of county families.

Going down towards the north-east corner, one presently passes a Tudor Arch, within which is the *Law Library*, a hall notable for its carved corbels, which appears to have been the Chancery of the Cathedral.

Beyond this, almost opposite the east end of the Cathedral, another ancient Arch leads into a small *Quadrangle*, believed to have been the home of some religious community.

Near the top of South Street is the *College Hall* or *Vicar's College*, which contains some good old oak, and a gallery of portraits of Bishops of Exeter and others.

These are only some of the old houses, more or less restored, that will reward an antiquarian Rambler round the Cathedral precincts.

Churches

In old days Exeter had 32 parish churches, and so many monasteries as to be nicknamed *Monk Town*. Now, with its suburbs, it counts almost as many churches, some of which may be mentioned as interesting. There are three lying about the Cathedral, *St. Martin's*, *St. Petrock's*, and *St. Mary Major's*, with interesting monuments and other relics of the past. In strong contrast to these is the Chapel in *Bedford Circus*, close by, which marks the influence of the Simeonite school.

St. Sidwell's was built in 1813, on the site of the old church; and the tower has recently been rebuilt. The pillars which separate the nave and the aisles were preserved from the original structure. It has some fine ornaments, and is rich in memorial windows. *St. Sidwell* was a virgin martyr who stood high among the patron saints of Exeter.

St. Lawrence's, High Street, dating from before the 13th century, has a good oak screen and a statue of Queen Elizabeth, removed from a conduit which formerly existed in High Street.

St. James's, recently re-erected in the Early English style, contains a pulpit of Spanish carved oak, said to have been captured in a Spanish galleon.

St. Mary Steps (West Street) exhibits a Norman Font, notable screen, and a curious antique clock, whose three figures are popularly called Matthew the Miller (it really represents Henry VII.) and his two sons.

In the church of *St. Mary Arches* there are numerous ancient memorials and a Norman arcade. The church was built upon arches, whence the name.

The ancient church of *Allhallows*, Goldsmith Street, has been restored, but contains some interesting bits of antiquity as does its neighbour, *St. Pancras* (in Pancras Lane, behind the Guildhall), perhaps the earliest complete church in Exeter, also restored.

St. Stephen's and *St. Olave's*, in the main line of street should be visited by the archæologist.

St. Edmund's, on the Bridge, is rich in stained glass.

The Roman Catholic Church of the Sacred Heart, in South Street, is worth notice.

The most important modern building in Exeter is the *Albert Memorial Museum* in Queen Street, opened in 1869. Besides the Museum itself, the building contains a Free Library, Schools of Science and Art, Art Gallery, etc.

Its style is Gothic, with variations, the special aim of the architect having been "to reproduce some of the picturesque character of the old city without copying any of the old forms of its architecture." A good colour-effect is gained by the use of stones of various tint. A new wing was added 1899, giving more accommodation for the educational department. The first curator was Mr. W. D'Urban, grandson of the Governor of Natal, who though deaf from childhood, achieved for himself a position in the world of science. The museum is well stocked with exhibits of Natural History and Geology, displaying the distinctive features of Devon and Cornwall. In an upper hall, among a large collection of arms and armour, is a model of Exeter as it was near a century ago. An adjoining gallery has, among portraits of local notabilities, one of *Sir Joshua Reynolds*, and of *William Widgery* (by his son) whose landscapes from Dartmoor and its outskirts, are well represented here. There is also a collection of lacework.

The *Victoria Public Hall* (opposite Queen Street Station) erected in 1869 for the visit of the British Association; the *Royal Public Rooms*; and the *Barnfield Hall* of the *Literary*

Society, built and opened in 1891, are available for lectures and concerts. The new *Theatre Royal*, erected in 1886, was burnt down soon afterwards, with great loss of life, and has been re-erected, with special attention to safety against such a catastrophe. The *Devon and Exeter Institution* has a good Library and Reading-Rooms. The *Devon and Exeter*, the *Exeter and County*, the *Northernhay*, are the chief clubs; and Exeter is up to date in having a *Ladies' Club* also.

Among the educational institutions are the *Grammar School*, and the *St. John's Hospital School* for boys, both founded in 1637 from the funds of St. John's Hospital, High Street, which dated from 1225. For the Grammar School a new building was erected in the Victoria Park quarter, 1880. The old buildings off High Street, now hidden by the Post Office, enclose a quadrangle, in the centre of which there is a statue of a hospital boy in his gown. The *High School for Girls* is near the new Grammar School.

Good boating can be had on the canal, as also on the Exe; but in the latter this pastime is somewhat impeded by the weirs, and by the tide, which comes up to a mile below the city. A well-arranged *Swimming Place* will be found on the river near the *St. David's Station*; there is a *Tepid Swimming Bath* about the middle of the High Street (in *King's Alley*, close to Eland's Library). A *Turkish Bath* adjoins the Rougemont Hotel. Football, cricket, and other sports, have their headquarters at the spacious *County Athletic Grounds* close to *St. Thomas Station*. The Golf Links on the lofty road to Stoke Canon (p. 36) have a grand view. The river, the canal, and the beautiful streams within reach delight disciples of Isaac Walton. For information, permits, etc., apply to Mr. Prickman, tackle maker, North Street.

WALKS AROUND EXETER

The country about Exeter is very rich and varied, the vegetation testifying to the luxuriance of the climate, and the heights about the river valley giving fine landscape effects. Of the many rambles that might be taken through the suburbs, we suggest a few, with hints for their extension.

Mount Dinham, above the Exe, so called from the Free Cottages, founded by Mr. Dinham for reduced tradesmen, makes a good viewpoint over the Exe as it bends round from St. David's on the west of the city. This lies to the right of Bridge Street, as one goes down, or may be reached by North Street, turning up left at the iron Bridge, with the church spire on Mount Dinham for beacon.

From the height of *Collaton Crescent*, above the quay, one looks over the river southwards, the view rather impeded by the private grounds in front. (Reached by *Holloway Street* and *Friars' Gate*.)

From St. David's a peep of Devonshire rurality may be had almost at once by turning up *Howell's Road* opposite the station, and taking a footpath through rails to the left up a valley, whence a lane on the right leads to **Pennsylvania Hill**. This height makes a stiff half-hour's walk, reached also by bearing to the left from north end of High Street, when at the top one can turn left, then by a lodge on that side return through the enclosure of *Duryard Park* (tickets 1d.) coming down to the Cowley Bridge Road beyond St. David's Station. But beyond this lodge, the road holds on to *Stoke Canon* by the Golf Links, a little way farther, at "Prospect Gate," showing a noted view of the Exe, Creedy, and Culm valleys, with the skirts of Dartmoor to the west.

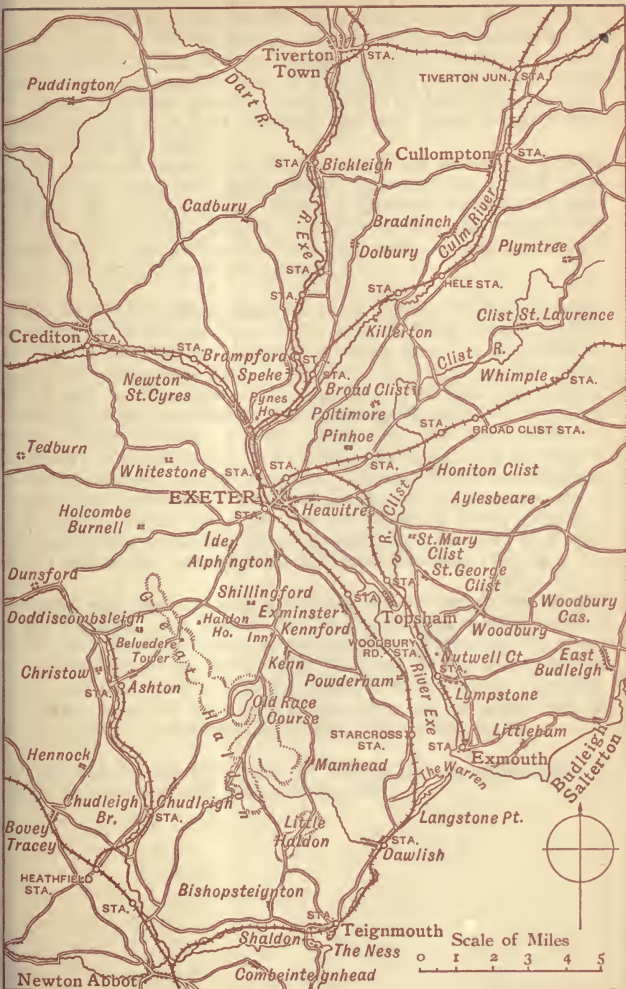
Bearing to the right, at the turn to Duryard Park, one comes to Heavitree.

Heavitree is a village now joined on to Exeter, a tramway running up to it every quarter of an hour by Paris Street. The Church has a noble tower rebuilt as a Jubilee memorial. The parish contains two fragments of antiquity in the *Livery Dole Chapel*, adjoining the rebuilt almshouses on the road above, and a fragment of the *St. Loys's Chapel* in the village of *Wonford*, which straggles along the road farther down. The Church stands a little to the right of the road, before it drops from the height of Heavitree.

This was the birthplace of the "judicious Hooker"; and at *Heavitree House*, below the Church, lived Richard Ford, author of a *Handbook to Spain*, which in guide-book literature occupies much the same place as that theologian's work in Anglican divinity. The gardens of the house have a Moorish touch recalling the owner's connection with Spain.

A lane from the Church past Heavitree House, leads across to the Topsham Road. The first turning left becomes a footpath by the Sewage Farm, crossing a stream at the foot of *Pine's Hill*, from which there is a good view, not adorned by a large lunatic asylum on the farther side. Rising from this stream the path goes on rustically, coming down into the Topsham Road by steps near *Countess Wear* (see below). This is only a sample of lanes and footways leading from Heavitree into very characteristic Devonshire aspects.

EXETER DISTRICT





Past St. David's Station, the high road up the river leads in about a mile to *Cowley Bridge*, and the village of **Cowley** at the confluence of the Exe and the Creedy. Across the latter river on the hill side is *Pynes*, the Earl of Iddesleigh's fine demesne, which its owner identifies with "Barton Park" in Jane Austen's *Sense and Sensibility*. A path through the park gives beautiful prospects on the Exe valley.

One can walk back on the farther side of the Exe under **Exwick Hill**, where lanes and paths tempt upwards for a view upon Exeter. At the industrial village of **Exwick**, where a road goes out over well-wooded heights to the west, one can cross to St. David's by a foot-bridge; or one may hold on opposite Mount Dinham to the bridge at St. Thomas's.

The bank of the **Ship Canal** affords a pleasant walk, that might be prolonged to its opening into the river at **Turf** (5 miles), where is an inn noted for the whitebait fished up here. A mile short of this a ferry takes one over to *Topsham* (p. 39), or, on the other side, a path to *Exminster Station* (p. 53). Two miles out, bridges across both canal and river lead to **Countess Wear**, off the Topsham Road. There is hence a path along the river wall down to Topsham; but this is apt to be dirty, and the muddy channel at low tide makes no cheerful prospect. Towards Exeter a pleasanter footway leads through *Northbrook Park*, and is continued by a path near the river bank. Or from the Topsham Road, steps up a bank on the right (at the top of descent part the gate of Northbrook) lead to the path by Pines Hill and Heavitree Church.

Across the river one goes by *Cowick Street* through the suburbs of **St. Thomas**, past the G. W. R. station and a pretty bit of public park, opposite which is the fine Church with its old tower and monuments of the family of Sir Redvers Buller, who is lord of the manor here. Beyond the Church, the main road (to *Chagford*, etc.) takes us uphill for a view of the city; and we might turn off on the right into lofty woodlands above the Creedy Valley.

The road to the left, from the bridge, goes to *Alphington*, of which we have to speak farther on (p. 48).

EXCURSIONS FROM EXETER

LONGER excursions lie along the lines of rail that radiate star-like from Exeter. Two of these have been already traced in our approach to the city by the G. W. R. (pp. 2-4) and the L. & S.-W. R. (pp. 4-14). Our next line brings us in touch with the latter route at *Exmouth*, 11 miles down the river, where it becomes open sea after struggling through shallows and sandbanks. This considerable town and bathing-place is easily reached by frequent trains from Queen Street, and active citizens often run down for a dip in the sea, though for this purpose *Dawlish*, on the opposite shore (p. 54), is more recommendable. On both lines, in summer, cheap excursion tickets are given by certain trains to many beautiful spots lying within reach of Exeter.

DOWN THE EXE (Left Bank)

The Exmouth branch of the L. & S.-W. R. diverges from the main line to London, a mile from Queen Street Station. One road goes out by *Heavitree*, and down the Clyst, near the mouth of which it joins another coming through *Topsham*, the first station. The latter road, going out by South Street and St. Leonard's spire past the Barracks, is the more direct ($4\frac{1}{2}$ miles to Topsham), but so much shut in by the walls of country seats that pedestrians might rather choose a longer way, following the railway by lanes from Heavitree, or the path above the river by *Countess Wear* (p. 37).

Topsham (Inns: *Salutation*; *Globe*), one of the oddest of odd little English towns, straggling for a mile or so along the river bank, was, in Tudor days, a port of consequence, lost after the formation of the canal to Exeter, and the silting up of the river. Still it has to show some substantial old houses, once the abode of rich merchants, now much come down in the world; but snug new cottages on the outskirts hint that its population of some 3000 begins to be recruited from the overflow of Exeter. On the river bank stands the parish Church, restored and almost rebuilt in 1877, containing memorials (by Chantrey) to Admiral Sir *John Duckworth*, d. 1817, who forced the passage of the Dardanelles, and his son, *Colonel George Duckworth*, who fell at Albuera in 1811.

Though it may not look a very sanitary place, the position of Topsham between two rivers is said to make it healthy.

Some good views of the surrounding country may be obtained by passing down the Strand to the wall at the mouth of the Clyst; then, turning up this river by an open stretch of green flats, one might take a pleasant walk through the Clyst villages, to its bridge.

A road crossing the railway at the station leads over this river to **Clyst St. George** (1 mile), long parish of the autocratic Rev. H. T. Ellacombe, the campanologist. Thence it is over a mile more to **Clyst St. Mary**, where one can turn back to Exeter (3 miles), or hold on (2 miles) up the river to *Honiton Clyst* (p. 14).

A little below *Clyst St. George* the two roads to Exmouth join, thence holding on near the railway, both with views over the estuary, on the sloping park and tower of *Powderham* (p. 53), backed by the *Haldon* range (p. 48), where the woods of *Mamhead* (p. 54) can presently be seen up a hollow. *Woodbury Road* is the next station, 2 miles from the village of **Woodbury**, through which one may mount to those airy commons between the Exe and the Otter, behind *Budleigh Salterton* (p. 22). By *Nutwell Court*, the home of Sir F. Drake's descendants, we come to **Lympstone**, a fishing village, whose bluff of red rock looks over the river to *Starcross* (p. 53). The vicinity of Lympstone is very Devonian in its features; and a walk on to Exmouth, over the higher ground

east of the line, affords some fine views. The shore here is not attractive till we get round the corner at which Exmouth stands.

EXMOUTH

Hotels : *Imperial, Beacon, Rolle, London ; Temperance Hotel* near station. The *Atlantic Private Hotel* is on the shore ; and there are other boarding-houses and many lodgings here and on the Beacon above.

Though a town of over 8000 inhabitants, and though once a considerable port, Exmouth is but an ecclesiastical dependency of the adjoining parish of *Littleham*. In this century it has grown into a watering-place of a not uncommon type, one-half lying below, with a lively square, a pier, a crescent, a sea-wall, a parade, a Jubilee clock tower, and other appurtenances of such a resort ; while the other half rises along the top of the cliff called the Beacon, or spreads inland in streets of quiet respectability. This high part, as well as the walks on its face, look out on the open sea and the mouth of the river, commanding fine views of the opposite shore with its hills, woods, stately mansions, seaside villages, and the curious flats near Starcross. The country behind presents exceedingly attractive uplands of the true Devonshire type, a mingling of luxuriant woods and meadows with broken heaths and wild banks of verdure.

The Harbour is at a projecting point some little way beyond the station. Passing by the gardens before the station, we turn up to the left for the Beacon, or to the right for the shore, a sandy stretch leading on to warm red cliffs beyond. Between these ways, beginning at another public garden near the Imperial Hotel, there is a pleasant walk below the cliff. The bathing on the beach requires caution, owing to a dangerous current. There are machines, also a bathing pavilion belonging to a club. Bathing is free beyond the present end of the promenade, where Baths have been built. About 2 miles to the east a scramble down the cliffs by the "Smuggler's Steps" gives swimmers a capital dive when the tide is up.

The climate, though drier and more airy than in the case of some other Devonshire watering-places, is rather of the relaxing type, and would not suit all strangers ; but many permanent residents find this a good place in which to spend the evening of their days, and there are therefore social advantages which would be an attraction to retired officers, Anglo-Indians, and the like. In summer it is frequented as a bathing-place, hitherto chiefly, we fancy, by visitors from the neighbourhood, as it seems to have a little hung fire in general favour, but new buildings by the shore hint at wider appreciation of its merits. Exmouth, indeed, is a very pleasant place of sojourn, provided with Assembly Rooms, archery ground, lawn-tennis and the like, not forgetting the golf links below the Beacon, one course for gentlemen and another for ladies, with stone walls, long grass, and bunkers as hazards. The sheltered position of these links is a recommendation in winter.

Many excursions lie open from Exmouth. Rambles over **Woodbury Common** (p. 22), dotted by clumps of trees and ancient barrows or camps, are especially enticing. From the pier excursion steamers make trips in summer to other Devonshire resorts—Torquay, Dartmouth, Salcombe, etc.; here being the headquarters of the *Duke* and *Duchess* so well known on this coast. There is communication with the opposite shore by ferry boat and steam launch, then by rail to Dawlish, Teignmouth, and Newton Abbot (p. 54).

An omnibus from the station runs several times a day to *Budleigh Salterton*, 5 miles farther along the coast (p. 21), till the railway shall be extended between these two resorts. About 3 miles out, a mile to the left of the road, stands the interesting ruin of **Withycombe Raleigh Church**, commonly known as "St. John in the Wilderness." From this, about 2 miles north, can be ascended the *Black Hill* (p. 22), or some other buttress of *Woodbury Common*. From the Budleigh road, one might turn to the right through **Littleham** (2 miles), with its pretty Church, and make for the *Beacon*, $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile out of Budleigh Salterton, for which could also be taken the pleasanter, but longer, and in parts rather rough, path all the way round the cliff (p. 22).

UP THE EXE

By the valley of the Exe a road of 25 miles takes us up to the northern border of the county, closely accompanied most of the way by the *Exe Valley Railway* (G. W. R.) to *Dulverton*, on the edge of Exmoor, where it connects with the line from Taunton to Barnstaple. This branch, frequently crossing and recrossing the river, goes off the main line at *Stoke Canon* (p. 4), beyond which the first station is **Brampford Speke**, which has a fine old Church with a stately buttressed and pinnacled tower, and a chantry founded by the Speke family. The village stands on the right bank, where the railway keeps more closely to the river, while the high road bends away for a time from the left bank through Stoke Canon, but there are by-roads on each side for wayfarers not concerned about pace, and the river valley will always serve as guide.

Thorverton is the next station, from which the **Raddon Hills** run westwards towards *Crediton* (p. 46), rising at one point to nearly 800 feet.

Up Exe and Silverton is the station for *Silverton* (p. 4), a mile from the left bank, where the high road now rejoins the railway.

Bickleigh (11 miles from Exeter) lies among beautiful scenery, to be distinguished from its beautiful namesake near Plymouth, this station having the title *Cadeleigh* and *Bickleigh*. The village is perched upon a narrow ridge, between two deep, shady vales, while all around rise gentle hills clothed in luxuriant verdure. *Bickleigh Church*, with its gray tower, is, for many a mile, a notable landmark. *Bickleigh Court*, now a farmhouse of some pretension, with a Norman chapel adjoining, was for years the seat of younger branches of the Courtenays and Carews, and here was born Bampfylde Moore Carew, who, after a life of singular romance as king of the gipsies, and grandmaster of the honourable fraternity of beggars, returned home to die in 1758, and is said to be buried at Bickleigh.

At Bickleigh the Exe receives the waters of a small but rapid

tributary, the little Dart, whose course lies through a romantic glen well worth exploring, not only by anglers. This will not be confounded with the more famous Dart of Dartmoor. The course of the Exe also is finely set among heights. The Church of Cadeleigh, 2 or 3 miles west, is remarkable for the Leach monument, an elaborate Jacobean sculpture with life-sized figures, now in much need of restoration, for which funds are being sought. About 2 miles south-west (reached on a curving way from Thorverton to Bickleigh Station) is **Cadbury Castle**, a British camp on a lonesome hill, such as could not fail to stimulate local superstition.

“If Cadbury and Dolbury dolven were,
All England might plough with a golden share.”

Dolbury (p. 4) is another camp-crowned hill, 4 miles south-east, across the valleys of the Exe and the Culm. It is said that in the bosom of these hills a vast treasure is hidden, and guarded by a fiery dragon who, at “the mid-hour of night,” may be seen on his flight from one to the other, but no English Siegfried has as yet achieved the adventure of this double *Drachenfels*.

Four miles higher up comes the chief town of this neighbourhood, lying at the confluence of the Exe and the Loman, among picturesquely wooded scenery.

TIVERTON

Hotels: *Palmerston, Angel.*

This is a prosperous place with a population of about 12,000, and one of some antiquity, which more than once has suffered from disastrous fires, without losing all its monuments. Formerly woollen manufacture was the staple industry, but it is now chiefly noted for its laces, the manufacture of which was established by John Heathcoat, the inventor of the bobbin net frame. Its markets are also of importance.

An avenue leads from the station and over the Loman to *Gold Street*, a narrow old thoroughfare continued by the broad amenities of *Fore Street*, in which are the Town Hall, the Market, and the prosperous School of Science and Art.

Keeping on by *Angel Hill* we should come to the Exe Bridge, across which is *West Exe*, where lace making and other industries flourish. *Bampton Street* or *St. Peter's Street*, on the right of Fore Street, lead to the old Church and Castle.

The remains of the 14th century *Castle*, built by Richard de Redvers, Earl of Devon, have been converted into a private residence, and little of the ancient building is still intact. Here is preserved a grim relic—that fatal chest celebrated in Rogers' "Ginevra" and the once popular song of "The Mistletoe Bough."

St. Peter's Church, a splendid fabric, originally built in the 15th century, was, with the exception of the Greenway Chapel and the Tower, rebuilt in 1853-55. Its embattled and pinnacled tower, in the Perpendicular style, is 116 feet high. The south façade is the best portion of the building, its buttresses adorned with quaintly-sculptured figures. The screen in the interior; the emblematic sculpture decorating the porch and chapel, the gift of a wealthy merchant, John Greenway, and remarkable for the richness of its carving; the brasses of *John Greenway*, d. 1529, and his wife *Jane*, should be noticed. Over the vestry door is a copy of Rubens' *Magi*; and above a Norman door on the north side, an original picture of *Peter in Prison*, painted by Cosway, a Royal Academician of last century, and native of Tiverton, who presented it as an altar-piece, from which situation it has been transposed in favour of a stained window. The memorials of the Courtenays, Earls of Devon, which once enriched the church, were destroyed in the Civil War.

John Greenway and Peter Blundell were the two great benefactors of Tiverton. For the *Grammar School*, founded by the latter about 1604, new quarters have been erected, but the old buildings still stand on the way up from the station. A block of almshouses in *Gold Street* is coeval with the church, and was also built by John Greenway.

Tiverton seems not to be a place much favoured by tourists, who might yet be repaid in taking it as a centre for many pleasant excursions. There is good angling hereabouts, preserved by the *Tiverton Fishing Association*.

A pretty walk down the Exe (from St. Andrew's Street, turning left from the main street at St. George's Church) leads to *Collipriest House*, overlooking the river, interesting from its pleasant situation, and the views on the hill above, where the "Temple of Apollo," at the end of a fine elm avenue, gives a good

prospect of Tiverton and its surroundings. Up the river is the fine modern mansion of *Knighthayes*.

Washfield, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles up the valley, has an interesting Church, with a Norman font, Jacobean screen, and some interesting memorials of the Worth family. Sampford Peverell and Halberton, within an hour's walk eastward, the latter on the way to *Tiverton Junction* (p. 2), have both interesting old Churches. Four miles north-west is the ancient Church of *Loxbeare*, whose massive Norman Tower contains three fine bells.

From Tiverton to *Bampton* is 7 miles by rail, this place lying a little to the right of the high road and the river.

Bampton (Hotel: *White Horse*) is situated on the *Batham*, a small tributary of the Exe. It is an uninteresting town in itself, but neighbour to enticing scenery. Hard by are large limestone quarries. The Church is partly Decorated and partly Perpendicular. It has a fine screen, and a couple of ancient yew-trees in the churchyard. "The Mount," at the east end of Castle Street, occupies the site of a former fortress. The great annual fête of Bampton is its autumn fair for the sale of Exmoor ponies, driven down by hundreds.

Up the *Batham* one can make for the *Morebath* or the *Venn Cross* station, of the Taunton line (p. 42), that runs along a finely-broken border of Devon and Somerset. To join this the Exeter branch turns away from the Exe, the river making a lovely bend from the *Exeter Inn*, a little below Bampton, up to *Exe Bridge*, to which it may be followed by road. Here we are close to *Dulverton Station* (Hotel: *Carnarvon Arms*), and to the confluence of the Exe and the Barle. Up the left bank of the Exe holds the road to *Minehead* (43 miles from Exeter), which, in 2 miles, at *Hele Bridge*, loops for some dozen miles in an old and a new road, the one keeping straight over the hills to *Timberscombe*, the latter, more in the river valley, being an easier route for wheels.

At Exe Bridge we cross for *Dulverton*, and turn up the Barle for the town (Hotels: *Red Lion*, *Lamb*, etc.) lying two miles from the station among beautiful scenery, for which we must refer the reader to our *Somerset Guide*. If Dulverton belongs to another county, all Devonians will own that it deserves to be in Devonshire.

TO CREDITON (8 miles)

The railway in this direction is the L. & S.-W. R., which beyond Crediton at *Yeoford Junction* branches for Plymouth, and for Barnstaple, the centre of North Devon communications. This line, as already mentioned, has the peculiarity of going out alongside the G. W. R. coming into Exeter from London. In about 2 miles the L. & S.-W. R. turns off up the valley of the Creedy, by which also goes the road from Exeter, having crossed the Exe at Cowley Bridge (p. 37).

About half-way to Crediton (4 miles) comes **Newton St. Cyres** (station) from which one has a good walk back to the city over the wooded heights southwards. Beyond this, the railway, leaving the Creedy valley, passes below but not in sight of Crediton.

Crediton (Hotel: *Ship*), a quiet borough of some four thousand inhabitants, was the seat of the Bishopric up till the middle of the 11th century, and now gives its name to a Suffragan bishop. As the rhyme runs—

“When Exon was a vuzzy down,
Kirton was a market town.”

The same sort of boast is made by other places that have come down in the world, *e.g.* by a village near Taunton.

Crediton is said to have been the birthplace of Winifred, or St. Boniface, the apostle of Central Germany, martyred in 756. It was once a great depot of the woollen manufacture, but its staple now is boot and shoemaking. The name, of course, comes from the river Creedy, which runs a mile to the east; and about as far south, beside the railway, is the course of its tributary, the Yeo.

The town stands a little way north of the station, on the road from which (the Exeter Road) at the top of the hill, the left turning (*Charlotte Street*) brings us by the stately sandstone Church.

The Church, of cathedral-like dimensions and arrangement, is a

good Perpendicular building, restored, embodying the Norman portion of the tower of the ancient sanctuary. During its prime as a collegiate church the chancel was occupied with 36 stalls for its 18 canons and 18 vicars. An altar-tomb (south side of chancel) with effigies, commemorates Sir *John Sully*, who, after fighting under the banner of the Black Prince, died at the age of 105, and *Dame Sully*, his wife. On the other side is a Jacobean monument. There is good glass in the east and west windows, and in the *Lady Chapel*, at one time used as a school.

Beyond the Church, one passes on into the main street, which mounting uphill goes out westward as the Barnstaple Road, in half an hour's walk forking left to Okehampton, on higher ground that affords good view-points.

Above the town, to the north, is *Creedy Park*, and a little way out on the Exeter Road is *Downes*, the seat of Sir Redvers Buller. The finest demesne in the vicinity is *Shobrooke Park*, across the Creedy, a mile out on the road to Tiverton, which is open to visitors, and makes a favourite Sunday afternoon walk. The road goes off by the Church (reached also by *Mill Street* from the station); and at the end of the town, a lane turning by the gasworks ends in a field-path leading straight to the park. From farther up the town, the road ascending the ridge northwards has at the top a guide-post showing the way (right) to Shobrooke by Creedy Bridge, which makes a fine walk, that might be lengthened by keeping on over the ridge for a mile beside Creedy Park, to the fertile parish of **Sandford**, and there turning right to the Creedy valley; or a couple of miles straight on through Sandford, would bring one into it near the mansion of *Dowrish*, dating from King John's reign.

On the north and south sides of Shobrooke Park go cross roads to *Tiverton* (p. 43) and *Thorverton* (p. 42), that in some dozen or half-dozen miles respectively take one over to the Exe Valley. Between these the pedestrians might ramble on the *Raddon Hills*, and turn north-eastward to *Cadbury* and *Bickleigh* (p. 42).

On the other side of the town, above the left of the Culvery Brook, falling into the Yeo near the station, one may ascend **Posbury Hill** with its interesting red sandstone quarry, and bear right to Posbury Camp, from which there is an extensive view. Descending on the south side to **Tedburn St. Mary** (5 miles from Crediton) one here gains a road for Okehampton, on which the

cyclist has a fine 7 miles' run back to Exeter. Or keeping another 5 miles south from Tedburn by *Great Fulford Park*, near *Dunsford* (p. 52), one strikes the Dartmoor road about as far out of Exeter.

These are hints for rambling through a rich orchard country, well studded with farms as well as mansions, and affording numerous glimpses of the real Devonshire cottage—that is to say, an oblong building, with a thatched roof, and walls of clay, loam, and straw (locally called *cob*), standing in its own little nook of garden ground, and garlanded about its diamond-paned lattices with roses, eglantine, and jessamine.

THE HALDON RANGE AND CHUDLEIGH

This is the ridge of some ten miles running down behind the right bank of the Exe, almost from Exeter to the valley of the Teign. The northern part is called **Great Haldon**, south of which comes the **Little Haldon**, both rising sometimes over 800 feet. The whole range makes a grand stretch of Devonshire scenery, affording lofty walks by high roads and by-roads, and on the highest ground over open moors, from which at various points, one can descend to the railway stations a few miles distant. A direct line from Exeter to the Teign Valley has been talked about for half a century, and seems now on the point of completion, so as, passing along the north side of Haldon, to join the present branch from Newton Abbot through Chudleigh to *Ashton* (p. 52), which will then make a circle round this heathy upland and its rich outskirts.

Exeter to Newton Abbot, Teignmouth, and Chudleigh.—The high road over the Haldons is shorter than the less arduous way by the shore. They go out together over the bridge, and in a mile come to **Alphington**, the Swindon junction of roads in this direction. Here, beneath the noble sandstone tower of the Church, they separate, the low road keeping down to *Exminster* (p. 53) as far as which an omnibus runs from the top of High Street, while the other goes to the right, guide-posts making all clear. At the farther end of the village diverges the old road to Chudleigh, to which we shall presently return for the benefit of

pedestrians. The new high road goes on, 1 mile, to **Kennford**, where is our last chance of refreshment, there being no inn along the top of the ridge. Beyond the valley of the Kenn stream, running down to *Powderham* (p. 53), we begin to ascend in earnest, and 5 miles from Exeter goes off the road (5 miles more) to *Chudleigh* (p. 50). The Newton Abbot road takes the left, with beautiful views over the Exe Estuary. Between these two roads is the *Haldon Racecourse*, a more finely situated one than even that of Lansdowne above Bath. Races are occasionally held here, but their glory has departed. The Newton Abbot road, running not quite so high as the other, takes the straighter line of an old Roman way. Having given off by-ways to *Mamhead* (p. 54), *Starcross* (p. 53), and *Dawlish* (p. 54), about $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Exeter, it forks again, the left branch (6 miles) winding down to *Teignmouth* (p. 58), while the other descends by *Ideford* and *Kingsteignton* to *Newton Abbot* (p. 62), for which indeed the road through Chudleigh is about the same distance (16 miles), and seems to be preferred by cyclists.

This high road in every sense offers many divagations to the wayfarer, who will often be tempted to stray on either side, and wander down the "goyles," a local name for its fern-choked watercourses. We have an abiding recollection of going astray on Haldon nearly forty winters ago; but since then the cross roads have grown a good crop of guide-posts. There is room only to outline the old road which, on foot, saves a mile on the way to Chudleigh, and makes one of the finest walks from Exeter.

To Chudleigh by the old road (9 miles).—At the farther end of Alphington this turns up right, marked *Shillingford*. Not many people may be found on Haldon by-roads, but there are plenty of direction posts, also "tongues in trees" in the shape of telegraph posts, which may be followed all the way, even where it dwindles to a grass-grown track. Beyond Shillingford (2 miles on) one sees on the right the wooded slope of *Haldon House*, and on the ridge above the Belvidere view tower, built by Sir Robert Palk more than a century ago at nearly the highest point.

[The Belvidere Tower.—The turn right beyond Shillingford (marked *Dunchideock*) takes us across a road leading up to the

Tower from *Ide*, about a mile west of Alphington. As is so often to be regretted, damage done here has put an end to its being open to all and sundry ; but we are informed that visitors not likely to abuse this privilege will be trusted with the key on application at Haldon House.]

The panorama from the top of the Tower may also be had from other elevated points. It extends eastwards to the confines of the county and over a wide expanse of the English Channel. Nearer at hand are, the town of Exmouth, the estuary of the river Exe, and the grounds of Powderham Castle ; north-eastward, Exeter and the Black Down Hills, crowned by the Wellington Monument ; northward, the wilds of Exmoor ; and westward, the Teign Valley and Dartmoor. It is only due southward that the view is obstructed, and there the continuation of the Haldon range itself hides the coast and the various towns upon it. From the Tower it is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles south-west to *Ashton Station*, present terminus of the branch line from *Newton Abbot*.

The Tower would take one a mile out of the direct way, which, always following the telegraph wires, mounts beside woods on to the moorland, a little to the left of the highest point, **Buller's Hill** (827 feet). To the left now we look down on the line of the high road passing by the racecourse above the Exe Estuary. Before us spreads the Teign Valley, with the heights of Dartmoor behind, towards which we now descend with the woods of *Whiteway* on our right. In about 4 miles is reached *Chudleigh*, our lane becoming a road again. Had one turned to the right over Buller's Hill, then from the Tower left, down to *Ashton*, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles would bring us through this village to its station (p. 52).

Chudleigh (*Clifford Arms Hotel*), reached by whatever way, is a favourite excursion point for the sake of its rock scenery. The town itself is mainly modern, having been devastated by a fire a century ago. The station lies a mile off on the banks of the Teign. From it, on reaching the town, one turns down for the Rocks, right, at a smithy. By the road from Exeter one comes to this point through the town.

The **Chudleigh Rocks** rise over the wooded glen of a stream running to the Teign. The road down into this hollow passes the site of what was once an *Episcopal Palace*, hardly traceable now. Then come two dairy farms, offering tea and other refreshment for man and beast. Between these, on the right of the road, a wicket opens the path up to the height crowned by limestone rocks embowered in greenery. There is no charge for admission, but children lie in wait for visitors, whose services as *ciceroni* may be engaged to point out the "Hermit's Chair," the "Black Rock,"

and other lions of the scene, or to provide the key and candles for exploration of the *Pixies' Cave* in the glen, where one must be sure to stick a pin in a piece of soft stalactite, by way of leaving a card on the Pixies, who will be much offended by neglect of this ceremony. The cave above has been closed. From the top of the Rocks there is a green prospect, and the glen, with its cascade, makes a cool retreat, so that this spot is a great resort of picnic parties.

Returning to the main road we can hold on through the town, passing the Church, which has been restored out of its ancient dignity, but contains some interesting monuments and a good screen. At a Jubilee Obelisk the chief street forks right and left as the new and the old Exeter roads; and here to the right turns off the road to **Ugbrooke Park**, which is open as a way to *Teignmouth* (p. 58) or to *Newton Abbot* (p. 62). Near the entrance on this side, at the highest point (400 feet), is an ancient camp. Lord Clifford's mansion here is adjoined by a private Roman Catholic Church, with fine internal decorations; and another feature of Ugbrooke is its ornamental water.

In walking back to Exeter by the old road (p. 49) one follows the telegraph wires. Only at one point is there a chance of going wrong, where on the high moorland a guide-post points right "to Exeter," but this takes one down to the new high road, whereas the old one holds on across the moor, turning presently down by a wood.

If we return by train we have, or shall soon have, a choice of routes, either by the new Teign Valley rail through Ashton, or by the main G. W. R. line joined at Newton Abbot (p. 62). The former line may now be traced backward as it curves round the northern slopes of Haldon. Its extension from Ashton to Exeter, exactly halving the present distance by rail (26 miles), is not complete as we write; but the works are in such an advanced stage that we venture to treat this enterprise as a *fait accompli*.

The first station up the river is **Trusham** below *Hennock* across the heights over which one might pass to the valley of the Bovey. Above, on the west bank of the Teign stands *Canonteign*, a good specimen of an Elizabethan

manor-house come down in the world. **Ashton**, a mile higher, was long the terminus of the line, which may some day throw off a branch up the Teign to Chagford. About the station is *Lower Ashton*, but the village with its interesting Church stands a mile above, towards the ridge of Haldon. All round is finely-marked scenery.

From Ashton a couple of hours' walk up the Teign Valley would take one to the gorge of the river at Fingle Bridge, and beyond in 5 miles to Chagford. On the way, above the right bank, are the Churches of **Christow**, with two screens and Pellew memorials, and **Bridford** with a good screen. Three miles above, on the left bank, comes the tall church tower of **Dunsford** (*Royal Oak*), a charming village among fine woodlands. Near the river one may hold on to *Clifford Bridge*; thence, one could scramble up the anglers' path into the gorge, or take the road above the left bank for a good couple of miles, then descend to *Fingle Bridge* beyond which a good path keeps up the bank most of the way to Chagford (see *Dartmoor Section*).

Between Christow and Dunsford the line leaves the Teign, presently turning eastward towards Exeter. The first new station, we understand, will be *Teign House*. Its *Longdown* Station is below the camp known as **Cotley Castle** (700 feet); next comes *Ide*, from which there is a good road up to the *Belvidere Tower* (p. 49); then crossing the high road near Alphington, it joins the G. W. R. short of its *St. Thomas's* Station. We had hoped for an opportunity of surveying this new line, but find ourselves obliged to be content with such slight indications of its route, enough to show that Exeter folks are here promised a welcome addition to their excursions. Whether it will be a delight to its shareholders is a separate consideration.

To **Dartmoor**.—A little to the north of this line goes the arduous road to *Moreton Hampstead* (12 miles), passing on the way near *Dunsford*, and beyond *Moreton* stretching over the moor to *Tavistock* (34 miles). At *Pocombe Bridge*, a mile out of Exeter, it gives off to the right another rough road to *Okehampton* (22 miles). But for the scenes of Dartmoor we must refer to another section of our Guide.

DOWN THE EXE (Right Bank)

This is our main route onwards, down the right bank of the Exe, to the Teign Valley, the boundary of this section of our Guide. The high road goes out through *Alphington* (p. 48), here and there bending inland, but one can usually keep near the shore, much monopolised as it is by the railway. To *Newton Abbot* is about 21 miles; to *Torquay* direct by the hilly coast road beyond *Teignmouth*, 23 miles. On foot, one's straightest way out of *Exeter* is along the bank of the *Ship Canal* (p. 37), as far as that will take us. One can also start down the other bank of the river, ferrying across at *Topsham* for *Exminster*, or at *Exmouth* for *Starcross* or the *Warren*.

Leaving *St. David's Station*, the G. W. R. at once crosses the Exe, and bears round through the *St. Thomas* suburb (p. 27) with a good view of the city's towers and spires on the opposite bank. From **Exminster**, a small village, 5 miles on our way, *Topsham* may be seen on the far side of the river, which here begins to widen out into its estuary; and the canal's mouth is marked by the lonely inn at *Turf* (p. 37).

Two miles beyond *Exminster*, we pass on the right hand **Powderham** Castle, seat of the Earl of Devon. The beautifully wooded park slopes upwards from the level strath of the Exe, coming down to the railway, beside which is passed the Church. On the height above, a tower rises from the woods. The Castle lies on lower ground farther on. It retains in part its mediæval character, but has been to some extent modernised. Being at present let, it is, we are informed, no longer open to strangers.

Starcross (Hotel: *Courtenay Arms*) is the station for *Powderham*, its entrance gate being at the north end of the Esplanade, that shows a peculiar feature in specimens of the almost lost *tapiary* art. This is something of a bathing place, quiet and pleasant, but too much within the estuary

to rank as real seaside. In its little harbour are usually to be seen two artificial swans, great and small, which have been seamarks here for a generation, though sometimes they are laid up at Exmouth. These curious craft, of the nature of what is called a "Folly" in land buildings, are said to have been made for hunting wild fowl; the larger one supplies a good bathing stage. At the farther end of the place is a large Institution for feeble-minded children of the western counties.

Pretty walks up the valley behind Starcross take one in an hour to the foot of the Haldon range (p. 48), almost any road over which is beautiful. Three or four miles back rises the finely wooded park of **Mamhead**, open to all strangers except cyclists. One may pass through by the drive, between the mansion and the church, and take the course of Dawlish Water to *Dawlish* (p. 56).

A good mile north-west of Starcross, by the road along the side of Powderham Park (the high road from Exeter), is the village of **Kenton**, notable for its sandstone Church, with a noble pinnacled tower, and one of the finest screens in the county. Near it, on an adjacent patch of green, stands an old cross restored.

From Starcross station a steam launch will ferry one over to Exmouth, $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. distant. There is also a boat ferry from the point of the **Warren**, that curious stretch of waste extending a long mile over the estuary, which at low tide it seems almost to choke up. The Warren is turned to account for golf-links and rifle butts, and a pleasant walk may be had across it to *Mount Pleasant* (Inn), thence along the sea-wall or by the cliff to Dawlish, for which the high road bends a little inland (12 miles from Exeter).

DAWLISH

Hotels: *Royal, London, Albert, Lake's Temperance* (all opposite the station, except the London, which stands a little way back in the town).
Boarding-House: *Iona House.*

This favourite sea-side resort, one of the neatest and prettiest in Devon, occupies a cove shut in by honeycombed rocks of deep red sandstone. Through the valley which



DAWLISH—THE BATHING COVE.

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here opens out upon the sea runs a tamed rivulet, spanned by numerous little bridges, and banked on each side by a broad border of smooth greensward. Along this "Lawn" stretch inland houses and shops, many of them in their own snug little plots of garden-ground ; on the hill-slopes beyond are perched numerous villas, and the cliff front is crowned with terraces looking out to sea. By the "Strand," and up the valley of Dawlish Water, myrtles, hydrangeas, and other delicate plants bloom freely in a climate which is decidedly mild, not to say relaxing, in summer and autumn, but in the early part of the year may suffer from east winds. To the south of the town is *Lea Mount*, a public garden tastefully laid out, and well provided with walks and seats from which to enjoy the views and the contrast of warm red and green displayed by the cliffs.

The only fault to be found with the amenities of Dawlish is the way in which the railway cuts it off from the shore. Passing under the line at the station we find a stretch of sand, on which stands a large Ladies' Bathing Pavilion. At the farther end pleasure boats have their landing. The men's snug bathing place is round the corner under *Lea Mount*, to which one used to pass through a tunnel, till a fall of rock here caused a fatal accident, now reached by a little esplanade from which walks have been cut up the cliff. Beyond this there are machines in summer, and hollows in the rock to serve as natural dressing-places. When the tide serves, a good plunge can be had from the small breakwater ; and athletic youth scramble to dive off an isolated rock known variously as the "Old Maid" and the "Toad," which of late years has suffered from the waves. Beyond stand up other fantastically-worn masses of sandstone, the most prominent of them known as the "Bishop" ; and at the point are the "Parson and Clerk."

The Parish Church stands about half a mile up the valley, to the left, reached also by one very pleasant walk on the bank above. It is a fine rebuilt structure, containing two monuments by Flaxman. On the other side of the valley, chiefly, clusters the little town, through which a road goes up Dawlish Water towards Haldon.

Behind the Church is the richly-wooded park of **Luscombe Castle**. These grounds, once open on certain days, are now closed, and the fine private chapel designed by Sir Gilbert Scott seems to have gone out of use.

On the Starcross side, the sea-wall gives a walk of a mile to *Langstone Point*, beyond which lies the Warren. But pleasanter is the lane along the edge of the cliff in this direction, to be gained at more than one point by crossing the railway. A good round might thus be made by Starcross, Kenton, and Mamhead.

There is lovely country about Dawlish, where the visitor may ramble through red lanes, deeply shaded by green, that soon lead him into up-and-down roads, well provided with guide-posts. Cyclists will not find this an ideal ground for their exertions, but active pedestrians can be much better suited. For such, we suggest a half day's round on the heights behind, bringing in the varied aspects of the district.

To Haldon, Mamhead, etc.—Leave Dawlish by the road on the right side of the brook, skirting Luscombe Park to its left. Past the lodge gate, take the first turn left, which leads up through shady woods. When the rich timber of the combe changes to firs, this road comes to a level on a heathery moor, near the top of Little Haldon (over 700 feet) where several tumuli can hardly be traced among the natural roughness of the ground. On the sky line a little to the left, a sign-post will be seen marking the high road from Exeter to Teignmouth along the top of the ridge. Short of this, our road reaches another sign-post showing ways to Chudleigh and to Mamhead. Taking the latter road to the right, we skirt a fir wood on the edge, having wide views over the Exe estuary, Dawlish below, Exmouth across the water, and leagues of cliffs stretching beyond to Dorsetshire. A view-tower is passed in the woods, but it has been overtopped by the growth of the trees. Below this, from the descending road, a steep lane to the right—an ancient portway—would take us down into the road back to Dawlish, which loops so as to give a choice of coming home by the left bank of the stream.

Else, turning left, at the sign-post for Mamhead, we follow the road into a deep hollow, where the bending course of Dawlish Water is again crossed. Holding up the opposite slope to the woods of *Mamhead* (p. 54), we turn right for a little way, and can enter the gate of the park in spite of stern notices which are not so exclusive as they seem except in the case of cycles. The avenue leads us through this richly timbered demesne between the

mansion and the church, beyond which, bearing left, one could mount to the high road over Great Haldon, reached a long mile to the south of the lotty racecourse (p. 49). Below this road (about 700 feet) rises Dawlish Water, a mile or so down which comes **Ashcombe**, which has a church worth visiting, whence the stranger can easily find his way back by the knowledge of the country he has already gained, not to speak of frequent guide-posts.

We set out rather with the intention of circling round to Starcross, which is about 4 miles from Mamhead. For this road take the drive turning right, after it has passed between the church and the house in Mamhead Park; and at the lodge the lane downhill to the left to a sign-post. The next sign-post shows the shortest way back to Dawlish. For Starcross we hold straight on through a dark wood. It would be only a mile or so out of the way to turn up to *Kenton* (p. 54) on the left, for which at the cross ways last mentioned; an unnamed lane mounts into a wood and is continued by a field-path in the same direction, cutting off a corner into the road for Kenton. Thence along the side of Powderham Park $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile would bring us down to the sea, near Starcross Station. So far, the round has been under a dozen miles, and if we walk on along the coast, some 15 miles in all bring us back to Dawlish.

To Teignmouth.—Another pleasant round of half a dozen miles or so in the other direction is turning left on the top of Little Haldon, and dropping thence to Teignmouth. A shorter way to Teignmouth is taken by a lane to the left of the church, passing over *Holcombe Down*. The shortest, if not the most agreeable, is by the high road keeping a little back from the shore (3 miles). At this end the cliffs are obstructed by private grounds; but on foot one can go out by the direct Teignmouth road, then after a mile or so turn down at Lower Holcombe by "Smugglers' Lane," passing under the railway to regain the coast near the *Parson* and *Clerk* rocks, two prominent stacks of red sandstone which still hold their own, more and less, against the buffeting of the waves. From this point it is about a mile and a half to Teignmouth by the sea-wall, along which now runs the railway, after being boxed up in a succession of tantalising tunnels.

The G. W. R. between Dawlish and Teignmouth has hitherto been a single line, according to malicious critics, kept so on purpose to prevent the L. & S.-W. R. from getting running powers over it. To silence such slanders this section of rail is now being doubled. Originally the line here was worked by atmospheric pressure, tall campanile-like towers being erected as pumping stations. After being

taken over by the G. W. R. it became the last broad gauge rail in England, altered in 1892 to the standard gauge.

TEIGNMOUTH

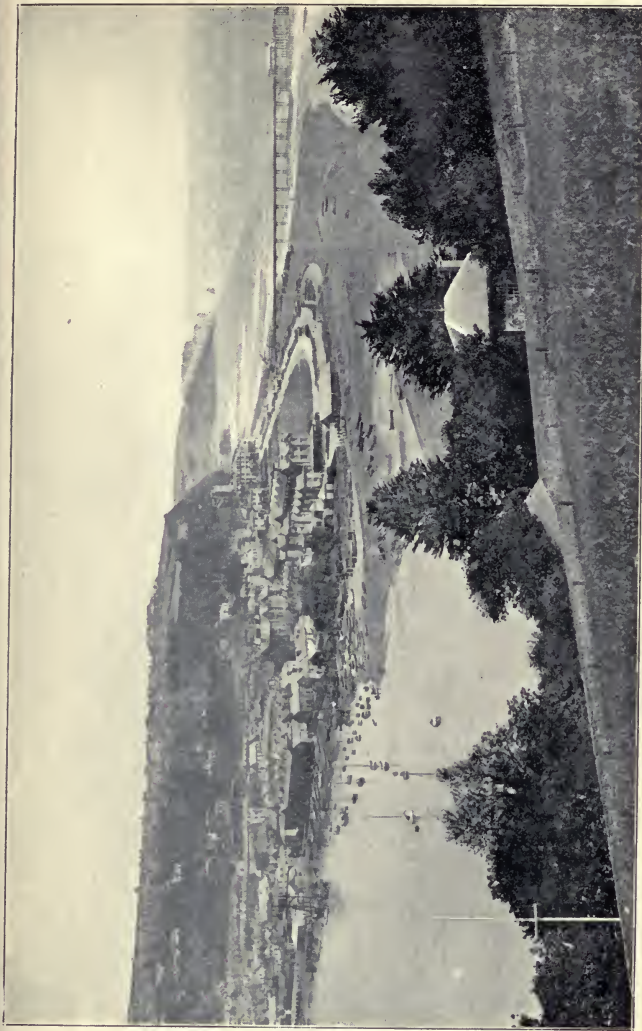
Hotels: *Royal, London, Queen's, etc.*

Boarding-Houses: *West Lawn, Barnpark, Portland House, etc.*

What Torquay is to Teignmouth, Teignmouth itself is to Dawlish, holding a middle place in importance, as in position. Yet Teignmouth can boast itself over Torquay, as an ancient town and harbour, which has more than once enjoyed the distinction of being burned by French cruisers. It is now a pleasant town of about eight thousand inhabitants, with a stir of fishing, yachting, and ship-building, much favoured by retired veterans, Anglo-Indians and the like, besides its floating population of summer visitors.

The town stands, mostly upon flat ground, at the corner of the Teign estuary, and is thus more open to breezes than Torquay or Dawlish, while sheltered to the north by the heights of Haldon. The more genteel part faces the sea, showing a dignified front of terrace and crescent behind the *Den*, a wide strip of lawn and walks which suggests the Lees of Folkestone brought down to a lower level. Before it are the Pier and sands, where bathing can be had safely from machines, except when an east wind makes the breakers too boisterous; one gets a plunge also from the end of the Pier. The Den promenade is continued to the Parson and Clerk rocks by a sea-wall running beside the railway, before which early bathers make bold to disport themselves; and the heights above this end are laid out with walks that give fine views of the red cliffs lighting up both sides of the bay into which the Exe opens here.

At the other end of the Den is a small lighthouse, and beyond it the harbour at the river's mouth, where Teignmouth has what may be called a side-frontage to the estuary. Opposite, on the southern bank, rises the steep and richly verdured promontory known as the *Ness*, beneath which lies



TEIGNMOUTH.

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the village of **Shaldon**, connected with Teignmouth by a wooden bridge 1672 feet long, swinging open in the channel for the passage of small vessels. This, said to be the longest wooden bridge in England, cannot be called a picturesque feature in itself; but the view from it, when the tide is up, will be much admired, the broad stream appearing like a lake in the wooded valley backed by hills rising to the tors of Dartmoor. A new Church is being built at Shaldon, where the small old one has been restored in its original style, and contains a very ancient Font and other relics.

There is not much to be said of the town, except that it has the usual sea-front amenities, and behind, the usual maze of winding streets, with buildings old and new, rising to smart villas on the heights. It includes two parishes. The rebuilt church of *East Teignmouth* (St. Michael's) is plain, but for some fine ornaments and a pinnacled Jubilee Tower. That of *West Teignmouth* (St. James's) is more than plain, though it has been touched up lately; it contains a good Reredos which seems out of keeping with its Simeonite antecedents. A Roman Catholic Church stands on the Dawlish Road; and this Church has two Convents here. There are Baths behind the Pier. The Assembly Rooms at the London Hotel, and other halls are used for entertainments. In summer there is dancing on the pier and music on the Den; and a good deal of private gaiety goes on all the year. The tennis tournament here has a more than local fame. Balls are usually held in the club, one of the best in the west of England, and praiseworthily hospitable to visitors. Out of the bathing season, the liveliest time is during the Yeomanry training in May.

A name connected with Teignmouth is Winthrop Mackworth Praed's, whose father had a house at Bitton, and is buried in West Teignmouth churchyard. Keats spent a winter here, and his *Endymion* is dated from Teignmouth. Both these poets have celebrated the charms of the neighbourhood; and Fanny Burney's *Journal* gives a lively account of "Tingmouth" in 1773.

Not to speak of boating excursions, the neighbourhood abounds in delightful rambles, mostly through luxuriant

Devonshire lanes, by which one mounts to the open slopes of Haldon behind.

Towards Dawlish, we have already spoken of the walk by the sea-wall and up the Smugglers' Steps (p. 57). To the left of the high road, above the "Parson and Clerk" rocks is the pretty village of **Holcombe**, whose Church gives excuse for a Sunday stroll to wandering sheep both from Dawlish and Teignmouth. From the latter it can be reached by a lane and paths behind the cliffs.

The *Little Haldon* (p. 48) rises behind the town, and 2 miles of the high road ascending it bring one to a height of about 800 feet, for a grand prospect. About half a mile north here, buried among the bog and copses, is the ruined chapel of **Lidwell**, at which, says tradition, lived a monk who had the way of robbing and murdering tourists of the period, and throwing their bodies into a holy well, that has disappeared as if in resentment for such desecration. This spot is hard to find; one may take a lane on the right of the road to a farm adjoining, and there seek directions. Keeping the high road for another mile, we should come at the second crossway to **Castle Dyke**, an earthwork of dubious origin, by which, to the right, the way past *Luscombe* (p. 56) leads down to Dawlish.

At the joining of roads, 2 miles out of Teignmouth on this high way, the byway to the left leads down to *Bishopsteignton*, by some remnants of the Bishop's Palace that once stood here.

Bishopsteignton is 2 miles west of Teignmouth above the estuary of the Teign. An omnibus runs to it from Teignmouth Station. The Church has a fine Norman doorway and other fragments of antiquity, among them some tombstones overgrown by roses, said to cover the remains of victims of the plague. Here is "Huntley" a popular health retreat, where hydropathy and other treatment are practised among very pleasant surroundings, notably the woods of *Lindridge Park*, a mile or so behind, on the Haldon slopes.

On the other side of the river, *Combe Cellars* (3 miles) is a place for picnics and for the refreshment of cockles and cream at its inn, celebrated in Mr. Baring Gould's novel *Kitty Alone*. Above stands the village of **Combe in Teignhead**, whose Church has some elaborately carved bench ends. Above this is the tiny parish of **Hacombe**, containing little more than the mansion and the early 14th century Chapel, which displays, crowded in small space, a remarkable collection of ancient monuments of the Courtenays and Carews. On the door are the remains of four horse-shoes said to recall a feat of swimming out to sea on horseback, on which a manor was wagered and won. *Hacombe Down* rises over 500 feet. Across it southwards there is a fine walk of some half-dozen miles to Torquay. Westward one can turn down to *Newton Abbot* (p. 62), or eastward find another way back to Teignmouth through **Stoke in Teignhead**, which also has an interesting old church.

On the direct Torquay Road, round the Ness, are the *Labrador Tea Gardens*, looking out upon the open sea, much visited for their picturesque situation, and for strawberries eaten with views as well as cream.

Teignmouth to Torquay by the coast road (8 miles) is a good walk, especially if you take your time over it and go on to *Babbicombe Bay* and *Anstey's Cove*. Cross the bridge, or ferry across the stream (saving a mile) to the village of *Shaldon*, whence it is a sharp climb till the road attains a level considerably above the cliffs. As you proceed, a beautiful peep reveals itself down a valley on the right, opening the villages of *Stoke* and *Combe-in-Teignhead*. In the distance are the bare slopes of *Dartmoor*. Then comes a rather dull stretch of road, with nothing of special interest, except to those who scramble up and down by the verge of the cliffs, broken by coves and rough hollows that make hard walking, till you reach *St. Mary Church*, a suburb of Torquay, but a parish and town of itself. Here the way to Torquay goes down to the right. On the left are the shore beauties of *Watcombe* and *Petit Tor*. Along the road above the cliff comes a terrace overlooking Babbicombe Bay, where the red sandstone of the cliffs has changed to variegated limestone. Here we are within the confines of Torquay, reached by the roundabout railway route through Newton Abbot, and fully described in its own section of our Guide.

Teignmouth is well situated for railway excursions to several points, through the junction at *Newton Abbot*, to which the G. W. R. line now turns up the Teign, for some miles skirting the estuary that, even at low tide, when it is a broad waste of mud given up to cockle-hunters, makes a pretty sight between its green banks. It is crossed by the railway a little short of Newton Abbot, which stands back upon a tributary stream.

The road (6 miles) takes a line above the rail, about a mile out of Newton Abbot passing the village of **Kingsteignton**, where clay works are the most prominent feature; but it has a large 14th century church, containing a singular epitaph, as to which the less said the better.

A rather longer way is on the other side of the estuary, by *Shaldon*, *Combe in Teignhead* and under Hacombe Down, as shown above.

When the tide serves, the trip up to Newton Abbot by boat or steam launch is a pleasant one.

NEWTON ABBOT

Hotels: *Globe, Commercial*, in the town; *Queen's, Churchill's Temperance*, small houses near the station.

There are scores of *Newtons* and *Newtowns* in England, among which this one, including *Newton Abbot* and *Newton Bushel*, owes its importance to its position as a railway junction for Torquay on one side, and Moreton Hampstead and the Teign Valley on the other, the main line running on to Plymouth. Besides its large railway workshops, it has a great tannery at the other end, and men employed at the adjacent clay works of Kingsteignton help to bring up its population to about 17,000. It has spread itself over the adjoining heights, where handsome villas contrast with some squalid courts and alleys in the lower part.

The town itself is not without historic memorials. Close to the station, on the left of the Torquay road, stands **Ford House**, a former seat of the Earl of Devon, having in its grounds a broad sheet of water. Charles I. and his court were twice entertained at Ford, and here William of Orange made his headquarters for two days in November 1688. The base of the Market Cross in Wolborough Street marks the spot where his first declaration as King of England was read.

The station is on the east side of the town, opposite its *Courtenay Park*. Thence the main thoroughfare winds on for more than half a mile to the central spot, where the cross adjoins an ivied tower, all that is left of the church of St. Leonard's. Into this line the road from Teignmouth has debouched on the right some way back. Turning right at the tower and presently passing near the *Post Office* (in *Market Street* on the right) a street goes uphill, at St. Mary's Church dividing as the roads to *Bovey Tracey* (right) and to *Ashburton*. The main street in the valley becomes the Totnes Road, on which is passed a row of modern almshouses, and on a height to the left the Parish Church of **Wolborough**, which takes the place of that demolished one

by the cross. It has a good south door, some carved oak on screen and pews, a richly-ornamented Norman font, much excellent stained glass, and a marble tomb with canopied effigies to Sir Richard Regnele of Ford (died 1633), and the Lady Lucy his wife. **Highweek Church**, which stands on a hill to the right of the Bovey Road nearly a mile from the town, also contains some fine windows: this is the original parish of *Newton Bushel*.

Though Newton Abbot, lying between the sea and Dartmoor, is rather a place of coming and going for tourists than a resort, it well deserves more familiarity, surrounded as it is by fine hill and woodland scenery. The river, hardly one of its chief attractions, runs outside of the town, reached by a turning on the right soon after one leaves the station, where a tunnel like that of Posilippo on a small scale leads to the Quay. The Teign here straggles on flat ground, in part swamped by the flow of the tide, and near it is a canal, once used for bringing down granite from the quarries of Hay Tor, now as conveyance for the china clay that makes a staple of the neighbourhood. Walks by these channels have at least prospects of the heights; and a path round the back of Knowles Hill, to the left of the Teignmouth road, looks out over what seems a great delta, where a pleasant row may be taken with the help of the tide. From other heights on which Newton Abbot goes on extending itself, there are good views down the estuary; and at each end of the town a stretch of beautiful woods lies open.

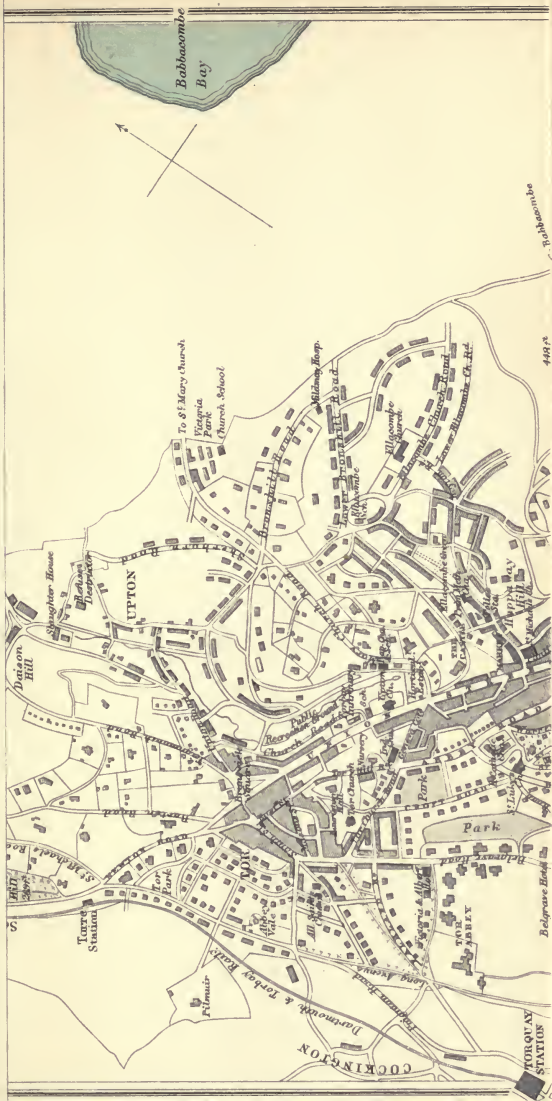
The Milber Woods are above the Torquay road, which crosses the railway a little beyond the station. Passing in front of *Ford House*, we turn up left by the road marked *Hacombe*, from which presently goes off right the old Torquay road (marked *St. Mary Church*), which is the shortest way to the coast (6 miles). The first stretch of this road in a hollow is bordered by the thick Milber Woods, through which run paths, or on the right side, one may pass up the outer edge to the heath above, where an old camp is traced. Turnings left lead to *Hacombe* (p. 60), the road from which may be taken back down the other side of the woods. To the right, we gain *Coffinswell*, and thence could come down to the Torquay high road near the **Aller** art pottery works. Any way about these woods makes a very pretty hour or two's walk.

The **Bradley Woods** at the other end of the town, are still more beautiful, rising to the right of the Totnes road. Just beyond the almshouses one takes a path on that side and follows a little stream, past *Bradley Manor*, into this demesne, where one can wander on for more than a mile.

Turnings left here lead by East or *West Ogwell*, on to **Denbury Down** (500 feet), where there is an elliptical camp, about 3 miles out of Newton Abbot. Holding on southwards for a mile or two, one comes to **Tor Bryan** and to **Ippleden**, both with fine churches, and the latter with marble quarries to show. From any of those points, ways eastward take us to the Totnes Road, a little off which, a mile out of the town, is **Abbotskerswell**, which has another fine church, and between it and the railway an Augustinian Priory, whose chapel has some rich decorations.

To the right of the Bradley Woods runs the road over *Highweek Hill* to *Ashburton* (7 miles). About 4 miles out on the right of this road, is the village of **Bickington**, with a good church, and a very picturesque mill on the Lemon, the little stream running down hence to Newton Abbot. Short of this, one turns up by *Telegraph Hill* (640 feet) to the village of **Ilington**, on the edge of Dartmoor, beyond which rises *Hay Tor*, one of its most prominent points, that thus makes a 9 mile walk from Newton Abbot, a rather shorter way being from Stover Park on the Bovey Tracey road; and the pedestrian might trace upwards the abandoned tram line to the quarries of Hay Tor. At Ilington is now being built the *Hay Tor Hotel* and health resort (800 feet above the sea), about 3 miles from Bovey Tracey station.

These are only slight hints for the exploration of a neighbourhood that has many other points deserving to be dwelt on. *Torquay* (7 miles) is treated in the next section of our Devon Guide. Newton Abbot is perhaps best known to strangers as a base for visits to Dartmoor, easily visited hence by several lines of coach. Besides those that come from Torquay, Newton Abbot has a line of its own, running in connection with morning and evening trains, each day by a different route, for which handbills may be consulted, to *Hay Tor*, *Bovey Tracey*, *Buckland Beacon*, *Holne Chase*, *Becky Falls*, and other lions of the district. Similar enterprises are worked from *Bovey Tracey* and *Lustleigh* stations on the branch along the edge of Dartmoor.



Babbscombe

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TORQUAY

Hotels: *Torbay*, opposite the harbour, with *Cumper's Private Hotel* as its dependence; *Imperial*, on a height overlooking the Bay; *Victoria and Albert*, and *Belgrave*, in the Torre Valley; *Western*, at the station; *Osborne*, 2 miles from the station, near the Meadfoot Sands; *Royal*, *Queen's*, behind the harbour, *Union*, *Central*, *Gibbon's Commercial*, *Jordan's Temperance*, *Pavilion Temperance*, in the business streets; *Clarence*, at Torre station, etc.

Boarding-Houses: *Granville Mansions*, *Nepaul*, *Petworth*, *Kistor House*, *Gresham's*, *Roslin Hall*, *The Boltons*, *Savernake Mansions*, *Amalfi*, *Sherwood House*, *Elfordleigh*, *Livermead House*, *Templestowe*, *Sealawn*, *Dudley House*, *Richmond Lodge*, *Hill Crest*, etc. *Torghatten*, at Babbicome. The first mentioned stands high on the hill above the harbour; most of the others are in the valley behind Torquay Station, the chief quarters for such pensions. They are here arranged in something like order of seniority rather than of importance; and since new establishments of the kind seem to be springing up, this long list cannot pretend to be complete.

Cabs. Fares 1s. per half mile; 1s. 6d. per mile, a rate that is not high when we consider the hills and winding roads that have to be dealt with.

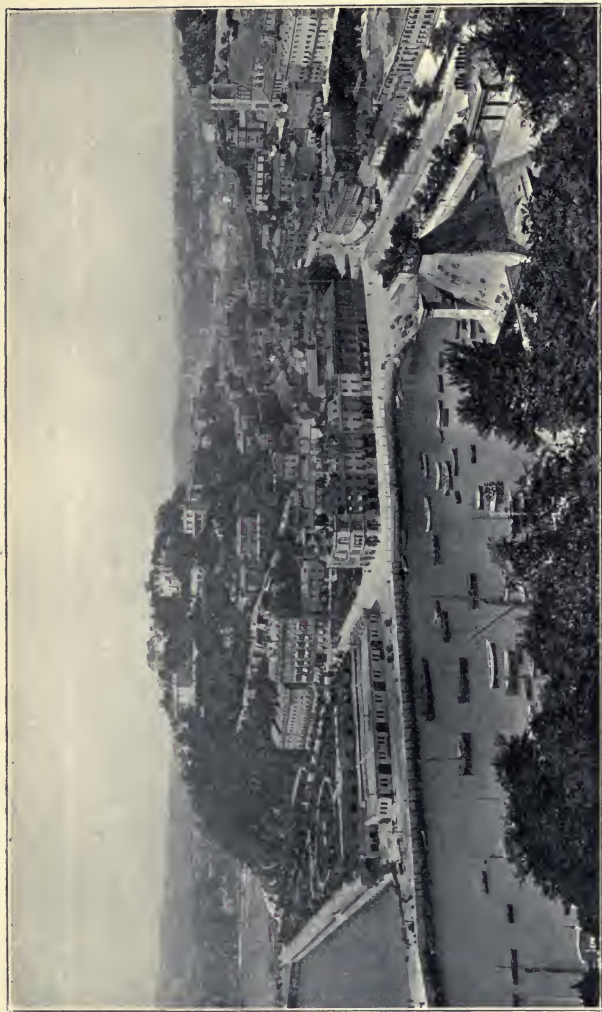
Omnibuses from the hotels would take passengers to central parts of the town. From Torre Station start omnibuses, not very frequent, to Paignton and to St. Mary Church.

Torquay has been judged one of the most picturesque towns in England; but its picturesqueness is no matter of hoary age, nor of some few fragments of the past drowned in a tide of houses, streets, and villas, still rising over the hills that cannot confine it to the shore. Its prosperity rose with the French war, when the families of naval officers, often stationed in Torbay, began to settle here. The amenities and advantages of the place soon became widely known, and it grew in the irregular way forced upon it by the conformation of the ground, till now, for its population of about 34,000, it is said to cover more space than any town in the country, besides having more money to spend. One can hardly say, indeed, where Torquay begins or ends, so many suburbs and outlying villages has it taken in; but before long it seems likely to invade the whole of the bold promontory forming the north end of Torbay, from which it

appears a maze of woods, quarries, parks, and gardens, mixed with houses and streets, almost wherever they can be built. These buildings gather thickest on and under the three hills around the harbour, which may be considered as the nucleus of Torquay. In the valley through which the railway runs, the Torre Abbey suburb occupies less irregular ground ; but most parts of the town are not to be attained without climbing. Some are reached, as a short cut, by public stairways, which prove trying to feeble limbs. A lift would be of little use here, as there is not one eminence to surmount, but many, each with its more or less loftily planted dwellings. Vehicles come naturally into great demand ; and horses to the manner born make light of Torquay's steeps and turns. But London horses, brought here, are found inclined to strike against the jobs they may be put to by masters lolling at ease to enjoy the fine prospects opened up on these winding ascents. The small flies known as "midges," seem to be going out of use.

Torquay's character as a haven for invalids has had the effect of keeping away summer visitors, though, in fact, it is by no means so hot, especially on the heights, as is supposed. Our south coast, while warmer in winter, is often correspondingly cooler in summer ; and at this season Torquay appears to be coming of late into more favour, though it is hardly suited for a family bathing-place, where Paterfamilias can wear out his old clothes, and the children dabble about in no clothes to speak of. For swimmers, at least, there are excellent bathing facilities, which we detail below. The many excursions to be taken here should be an attraction in the summer season ; and the town is then set off by all its wealth of green. In early summer and in autumn, when Torquay is most deserted, it often wears its pleasantest aspect.

It is in winter and early spring, of course, that Torquay has its regular season, recommended by the climate so well known as mild, rather moist, relaxing, and soothing, due to its peninsular situation, sheltered from all winds but the south-east. Young people of delicate constitutions, and old people suffering from irritable air-passages, do well here,



TORQUAY.

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many of the former being able to outgrow their weakness, while the latter may have their days prolonged in genial surroundings. Torquay seems rather sensitive about its rainfall, which is undoubtedly considerable, though it claims not to be so wet as some places on this coast; the vicinity of two rivers, the Dart and the Teign, no doubt drawing off some of the clouds. One must always be prepared for considerable stretches of soft muggy weather, when people may be seen going about with their umbrellas up from force of habit, as revilers declare. The sub-tropical vegetation speaks plainly for the climate's general effect.

We are not going to enter into vexed controversies between Torquay and Ventnor on one side, and Falmouth or Penzance on the other, as to comparative mean temperature and range. Fogs are rare on the limestone rocks of Torquay; but it would be easy to get ourselves into a fog over meteorological tables and other statistics, handled, as they are apt to be, in the interests of rival watering-places. Mr. Norris, the popular novelist, who has made his home here, puts the matter somewhat bluntly, that in winter Torquay is a little less cold than the rest of England. It can be frosty and snowy enough in January or March, like other places; but it is more likely than most to enjoy a good share of sunshine on its sheltered nooks. We leave it to the medical profession to enlarge or qualify the statement that Torquay is one of the most favoured of our winter resorts, while its hilly configuration gives a variety of more or less mildness and invigoratingness, since observations taken here at three points within two miles show a considerable difference of temperature. The warmest and coldest parts vary from five to eight degrees, even more in the summer time.

Most of the hotels are in the sheltered quarter by the shore; and the boarding-houses generally keep near the same region, their winter patrons preferring what may be called the characteristic climate of Torquay. But those naking some stay here will have no difficulty in finding airier regions, especially at St. Mary Church, which stands high towards the eastern neck of the peninsula. On the farther side Babbicombe looks out full to the east over a

lofty cliff, exposed to cold winds even in early summer. Fresh air has come so much into fashion now that on this more bracing side, though two or three miles from any railway station, the town is quickly developing, St. Mary Church and Babbicombe having been joined to Torquay, which now incorporates them as well as Cockington, on the other side of the station. In those new quarters and in the hollows between—for instance in the neighbourhood of Ellacombe Green—many small and cheap houses will be found, while the general style of the buildings bespeaks owners or tenants in easy circumstances. The price of the better-class houses seems to have declined of late—a fact probably connected with the change in medical opinion as to the treatment of consumption by climate, and one hinting that in the future Torquay must look to its constituency of pleasure-seekers as much as to the invalids, who have been its chief patrons.

A resort of well-to-do idlers as it largely is, Torquay cannot be ill off for amusements. It wants, indeed, such a palace of pleasure as is thought necessary in most resorts of the kind. The ambitious scheme for a Kursaal has fallen through; the Winter Garden has for years been “to let”; and Blackpool or Scarborough would despise the small pavilion where music is provided on the Princess Pier. The Bath Saloon, however, well represents the more old-fashioned type of rendezvous, where and elsewhere concerts, etc., are given. There is a Theatre off the main street. Boating and fishing are good and safe, unless perhaps when a south-east wind blows into the bay. The dull autumn season sees a stir of yachting in this fine haven. A notable regatta is held in August, when Paignton, Brixham, and other neighbours also amuse themselves in the same fashion. There are steeple-chases at Petit Tor in spring. The Torquay cricket week in August is of wide repute. The Torquay harriers meet twice a week in the season, and there is more than one pack of fox hounds in the neighbourhood. Besides more ordinary games, polo can be played on Torre Abbey Sands. Babbicombe Down makes a nine-hole golf course, and there is a larger one a few miles off at Churston.

A racket-court will be found on the Victoria Parade. The flower shows of the Horticultural Society are here in their element. A Recreation Ground has been formed near the station, less indeed for public use than as an arena for the athletic displays which draw gate-money; but there are several public parks and greens opening among the private grounds that make so much of Torquay's scenery.

THE TOWN

As one of the defects of its qualities, Torquay is such an intricate place that our description of it must be less systematic than we could wish. If this invertebrate town have any backbone, it is *Union Street*, winding behind the gardened hill-face over the harbour, almost from Torre Station to the Town Hall, then by *Fleet Street* descending to the *Strand* at the back of the inner basin and terminating at a central opening, above which, by *Torwood Street*, goes off the *Babbicombe Road*. In this long thoroughfare most of the shops seem to concentrate themselves. From it, and other streets in the valley, curved or zigzag roads and steep flights of stairs lead up to the heights, where houses are only more widely spaced, and long lines of villas stretch across the slopes of the promontory almost to St. Mary Church and the cliffs of Babbicombe.

One good level road, seldom free from a coming and going of cabs and omnibuses, leads round the shore from the station to the harbour. This is bordered by a cliff, on which run the *Upper and Lower Rock Walks* and *Terrace*, very prettily laid out with flowers and greenery. Then, on the seaward side, comes another garden by the *Princess Pier*, enclosing the harbour on the west. The valley behind the harbour contains the *Public Gardens*, lying beyond the *Post Office* at the beginning of the Babbicombe Road. In this sheltered situation, also, has been built a Winter Garden; but at present it stands desolate, Torquay, perhaps, taking itself to be all Winter Garden. Across the harbour, at the entrance of the *Haldon Pier*, stands a building known as the *Baths*, which might rather be called Assembly Rooms, containing two large halls, one used as a ballroom, one as a

skating rink, and other accommodations. There are baths to be had here, but the swimming bath, such as it was, has been done away with.

Bathing. At the back of the Baths building, reached through the Pier gate, is a covered dressing place for men, with diving boards, etc. (1d. and 2d.). Close to this will be seen the entrance to the *Ladies' Bathing-Place* in a sheltered cove. A little farther on, reached by a lane round the Imperial Hotel, is the *Peak Tor Cove*, fitted up with boxes, diving boards, etc., for swimmers, which makes a capital bathing-place at almost all states of the tide, open free, but two or three pence are expected by the attendant for use of box, towels, etc. There is bathing still farther along, on the *Meadfoot Sands*, where machines are provided for ladies; also on *Oddicombe Beach* below Babbicombe Downs, and at *Anstey's Cove*. Ladies are accommodated in the bay beyond the Torquay station; and men may bathe mornings and evenings, when the tide permits, from the *Tor Abbey Sands*, below the Station Road, or from the sea-wall in the bay beyond.

There are several fine **Churches** in the town, the chief one *St. John's*, by Street, which stands above the harbour and has the peculiar feature of a Baptistery for immersion, and some notable mosaics. It is Early English in style, admired by some, not by all; and the services are high. That of *St. Mary Church* has been rebuilt in the same style, but is in some respects thrown into the shade by the Roman Catholic church near it. *All Saints*, Babbicombe, also Early English, is a beautiful building richly ornamented with marbles from the adjacent quarries, as are several churches in this neighbourhood. The Mother Church of Torquay, restored and enlarged, containing monuments of the Cary family, is at *Tor Mohun*, a little way above the railway.

Kent's Hole is a chief lion of Torquay, the cavern in which many prehistoric remains have been found, which are to be seen at the *Museum*, a little way above the Post-Office (open free on Saturday afternoons, at other times a charge of 1s.). Besides the results of Mr. Pengelley's excavations, it has a good collection of the animals, sea-weeds, etc., of Devonshire.

The *Cavern* itself is at *Ilsham*, towards the opposite shore of the promontory, over a mile from the Post-Office, past which must be

followed the Babbicombe Road, till a direction board shows a turn to the right. A minimum charge of 1s. 6d. for admission is made, reduced in the case of a party. Entrance is obtained through a low and narrow passage into a cavern, said to be 600 feet in length, opening upon a labyrinth of smaller caverns and winding corridors. The roofs glitter with stalactites, formed by the dripping of water charged with carbonate of lime, and the floor is coated with slippery stalagmite. A deep, dark, and cold pool terminates the cavern.

Here, in our own generation, were brought to light the bones of the rhinoceros and elephant, the lion, wolf, bear, and hyena, once native here, deposited upon the bed of the cavern to a depth of 20 feet, overlaid by a layer of stalagmite. Mingled with them lay arrow-heads and spear-heads, charcoal, fragments of coarse pottery, and knives of flint—relics famous as having had a most important bearing on the question of man's antiquity. Other deposits of the kind were also found in the caves at Brixham (p. 79).

The Torre Valley, leading up from the sea, between the station and the town, is one of the easiest ways to explore the environs. The gardens of *Torre Abbey*, seat of the Carys, close to the station, enclose ivy-shrouded ruins of the old Præmonstratensian *Abbey*, founded by William de Bruere in 1196, which was the wealthiest priory belonging to that order in England. The refectory is now used as a chapel. To the south of the beautiful pointed arch gateway is a 13th century building known as the Spanish Barn, since it was used to confine Armada prisoners. These ruins are not open to the public.

Higher up the valley, near *Torre Station*, stands *St. Michael's Chapel*, an ancient shrine, which, from its position on an eminence, still serves as a sea-mark, as for a local observatory station of much interest to amateur meteorologists. The hillside here, above the Newton Road, is laid out with woods and winding walks as a public pleasure ground, and may be recommended for a short stroll, which might be continued by the reservoir behind to the *Cricket Field*, where the spacious Pavilion, overgrown with creepers, makes quite a sight in its way. A little farther up is the beautiful *Cemetery* with its many fine memorials. Good views may be had by holding on the road to *Barton*, turning right to the sea at *Watcombe* (p. 75), or left to the railway at **Kingskerswell**,

a long straggling village with a restored Church, from which it is 4 miles back to the town.

In the lower part of the Torre Valley, a notable *Rosery* and other nurseries are worth a visit. More than one of the private gardens of Torquay are celebrated, but of them we have no right to speak.

Cockington is the quarter, west of the railway, where the swelling land has of late years been cut up by villas and roads coming down to the sea at *Livermead Bay*, beyond the little promontory laid out as a park below the station. By these suburban roads, then by a true Devonshire lane not yet spoiled by the builder, about a mile inland, is reached the old hamlet in a shady hollow, where its thatched cottages look unconscious how they are threatened with being swallowed up in the growth of the town. At the smithy, one turns up to the gate of the park, in which a noble avenue leads to *Cockington Court*, and opposite it, on a wooded knoll, the ivied old Church with a beautiful screen and carved benches. The shortest way to this spot is from Torquay Station, but one is so apt to go wrong among the new roads, that it might be better to keep on the Paignton Road to *Livermead Bay* and there turn up *Cockington Lane*.

Two miles beyond Cockington, westward by road or path, we can gain **Marldon**, also with an interesting Church. A little way to the north of it is **Compton Castle**, now used in part as a farmhouse, so well preserved as to be one of the sights of the neighbourhood. It displays a series of projections, technically known as *machicoulis*, through the openings of which hostile visitors might be treated to a hot reception. The chapel and the priest's room over it are fairly perfect, the latter furnished with *hagioscopes* for a view of the altar. The greater portion of the surrounding wall still remains, and there are traces of the portcullis defending the postern gate. Here lived Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the Elizabethan navigator.

About as far to the south-west of Marldon, **Westerland Beacon** (600 feet), beside the road to Totnes, offers a fine view, from which one may descend to *Paignton* (p. 77), or, on the other side, to *Pomeroy Castle* (p. 84). **Windmill Hill**, on the Paignton Road, is another good prospect point, 100 feet lower.

ROUND THE PENINSULA TO BABBICOMBE, ETC.

Before going farther afield, let us visit some beautiful spots which almost make part of the town. This may best be done by taking a turn round the whole promontory, ending at Hope's Nose, so as to reach the opposite coast of this peninsula, some two miles broad behind Torquay proper, though some of the devious ways would make the distance rather more. The main thoroughfares across are the *Babbicombe* and *St. Mary Church Roads*, between which stands *Warberry Hill*, the highest point (450 feet), giving a good view of the whole district.

Beyond the Imperial Hotel, as continuation of the lane leading to the Bathing Cove, is a short but very pleasant sea walk with seats and a good look-out over grand rocks. This soon comes to an end ; and to gain the coast again we must return to mount upwards between the walls of private paradises, which somewhat provokingly shut in the view, keeping always as close to the shore as may be, till we emerge on the common of *Daddy Hole Plain*, 200 feet above the sea. From the tangled knoll to the right of the road our view is now extended over the *Meadford Sands* and the cliffs beyond, towards which we descend, coming into a very polite part of Torquay, where *Hesketh Crescent* and the *Osborne Hotel* are conspicuous features. *Meadfoot Road*, turning to the right opposite the Post-Office, is a somewhat more direct way to this suburb.

Here, unless bound only for a bathe on the Meadfoot Sands, we have our choice of holding upwards by the fine *Lincombe Drive*, which winds across to Kent's Cavern, through another public park looking down on the *Ilsham* valley, or of following the sea-wall road round *Meadfoot Sands*, to make the same point by turning up this valley, that cuts off the last swell of the promontory, where now at last we are clear of Torquay's streets and roads. But it will add only two or three miles more to the walk to keep right round, either by the *Ilsham Drive* (closed to carriages on Tuesdays and Thursdays) or hugging the rocky shore by more devious

foot-tracks. Thus we reach **Hope's Nose**, the extreme point, off which lie some picturesquely rugged islands. Still by the lower path or by the commanding drive above, we come round to *Ilsham*, where the road strikes more directly down past *Anstey's Cove*, while the path, taking on breadth and dignity as the *Bishop's Walk*, keeps along the cliff side by rocks and copses "for whispering lovers made" and other wayfarers in no hurry to be done with its embowered nooks.

Anstey's Cove, to which we scramble down through a leafy dell, is a deep rugged recess in the cliffs, at the bottom of which stand a refreshment room, a boat-house, and two or three bathing machines, marking one of the most admired nooks about Torquay. Beyond curves an opener bay, also backed with a high bank of greenery, cut off from the cove by a point of jagged rocks, over which, when the tide is not too high, we can pass from one to the other by help of ladders. Above, near the entrance to the cove, is now displayed that board of doggerel verses which has made copy for so many guide books; below, the refreshment room exhibits a still more comic Latin version of the same.

From the lane at the head of the cove, a pleasant path may be taken up a wooded hillside, which leads back to the road, thus on to where the Babbicombe Road turns left for the centre of the town. To the right, this goes on to Babbicombe, about a mile, passing under *Bishopstowe*, an Italianesque mansion among trees, the marine villa of a Bishop of Exeter in days when Bishops could afford to be luxurious. But very soon we are tempted to turn off through a gate on the right, where a direction board marks the path that will carry us more agreeably across the downs used as golf links and rifle range.

Babbicombe Bay takes a wide, bold sweep, shut in by a high cliff, its face and edge tastefully laid out with walks and gardens. From the top there is a grand view, wider than from any point of Torquay, with the advantage that here one usually has the light at one's back, to look down on the varied tints of the bay, the variegated cliffs, the red



ANSTEY'S COVE—TORQUAY.

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scaurs wreathed with foliage beyond, the white strand melting into green and blue depths below ; then farther out, the sparkling sea edged by reaches of green-topped coast, which can be traced sometimes as far as Portland Bill, only that is a sign of rain, and rain from the east has a trick of lasting, so let us be well content with a less extended prospect. One of the beauties of this corner is that at the end of Babbicombe Bay the limestone and marble cliffs pass into the glowing red sandstone, continued on to Dawlish and reflected from the other side of the Exe estuary.

The Babbicombe cliff is now thickly fringed with houses, in the centre of which stands the *Royal Hotel*. A zigzag road down to the little pier, at the south end, brings us to the *Cary Arms*, nestling snugly below. By the road beside the Royal Hotel, bearing to the left, or by a rough lane a little farther down, on the way back to Anstey's Cove, we might strike across the pine-clad summit of **Warberry Hill**, to descend into the centre of Torquay. (The same path is found in the other direction by keeping up to the right of *Ellacombe Green*, at the head of *Market Street*, and skirting a patch of allotment gardens till the wood is reached.)

Having come so far, however, we may as well go on past *St. Mary Church*, by a road winding back from the sea-front of Babbicombe. Opposite the Church, a road leads down to the next little bay of **Petit Tor**, and its quarry of richly coloured marble, which might also be gained by scrambling paths from the end of *Oddicombe Beach*, the north side of Babbicombe Bay. A marine drive has been designed here ; but at present one passes on by a walk above the shore.

Beyond Petit Tor, comes **Watcombe**, with its "Giant Rocks," and horse-shoe landslip "so full of hillocks and hollows, ridges and rocks, coated with the softest turf, here smooth and open, there filled with a dense growth of brambles, ferns, rushes, and a miscellaneous tangle, that for the moment we fancy it the most romantic scene of all." *Watcombe Park* is celebrated for its rich display of conifers.

From Watcombe, unless one were inclined to walk on

along the coast to Teignmouth (8 miles), a return can be made by an inland valley road to the top of *Union Street*. But we might rather choose the road through **St. Mary Church**, to visit the fine churches already mentioned, and the marble and terra-cotta works, which are the only industries this district much concerns itself with, beyond the curing of weak lungs. The *terra-cotta* is got from a clay deposit at Watcombe; and almost all the promontory is one huge marble quarry, rich in madrepore fossils. The road from St. Mary Church (2 m.), goes mostly down hill, leading us into the middle of Union Street, below the height known as the Castle.

EXCURSIONS FROM TORQUAY

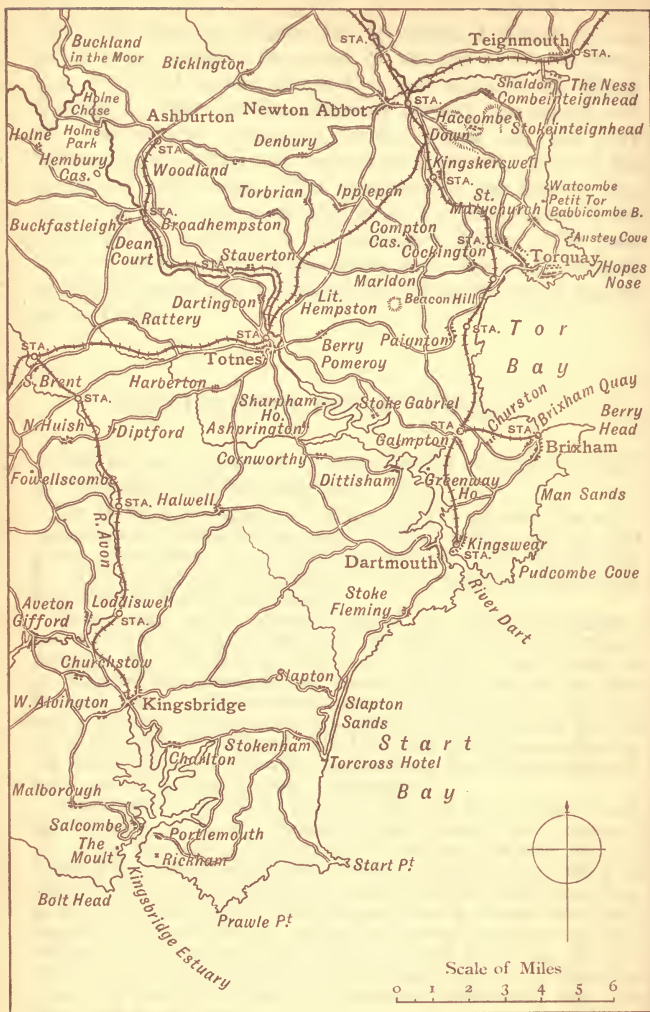
Let us now enumerate the facilities for excursions offered by Torquay, which are unusually varied.

The G. W. R. helps us to many outings on its own line, as in connection with boats and coaches, by which round trip tickets are given. Cheap fares are especially to be looked for on Wednesday, the early closing day at Torquay. The excursion programmes of this company should be consulted.

Coach trips are at present offered by rival undertakings; one starting on whole and half-day drives from the *Strand, Torquay*, one from *Newton Abbot*, and one from *Bovey Tracey* on the Moreton Hampstead branch, the two latter in connection with Torquay trains. The excursions from the town deal naturally rather with the beautiful spots about it, but sometimes are pushed on to the skirts of *Dartmoor*, which is more deeply penetrated by the Bovey Tracey and Newton coaches, each day taking a different route, as will be seen by their prospectuses.

Steamboat trips are to be had daily by the "Duke" and the "Duchess of York" steamers, which, hailing from Exmouth, ply along the coast on either hand, and may be said to have Torquay for their headquarters. These excursions are extended in one direction to *Salcombe* and *Plymouth*; in the other sometimes as far as *Bournemouth*; but passengers must remember that they depend on the weather for landing at places like Sidmouth and Slapton Sands, where is no harbour; some piers, too, on this coast not being easily approachable in certain winds. A favourite trip, when the tide serves, is to *Dartmouth*, connecting with the river boats on the Dart.

TORQUAY DISTRICT



The steam launch, which runs regularly across the bay to Paignton, twice a week extends its voyages to Brixham at the farther end. Sailing yachts and boats are also available for navigating this landlocked sheet.

Finally, carriages of all kinds, with horses quite used to the ups and downs of their native soil, are always ready to take visitors to beautiful spots far and near, the fares on such drives being calculated at 3s. the first hour and 1s. 3d. each other half hour, or 1s. a mile and half-fare back to distant places, for an ordinary one horse fly, while the small "midges" may be had at a lower rate. For distant drives it is well to make an arrangement.

We cannot here undertake to guide strangers over Dartmoor or the valley of the Exe, for which other sections of our Devon Guide must be consulted. But we give in detail some account of the country between the Teign and the Kingsbridge Creek, which may be called Torquay's own district, and for the most part belongs to that part of Devon styled the **South Hams**, a rich and varied stretch of undulating ground between Dartmoor and the sea.

The favourite round trip is by the Dart steamers between *Totnes* and *Dartmouth*, both these places reached by rail from Torquay.

TORQUAY TO THE DART

This excursion is made in either direction through *Totnes* or *Dartmouth*. The steamers run twice a day, according to tide, by studying which, in connection with railway time tables, one is often able, starting early, to spend an hour or two in these towns on the way. (Third class fare for the round 2s. 9d.)

Let us take the trip first by way of Dartmouth, so as to bring in several places sure to be visited from Torquay. There are frequent trains as far as *Kingswear*, the terminus (9 miles), with plenty of room in most of them, as so many passengers get out at Torquay. The first station is at a place which some day seems likely to run into its larger neighbour.

PAIGNTON

Hotels : *Esplanade ; Gerston, Broadmead, at station ; Commercial, in town.*

Paignton might well object to being belittled as a satellite of Torquay, now that out of a quiet fishing village it has

grown into such favour as a bathing-place, that its population must be counted by thousands, augmented by hundreds of nurseries in the season. Standing on an open shore, this place is preferred by some, even for winter quarters, as less shut in ; and if Paignton, smart and new for the most part, with a more conventional aspect, wants the bolder features of Torquay, it commands a fine view of them across the bay, while it has what Torquay lacks, except at its extreme ends, a good stretch of sands, also a promenade Pier and Pavilion envied by the richer neighbour. The relation of the two places is much like that of Bexhill and St. Leonards. Hardly two miles separates their outskirts, connected by a road on most of which the railway obstructs approach to the coast. Besides frequent trains, omnibuses ply every hour or so ; and there is also a service of steam launches from Torquay Pier, when the wind does not make landing at Paignton a matter of difficulty. The scheme of an electric tram seems to have fallen through for the present.

From the station *Victoria Street* leads inland to the pretty Green, besides which are the *Post-Office* and the *Public Hall*. To the right here is the old restored Church, containing a Norman doorway, a triple-arched stone screen, and a statued tomb to Sir John Kirkham and his wife. Close to the church stands an ivied tower, fragment of a palace of the Bishops of Exeter, in which Miles Coverdale, the Reformer, is traditionally said to have worked at translating the Bible. On the other side of the railway one passes down to the sea, where behind the Pier extends Paignton's Esplanade and Green, recalling Littlehampton, with a bandstand and a roomy cycling track. An encampment of tents beside the Pier testifies in the season to the popularity of "mixed bathing," allowed here. At the Torquay end, the front is finished off by an extraordinary Moorish-like structure, property of a gentleman whose name is literally a household word. Round this a private road has been made and thrown open as a short cut to the Torquay highway. At the other end *Roundham Head* closes in the sweep above the little harbour. Beyond this, from *Cliff Road*, a path takes us round the red cliffs to *Goodrington Sands*, on which secluded

bathing-places might be found ; and thence the coast sweeps on to Brixham.

Behind, Paignton straggles out into very pleasant country, rich in real Devonshire lanes, and looking its best in the blossoming season, the neighbourhood being much given to orchards and cider making. An hour or so's walk leads to airy heights, with a good prospect, the highest of them *Westerland Beacon*, beyond which lies *Berry Pomeroy Castle* (see p. 84), 3 miles short of Totnes (p. 83), and to the north is *Compton Castle* (p. 72). Between Paignton and Totnes a conveyance runs some half-dozen times a day (6 miles), cutting short the circuitous railway route by Newton Abbot and the steamboat trip *via* Dartmouth. Another walk (about 4 miles) southwards would bring us across to *Stoke Gabriel* (p. 86) above the windings of the Dart.

From Paignton the railway turns round the bay, skirting its rocky points and sandy coves before mounting the slight ridge that separates it from the valley of the Dart. Beyond the village and sands of *Goodrington* comes **Churston Junction**, near which are the *Warborough Golf Links*. About a mile off to the right is *Galmpton*, on a creek of the Dart ; and an hour's walk upwards would thence lead to *Stoke Gabriel* (p. 86), overlooking the river. On the left goes off a short branch to Brixham, on the way to which Torquay presents a fine view of itself across the sea, as Brixham stands so full in sight from Torquay that visitors are likely to run over to make nearer acquaintance with it (8 miles by road). Besides frequent trains, a steam launch occasionally takes this trip from Torquay and Paignton.

Brixham (Hotels : *Bolton, Globe*, etc.) is not so much a place of pleasure as of business, being one of the most important fishing stations on the coast, worked by its celebrated trawlers from Start Point to the Bill of Portland. A good many residences, however, have been built of late, and artists are said to be taking a fancy to the quaint sea-side houses and fine cliff scenery of the town, which must contain now well on to 10,000 inhabitants. It is a straggling place in two quarters, *Upper* or *Church Brixham* above, and *Brixham Quay* below, "a sort of Devonshire Wapping with a Billingsgate smell."

The Church, in the upper town, is a large ancient

structure of the 14th century with a lofty tower. That in the lower town used to be renowned for its ugliness, but is now being restored and improved. Near this, on the quay, is a statue of William III., over which good Jacobites chuckle, and Whigs might desire a better memorial. For it was here, as an obelisk also records, and as every schoolboy knows, that the Prince of Orange landed, November 5, 1688, to play Guy Fawkes with the Stuart monarchy. The stone on which he first set foot is preserved on the pier.

On Windmill Hill, near the upper quarter, is the *Bone Cave*, celebrated as confirming the researches made at Kent's Hole (p. 70), and there are two others not far off.

Nearly two miles east of Brixham Quay runs out **Berry Head**, the bold point which protects Torbay from the south. Upon it are the remains of a fortification dating from the period of the long French war, and it was formerly the site of a Roman camp. The fine prospects along the edge of this promontory, on either side, hardly need indication.

On the road which goes nearest to the coast-line, by the head of several small coves, a good piece of rocky scenery will be found at *Pudcombe Cove*, about 5 miles south. Proceeding onwards the pedestrian may in another $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles reach *Kingswear*. The high road from Brixham Quay to Kingswear is 5 miles. To go all round by the coast would be double this distance; but it is well worth doing, at least from *Man Sands*, to which what is practically a short cut may be taken through Upper Brixham from Berry Head. The walk up the Dart estuary to Kingswear is least to be missed.

To **Kingswear** (*Royal Dart Hotel*) the railway goes on from *Churston Junction*, soon commanding views of the Dart, which it skirts for a mile or two, then of Dartmouth, lying most picturesquely beyond the lake-like river lively with shipping. Kingswear, on the left side of the Dart, is terminus of the railway; but passengers for Dartmouth are carried across in a steamboat to the G. W. R. station on the other side, where connection is made with the Dart boats and the coaches for Kingsbridge. There are public ferries also, Kingswear being a suburb of the town across the water, which it overlooks from its slopes. A walk up the hill,



DARTMOUTH, BUTTER WALK.

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past the Church, brings us to an old redoubt, commanding fine views upon the mouth of the Dart.

DARTMOUTH

Hotels : *Castle, Commercial, Raleigh, King's Arms, etc.*

This town was once an important port, which has stood sieges and sent out bold navigators, notably the discoverer of Davis Straits. It has still a considerable stir of yachting ; but perhaps its chief claim to nautical dignity comes from its being the station of the *Britannia*, that floating naval college where our Rattlin the Reefers and Midshipmen Easys found not so many chances as their predecessors of getting into mischief. This, with its consort, the *Hindustan*, may be seen moored a little way up the stream ; but they are to be replaced by the Naval College now erecting on the height above, where the cadets have their playground.

The picturesqueness of Dartmouth mainly lies in the abruptness of the rich slopes shutting in the river here, which one would hardly believe to be so near the open sea. The town itself owes something to its situation, many of the old houses rising in irregular tiers displayed upon a steep ascent. Above the pier lies a stretch of level ground on which stands the principal part of the town looking out on an open space, half-quay, half-promenade. Only a few of the old picturesque gable-fronted houses remain—the principal row being in the *Butterwalk*, at the end of Duke Street, behind the steamer landing-place, where at more than one of the shops visitors are allowed to see rooms showing fine old features of internal architecture and decoration. A modern and handsome block of building beside the pier makes a satisfactory copy of the late Tudor domestic style. Here is the *Post-Office*, and the hotels are all close at hand, as is the notable Church, of 14th century origin.

St. Saviour's Church is a fine cruciform building, possessing a more beautiful interior than might seem promised by the outside.

Its characteristic is a free use of colour in the rich altar, the ancient and elaborate rood screen, the stone pulpit and elsewhere. The large altar-piece, "Christ raising the widow's son," has now been banished to the west gallery, the front of which shows the arms of local benefactors. Other features are the carved *misereres*, the Norman font, and the iron scroll-work on the south door representing a spreading tree with two leopards standing on its branches. A slab inlaid with rich canopies in brass, and figures of *John Hawley*, d. 1408, and his two wives, recall the memory of a prosperous merchant of the 16th century.

St. Clement's, or *Townstall Church*, as it is usually called, whose tower rises on the height above, is the mother church of the town, and has some old tombs and epitaphs of interest.

Below the pier comes the quay, fronting the waterside features of the old town, among them a fort in fair preservation. Above this, the name of *Newcomen Street* reminds us that Dartmouth was birthplace of one of the pioneers of the steam engine. *Dartmouth Castle* stands a good mile down the shore, reached by following the main street, then keeping always as near the shore as possible.

From the ruins of this Tudor fortress there is a fine view over the mouth of the river, here narrowed to about 250 yards between verdured cliffs. On the other side is seen *Kingswear Castle*, now restored and occupied as a residence, from which a chain used to be stretched across to Dartmouth Castle, barring the harbour entrance.

Below the Castle is what once served as its chapel, the quaint little church of *St. Petrock*, one of great antiquity, where services are still held on summer evenings. The key may be had at the adjoining fort.

Beyond the ruins, below the battery, the Cove has been fitted up as a *Bathing Place* (reserved for ladies in the forenoon).

The path through the castle up the height called *Gallant's Bower*, makes a very pleasant walk. It presently divides, the lower branch leading down to *Compass Cove*, where the Channel Islands telegraph line takes the water; the upper one holding on by a lane past a farm and the gate of Redlap House, to the tall church tower of *Stoke Fleming* (p. 87), whence it is an easy hour's stroll down hill by the high road into Dartmouth.

Not only the river mouth on both sides, but the creeks above the town and the heights around it offer lovely walks, only to be spoiled by the damp weather that too often shrouds the beauties of this part of Devon, else deserving to be made more of than in a mere excursion from Torquay.

Torquay to Totnes by rail.—The trip by steamer up the Dart is the one most often made from Dartmouth, which again may be taken downwards from *Totnes*. Let us now return to Torquay to reach the latter place by rail, starting in the opposite direction for *Newton Abbot* (p. 7), where we change on to the Plymouth line, that takes us for 9 miles through a green country scarred by sandstone quarries. In 9 miles we cross the Dart above the curved reach with which it comes into *Totnes*.

TOTNES

Hotels: *Seymour*, *Seven Stars*, near the Bridge; *Castle*, in the town.

This is one of the oldest towns in Devon, with a legend that the mythical Trojan hero, *Brutus*, landed here, in proof of which the very stone on which he first set foot may still be seen. It stands on a hill rising from the Dart, the narrow mounting main street spanned by a gateway, above which some old houses with overhanging stories of piazza fronts recall Chester on a small scale. Its population of 4000 seems to flourish fairly in an easy-going way. The chief objects of interest are the Church, the Castle, the Bridge, and such remains as are discernible of the old Roman road and the town ramparts.

The *Castle*, built by a Norman baron, Judhael de Totneis, will, on leaving the station, be soon visible on an eminence among trees. (A small charge for admission: ring bell.) The keep, of red sandstone, is circular in form and massed with ivy, surrounded by pleasant garden-grounds. The view from the battlements is very extensive and beautiful.

From the Castle grounds we pass to the *Church*, Perpendicular in style, whose fine red tower is also a conspicuous feature in the upper part of the town. The stone pulpit is richly carved, and the restored screen a fine one in the same style as that at St. Saviour's, Dartmouth. The *Parochial Library*, over the Church Porch, contains a notable collection of the works of the Fathers, and folios of the 17th century divines.

The *Guildhall*, not far off, with curious old oaken stalls, formed part of the old Benedictine Priory of St. Mary's.

On leaving the Church or the Guildhall, strangers should be sure to turn farther up the main street, as there are the

quaint piazzas already mentioned, and the Norman arch of *North Gate*. *East Gate*, in the middle of this thoroughfare, divides it into *High Street* and *Fore Street*.

At the lower end of *Fore Street* a handsome stone Bridge connects Totnes with its suburb *Bridgetown*, where another large church catches the eye from afar, which on nearer examination turns out to be much the work of this century. An Island in the river, reached from the bridge by a flight of stone steps, forms a promenade, the view from which is somewhat spoilt by the storehouses below the Seymour Hotel. Beyond them and the steamboat landing-place, there is a pleasant walk through the fields on the left bank.

Up the river also one may find agreeable saunters; and boating and fishing would be resources for a few days' stay.

Berry Pomeroy, 2 m., lies on one road to Torquay (9 miles), and the Castle, the main lion of this neighbourhood, is nearly a mile north of the village. To reach it take the road to the left, a little beyond the village, and you will soon gain sight of the ruins rising among thick wood. A small gratuity, going towards the restoration of the parish church, is expected for the loan of the key, which should be procured before entering the precincts of the Castle. Refreshments also may be had at the lodge-keeper's. There is no admission on Sunday.

The remains of this once stately stronghold, erected in the days of the Conqueror by Ralph de Pomeroy, seem to hang upon the brink of a lofty cliff which starts up with picturesque boldness from the depths of a glen. The lands passed to the family of Lord Protector Somerset, forfeited by treason; and Sir Edward Seymour, the leader of "the country party" against James II., maintained here a splendid state, but the place appears to have fallen into decay soon after his decease. Tradition ascribes its destruction to lightning. The ruins now belong to the Duke of Somerset, as representative of the ancient family of Seymour, and are maintained in due repair. They consist of an embattled, ivy-grown gateway, "Lady Margaret's" Tower at the east end, and fragments of walls, and of the more modern residential part of the building. The view from above the glen should not be missed. Another point is the "Wishing Tree," a fine beech, carved with many names of those who may or may not have got their wishes by walking three times backwards around it.

The Church, in the village, is partly an ancient building, rebuilt in 1485. The south aisle is of later date. Noticeable in it are its fine screen, its rood-loft, and various memorials of the Pomeroy and Seymours, especially Lord *Edward Seymour*, died 1593, and Sir *Edward Seymour*. John Prince, vicar of the parish, 1701, here wrote his well-known work on the *Worthies of Devon*.

The following other spots in the neighbourhood are often visited.

There is a fine church also at **Little Hempston**, half an hour's walk to the north of Totnes, and about as far to the west of Berry Pomeroy Castle.

At **Dartington**, 2 miles by footpath, quitting the Ashburton Road $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile out of the town, is an old English house that embodies a portion of the feudal mansion of the Hollands, Dukes of Exeter, and was built, as a sculptured escutcheon shows, by the first of that family in the reign of Richard II. The *Great Hall* is now unroofed. The kitchen and some of the outbuildings also remain. On the west side spreads a terraced garden, ordered in the Elizabethan style. The outer quadrangle is in tolerable preservation; but of the inner court the relics are scanty. Near the house stood the Church, now demolished, with the exception of the tower, in which the Champernowne Monument is still preserved. The new Church, in another part of the parish, built in 1880, contains a good deal of the woodwork and other materials from the old one, notably the pulpit and a carved oak screen.

About 1 mile beyond is *Staverton Bridge*, commanding a fine view of the vale of the Dart, and close to Staverton Station on the Ashburton branch line. **Staverton** village (Inn: *Ring of Bells*) has a restored Church with a fine and unusually large rood screen, recently repaired.

These are only samples of the many good excursions to be taken from Totnes, whence Dartmoor also may be visited by the *Ashburton* branch. What everybody does here is to go down the Dart by the tidal steamers. The station is quite a mile from the landing place near the bridge, but hotel omnibuses and cabs are waiting to give passengers a lift. The trip takes an hour; and the only thing to be said against it is that in fine weather the boats are apt to be rather crowded. Tourists coming up the river must, of course, read our notes backwards.

Totnes to Dartmouth by river (10 m.). The Dart has been called the English Rhine, and travellers, misled by this compliment, are sometimes disappointed. It is not in

the least like the Rhine, except in having water and banks, but it has thoroughly English charms of its own. At Totnes it is a smooth river about the size of the Isis at Oxford. The little steamer puffs along between green meadows and oak woods edging the stream, sometimes so narrow that we seem about to run ashore, then opening out into wide lake-like reaches. At one or two points the whistle may be sounded to evoke an echo from the overhanging shore. Soon on the right we pass the high wooded banks of *Sharpham*, where the river makes picturesque windings. In the woods here are a notable rookery and a heronry. On the left comes the village of *Duncannon*, beyond which a glimpse is caught of the ivy-clad church of **Stoke Gabriel**, from which one can walk to Paignton, Torquay, or Dartmouth. On the opposite side opens the long inlet called *Bow Creek*. The next place to be noted is *Sandridge*, birthplace of the navigator, John Davis, on the left. **Dittisham**, conspicuously situated on the neck of an isthmus, below *Fire Beacon Hill*, is visible across the stream, which here expands to the breadth of a mile, making a sweep that brings us round to another view of Dittisham, where the boat calls. *Lower Dittisham* has a fame for plums and cockles that attracts excursionists. There is a ferry here. The channel, again narrowing, appears at low tide split by a rock known as the *Anchor Stone*, on which Sir Walter Raleigh is traditionally said to have enjoyed his pipe; and it is also known as the "Scolds' Stone," where ill-tempered wives of Dittisham were set to cool. On a promontory to the left stretch the sylvan slopes of *Greenway House*, birthplace of Sir Walter's half-brother and rival explorer, Sir Humphrey Gilbert; and Greenway claims to be the first English home of the potato. The railway is then seen edging the left shore, the other side falling back round a long inlet. *Dartmouth* comes into view, above which we pass close to the *Britannia* and *Hindustan* training ships, and may chance to find those smooth waters alive with small craft manned by future Nelsons. The boat puts us out at the G. W. R. landing stage (ticket office), from which another steamer connects with all the trains at *Kingswear*.

THE KINGSBRIDGE ROUND

Other notable points of the South Hams are to be strung on what we may call the outer circle excursion from Torquay, taken by coach along the coast from Dartmouth to Kingsbridge, and back by rail through Totnes, or *vice versa*.

Coaches start from the G. W. R. pier once a day all the year round, and twice in summer. Third class excursion tickets covering the whole round trip from Torquay in either direction, 5s. The coach fare alone is 3s. 6d.

Dartmouth to Kingsbridge (15 m.)—The road out of Dartmouth is so narrow and steep as to give us a hint of adventurous travel in the old times. On the left we have fine prospects of the river. Once four or five horses have tugged us up the ascent, we bowl on over breezy heights to **Stoke Fleming**, where there are inns and a few lodgings for visitors, with a fair beach for bathing, adorned by red sandstone rocks and trees growing down almost into the water, as well as by the traces of a submerged forest. We have heard caution suggested as to the bathing hereabouts. The ancient Church is notable by its tower, and contains two fine brasses. To this point pedestrians may keep round the cliffs by Dartmouth Castle (see p. 82).

As we descend from this village the long sweep of **Start Bay** appears in front, brought to an end by the lighthouse-crowned *Start Point*. After dropping to the sea-level at a little bay called *Blackpool*, where will be noticed a curious-looking edifice built by an old salt, with a quarter-deck walk to help him in feeling at home on land, the road winds up again to **Street** (*King's Arms Inn*), below which there are fine bits of shore scenery.

Thence begins the descent to **Slapton Sands**. This remarkable beach consists of a belt of gravel more than 2 miles in length, rising only a few feet above high-water mark. On the other side is a long sheet of fresh water called *Slapton Lea*, narrow at first, but expanding to a breadth of from a quarter to half a mile. The "Leas" (in Cornwall *Looes*) that make a not uncommon feature of this coast, are usually much smaller, formed at the mouth of a stream where a pool has been dammed up by shingle,

through which it sometimes bursts with tremendous noise, flowing free till a gale again heaps up its bar. This one is a favourite *habitat* of waterfowl, and abounding in pike, perch, and roach. The popular battues or massacres of wild fowl which used to take place here in January are now put an end to, but good fishing may be had from the *Sands Hotel*, passed on the coach road not quite half-way along the beach.

The village of *Slapton* lies nearly a mile west, behind the line of hill which rises from the water. The road traverses the beach from end to end, then at the southern end we reach *Tor Cross Hotel*, which has another lake of its own beyond. The latter hotel being the centre of the coach enterprise, a halt is made there, enabling passengers at least to stroll on the shore for a view of *Start Point*. The excursion steamers from Exmouth, Torquay, etc., frequently run to the Slapton Sands, where passengers can be landed in smooth weather. Fishing seems the main interest here, but the bathing is also most inviting.

At the hamlet of **Tor Cross**, where the high cliffs recommence, the road leaves the coast, sweeping round the Lea, and for more than half a mile almost reverses its previous course. Then it turns past the Perpendicular ivy-clad Church of **Stokenham**, to wind up and down through a pleasant inland district of orchards, straggling villages, and substantial church towers, one very like another, till a little beyond *Charlton* is reached the Kingsbridge inlet, at low tide an expanse of weeds and wetness seamed by narrow channels, whose ramifying shores we now skirt as far as Kingsbridge.

From Tor Cross to Salcombe, at the mouth of this creek, it is 14 or 15 m. round the coast by *Start Point* and *Prawle Point*. The far-seen Lighthouse on the rugged ridge of **Start Point** makes the goal of a 4 mile up and down walk from Tor Cross, with small inns for refreshment on the way at **Bee Sands** and **Hall Sands**, nooks admired by artists. Beyond the Start comes **Pear Tree Point**, from which it is about 4 miles on to *Prawle* (p. 93), whence one may reach Salcombe a little more directly by road.

By Rail to Kingsbridge, which makes part of the round trip from Torquay, one keeps on the main line from Totnes (p. 83) a few miles, as far as **Brent**, the proper name of

which is **South Brent**, in distinction from the Brent Tor of Dartmoor, not to speak of the Brent Knoll of Somerset. This market village (*Royal Oak* and *Anchor Inns* near station) has a hill of its own, an outpost of Dartmoor, and a Church to show with a Norman tower, a fine parclose, a richly decorated screen, an ancient font, and other memorials.

Any one waiting an hour or two at this junction, on a fine day, might spend the time well by going up **Brent Hill** (1000 ft.), from which he will have a wide view of Dartmoor inland, and the agricultural district known as the *South Hams* towards the sea. The road over the railway bridge leads in about half a mile to a lane turning to the left behind a little country house; then by following the lanes and paths always upward it is easy to reach the top.

Some two miles up the river there is a fine series of cascades; and its rushing course, if a longer expedition be desired, will guide us on to Dartmoor, where it rises at *Avon Head*.

The branch from *Brent* to *Kingsbridge*, which has superseded the old coach route from *Wrangaton* (the next station on the main line) makes a pretty bit of travel by the course of the **Avon**, one of the smallest but not the least beautiful of many streams bearing this name. The train crosses and re-crosses it, giving peeps of wooded glens, old ivied bridges, and rippling beaches inviting to anglers, who can obtain the right of fishing here at £2:10s. per annum. The way stations are *Avonwick*, *Gara Bridge*, and *Loddiswell*. Beyond this last station the river leaves the railway, taking its course down a wider valley to the right, where it soon opens into its estuary below *Aveton Gifford* (see p. 95). Peaceful as it looks on its upper reaches, this little stream sometimes floods so as to drown the railway, when suddenly swollen by the melting of snows on its Dartmoor head.

KINGSBRIDGE

Hotels: *King's Arms*, *Albion*, in the main street; *Anchor*, near the quay.

This is a strangely named place, for there is no bridge here, no river indeed, and no sea to speak of, but the narrow branching inlet which, though it looks so marine on the

map, becomes at low water a wilderness of mud and sand. The town consists mainly of one long street, descending to the head of this inlet, near a quay where small vessels are set afloat by the tide. About half way up the street stands the Church, with one or two fine monuments and remains of a good oak screen. Outside may be read a famous epitaph which, indeed, has been used in several west-country churchyards :—

Here lie I at the chancel door,
Here lie I because I am poor.
The farther in, the more you'll pay,
Here lie I as warm as they.

Close to the Church is the *Town Hall*, containing a museum with a collection of birds, etc. The *Grammar School* is another institution of Kingsbridge. The Church of *Dodbrooke*, an older suburb, is reached by turning off to the right a little way beyond the King's Arms. The original parish church of Kingsbridge is at *Churchstow*, 2 miles off, on a height where its tower shows well.

The whole town contains over 3000 inhabitants, and has a pleasant thriving look, though fears are felt that its railway branch may do it no good by carrying off to Plymouth the rural customers who hitherto made it a marketing centre. The station is just out of the town, above the head of the estuary, from which a small steamer still goes twice a week to Plymouth.

This is, or was, a great place for the manufacture of *white ale*, a beverage once much in favour hereabouts, but now going out of use, and hardly known except in South Devon. We do not know the secrets of its composition, but it recalls some of the thin light beers popular in North Germany, and is said to be good for the stomach-ache; one story goes that it was introduced here by a German doctor; another, that it represents the original beverage of our Saxon ancestors. The country about is pretty and well cultivated, testifying to the mildness of the climate by richness of vegetation. The grounds of *Combe Royal*, behind the town, can show orange-trees bearing fruit in the open air. *Bowringsleigh* is a fine old house and grounds on the other side of the town, near the station. Casual visitors are not welcomed at either of these places; but the latter would probably be opened to any one really interested in archæology. The scenery of Mr. Baring Gould's *Court*

Royal will readily be recognised in the fine neighbourhood, which might well be explored from the Kingsbridge hotels. The trip to *Tor Cross* and *Slapton* by coach (p. 88) and to *Salcombe* by steamer may be specially recommended. The beauties and antiquities of Kingsbridge are amply treated in Mr. J. Fairweather's local guide.

KINGSBRIDGE TO SALCOMBE AND THE COAST

Kingsbridge is at present terminus of the line by which visitors approach *Salcombe*, farther down, near the mouth of the inlet. The journey is usually continued by a little steamer that plies from a higher or lower point according to the tide ; but in any case it is a few minutes' walk from the station, whence a bus runs to the quay (turn down from station and along the left shore of the creek). The passage is made in little over half an hour ; but there will often be some delay, as the boat depends on tide. The distance by water is about 5 miles, between low, rocky edges from which rise slopes of meadow and wood, pleasant to see, if not markedly picturesque. On the left *Charlton* church tower marks the line of the coach road from Dartmouth (p. 88). Several side creeks open out on either hand ; then one is surprised with a more lively view, as the steamer rounds a corner upon *Salcombe* nestling under its ivied Church, with a show of yachts and small shipping in the sheltered sound so finely shut in.

An omnibus for *Salcombe* meets certain trains. This takes rather longer than the boat, as the driving road makes a high circuit (6-7 miles) mounting to the village of **West Alvington** with a fine peal of bells in its tower, then by airy uplands to **Malborough**, whose spire, conspicuous in this land of church towers, will have already made a landmark all the way from *Tor Cross* to Kingsbridge. Thence the road bends round and descends into *Salcombe* by the farther end.

Walking to *Salcombe*, one may save about 2 miles as follows : Take the path along right side of inlet, at the last houses turning up over fields into the old road, an up and down lane marked by disused telegraph posts. Presently comes one turn to right, then another to left, else this road goes on pretty straight till in 2 miles

it drops to a large creek, with the spire of Malborough Church showing to the right. Crossing the bridge at the head of the creek, and mounting the lane, almost at once take a path left leading up, beside *Ilton Castle Farm* in a hollow, then up again, over a lane at the top, and down to *Batson* at the head of another creek. Thence a path round the shore brings one to Salcombe Church, looking over *Shadycombe Creek*.

SALCOMBE

This is a small port, which, now that it has lost its ship-building trade, begins to turn its attention in earnest to visitors, claiming due rights as the most southerly, and one of the most beautiful resorts of Devon, which has been kept back by want of communications, but might become a second Torquay if the railway could be pushed on to it. There is one good hotel, *The Marine*, standing in its own grounds at the end of the village, in which are the *King's Arms*, *Victoria*, and still less pretentious inns. Lodging-houses have sprung up about the higher edge of the place, looking down on the picturesquely indented sound near the mouth of which Salcombe lies so snugly. Some way out, near the sands behind Bolt Head, is the *Bolt Head Private Hotel*, and another large hotel is projected in this direction.

The main street by the shore is narrow and quaint; and the shore itself is almost everywhere blocked up by wharves or grounds. Unless one can obtain admission to the fine gardens of the *Moult* (formerly residence of Froude, the historian, who died at *Woodville* above the Marine Hotel), the only sight for visitors is the shell of an old castle on the waterside, which, though in no commanding position, was the last Devonshire stronghold that held out for King Charles. The Church, whose ivied walls show well above the harbour, is a modern one, well cared for, with metal chancel gates as its newest and most striking ornament.

The chief attractions of Salcombe are the coast scenery, and the soft air which in winter invites a growing number of delicate patients. The place is so sheltered by high lands as to command one of the mildest climates known in England. Myrtles and other equally tender plants flourish

on the shore ; lemon, citron, and orange trees blossom and fruit in the gardens ; rare wild flowers and ferns abound in the neighbourhood. Salcombe boasts that here, first in England, the aloe came into flower. In winter the day temperature is said to be seldom below 50°, but sea-breezes temper the heat in summer, and the rainfall appears to be a little below the South Devon average, which indeed is not saying much for Salcombe. Bathing machines seem unknown ; and the best way of getting a dip is by crossing the harbour in the ferry-boat for unfrequented sandy coves beyond. Boating in these land-locked waters is safe unless for the chance of being left high and dry by a falling tide ; and this is an excellent yachting station.

Sea and land here are beautiful, whether we seek the high moorlands enclosing the inlet, or the rock-bound sea front, with its gloomy cliffs, its romantic coves, and the dark caverns under Bolt Head. From Bolt Head to Bolt Tail the shore fringes a desolate windy wilderness, making an effective contrast to the characteristic scenery of the county. On the other side of the harbour the coast-line towards Prawle Point and the Start is not less attractive ; and inland will be found the luxuriant lanes and leafy charms of Devonshire.

To walk from Salcombe to *Kingsbridge* (4 or 5 miles) reverse the indications given on p. 91, starting at the Church by a lane marked *Knowle*, then by the first turn right round the creek to *Batson* ; there take lane up hill, and path presently branching to left, which over the ridge leads into the old Kingsbridge road. The shores of the creeks above Salcombe are not particularly inviting.

Cross-roads and lanes lead over the peninsula between this inlet and the Avon estuary, where the spire of Malborough Church, about 2 miles behind Salcombe, will usually be a landmark.

Prawle Point, 300 feet high, is about five miles distant by the coast. To reach it you cross the ferry to **Portlemouth**, where one may either take a path by the shore all the way round the mouth of the estuary, or go straight up a steep lane to the Church, interesting for its carved screen, then follow a road to the right of the church, till a lane turns off to the *Rickham* coastguard station. This

cuts off a corner, and brings us to the open coast, along which the path runs in and out, up and down, by many a rugged cliff and wave-worn gulf. The Point is a wild broken headland of gneiss rock having underneath it a natural arch, through which boats may be steered in calm weather. The view from here of Bolt Head, standing out beyond the bay to the west, is very fine. The walk may be continued eastwards to Start Point (5 m.), conspicuous by its lighthouse, and (9 m.) Tor Cross Hotel (p. 88).

From *East Prawle*, behind the point, there is a shorter way back to Salcombe, and from Start Point one might return to Salcombe by the direct road across the peninsula (7 miles) passing by *Chivelstone*, where another towered church, with a fine screen, can be visited.

Bolt Head is three miles south of Salcombe on the other side, reached by a road running parallel with the inlet and passing the remains of the old Castle, then the *Moult*, a wooded height, long the property of the Courtenays, between the North and South Sands. Beyond an ornamental life-boat house, the road turns up to the left, and enters private grounds by a gate at which two-legged tourists are admitted, but not their dogs. Through a wood that in May glows with a carpet of bluebells, we now follow an embowered path, marked all the way by white stones, leading next under a group of fantastic rocks crowned by a flagstaff, into a deep hollow where it apparently turns inland, but soon zigzags up to Bolt Head. From the farmhouse in this hollow, it is possible to strike a little more directly back to Salcombe, but the way can easily be lost, and the stranger may chance to entangle himself on the sides of a valley behind clothed with an almost impassable jungle.

The Head is a promontory of mica schist 430 feet high. Below it are several reefs, and an island called the *Mewstone*, a name that recurs on this coast, *mew* meaning gull. In the cliff close at hand may be noticed the entrance to *Bull's Hole*, a cavern which is locally fabled to go underground for a couple of miles, reappearing at *Saw Mill Cove*, the only break in the bristling wall of cliff that extends from Bolt Head to Bolt Tail, a distance of 5 miles. Opposite this cove a rock called the *Ham Stone* stands out to sea,

and beyond it we rise to *Bolbury Down*, over which lies the whole of the remaining distance to the "Tail." The coast scenery is very fine all the way, along a series of rugged headlands, inhabited by a multitude of sea-birds. Their stern charms should be seen from a boat. The white stones marking the path must be useful in the dusk, for the rough edge is often dangerous, especially where a landslip has happened. A little short of the "Tail" is *Ralph's Hole*, a fissure so called from a celebrated smuggler who frequented it; and between it and the headland the shore is indented by *Ramillies' Cove*, where the wreck of the "Ramillies" frigate a century ago lost over 500 lives.

Bolt Tail is the farther corner of this broad promontory, where we look westward over the wide expanse of **Bigbury Bay**, into which the *Avon* and the *Erme* pour a large proportion of the waters collected on the southern slopes of Dartmoor. Below this point lies **Hope Cove** (*Hope and Anchor Inn*), whose prominent "Rock of Gibraltar" and other fine features have attracted artists. From Hope to Salcombe is under 6 miles by road through Malborough.

Beyond Hope, near the mouth of the *Avon*, a little inland, stands the picturesque village of **Thurlestone**, with its fine old Church, now to get much-needed restoration, and its new hotel. Thurlestone is noted for a singularly arched rock of red sandstone on the shores, and for a beach which invites its development as a bathing-place, only about 4 miles from Kingsbridge by direct road. Golf links have been laid out as a beginning of attractions.

Over the ridge is **Bantham**, a small knot of red and white houses on a cliff above the *Avon* estuary, separated from the Thurlestone beach by a curve of fine red and gray cliff. Bathing and boating must be set about with caution at the mouth of the *Avon*, as the tide runs with dangerous force through this narrow opening, which is guarded by **Burr Island**, turning a very bold rock face to the sea, and crowned by a ruined erection that makes a prominent sea-mark.

At **Bantham** there is a ferry across for **Bigbury**, whose steepled Church shows on the height. The lowest bridge is at **Aveton Gifford**, 3 or 4 miles up the river, a pretty village with an ancient Church worth inspection, as is that of **Bigbury**.

Beyond the Avon comes another section of the South Hams, the background of Bigbury Bay, watered by the beautiful rivers Erme and Yealm. But this district is not very accessible from Torquay, coming rather within the field of Plymouth excursions ; nor indeed is it much opened out by regular conveyances. It will be enough, then, if we indicate the way on to Plymouth, which is by main G. W. R. line from Brent, under the slopes of Dartmoor ; or by road from Kingsbridge, through *Aveton Gifford* (4 miles) *Modbury* (4 miles) *Yealmpton* (6 miles) and about 7 miles farther to Plymouth. From Millbay Station, Plymouth, a railway branch comes as far as Yealmpton, but has stopped short on its way to *Modbury*, which is connected by coach (5 miles) with *Ivybridge* Station on the G. W. R. main line.

The way by the deeply indented coast would be a good deal further, especially if one had leave to turn aside into the *Fleet Drive* along the banks of the Erme, and the circular *Membland Drive* upon the promontory east of the Yealm mouth (the latter open on Saturdays) which are the tourist lions of this district. The only high class hotel we know hereabouts is the new *Yealm Hotel* at *Newton Ferrers* (about three miles from Yealmpton) from which, in summer, one can get on to Plymouth by frequent excursion steamers, and always by steam launch to Steer Point Station.

The *South Hams Light Railway* scheme, which for the present has met a check, would facilitate travel here, by giving a direct route between Plymouth and Torquay *via* Modbury, Salcombe, Kingsbridge, and Dartmouth.

EXETER TO PLYMOUTH

THIS journey is made by the rival G. W. R. and L. & S.-W. lines, which pass round Dartmoor on its south and north sides respectively, at several points opening up its outskirts. There are three main lines of road, two taking roughly the same courses as these railways, while another boldly cuts across the centre of Dartmoor. The Great Western line along the South Hams being the most direct as well as the most populous way, it seems best to describe this as the main route to Plymouth, in leaving which, we will follow backwards the more arduous course of the South-Western ; then also take the reader over the moor by road, joining its railway approaches.

THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY

In our Torquay Section we have followed the first half of this route, by Newton Abbot, where the *Moreton Hampstead* branch goes off (p. 160), and by Totnes (branch to *Ashburton*, p. 154). To these branches we shall return in our Dartmoor excursions.

At **South Brent** (branch to *Kingsbridge*, p. 89) the railway runs between the outer slopes of Dartmoor and the rich undulations of the South Hams, presenting fine contrasts of scenery that might be explored on either hand. A little way out of South Brent unite two roads from Exeter, one coming by Ashburton over the edge of the moor ; the other by Totnes through more lowland country : their course is henceforth not far off the railway. Next to

South Brent is *Wrangaton*, a station formerly known as *Kingsbridge Road*, when Kingsbridge was hence reached by coach. There is an inn here, and above it *Ugborough Beacon*, an outlying point of Dartmoor, may be ascended for a view similar to that from *Brent Hill* above South Brent. The village of **Ugborough**, a good mile south of the line, has a fine towered church with ancient features and traces of an elaborate screen.

At South Brent we left the Avon valley, and five miles west, at Ivy Bridge, road and rail cross the course of another beautiful Dartmoor stream, which makes this little town a place of tourist note.

Ivy Bridge (Hotels: *London*, *King's Arms*) might be mentioned as one of the favourite excursions out of Plymouth; but as the main line brings us through it on the way, we may make a halt now at one of its hotels. The railway, passing along the southern slope of Dartmoor, spans the *Erme* by a viaduct 110 feet high, close to the station. This river, of all the streams on the south of Dartmoor surpassed perhaps only by the Dart in beauty, breaks down from the heights through a narrow V-shaped ravine which, just below the viaduct, opens out on the lowland district of the South Hams. Here a large paper-mill makes a blotch in the landscape, but contributes to the prosperity of this village straggling into four parishes. In the place itself the most imposing ecclesiastical edifice is a Gothic Wesleyan chapel. Below the town, the Erme's bank is bordered by the beautiful *Fleet Drive*, which runs in private grounds, not open without special permit from the owner or his estate agent.

The walks and drives down the Erme take one to the coast, through rich lowland scenery. At the other side of the loftily-placed railway station the rushing river becomes at once a true Dartmoor stream. Even if only waiting a couple of hours for a train, one might have an alluring stroll by going up the shaded path on the right bank. The road above leads to quarries on the edge of a moorland, giving views of the wooded glens and the slopes of Dartmoor. The path below, after a mile or so, begins to show the defects of its qualities; but the well-shod explorer may scramble on in about an hour (crossing a tributary brook by

stepping-stones) to *Harford Bridge*, thence to *Harford Church*, and so up to the moor. From *Harford* it is rather over 2 miles back to Ivy Bridge Station by road, coming down on the left bank; the river path on this side is private.

But the Erme might be followed to its head (about 7 m.), whence there is a track, to be avoided in wet or foggy weather, leading up to Princetown (p. 148) by Tor Royal, in another 6 m. or so. About a mile north of Erme Head is the head of the Plym, and twice as far north-east, that of the Avon, from which by the "Sandy Way" along Holne Ridge one might strike eastwards for 3 or 4 miles to the cultivated country about *Holne* (p. 159). We hesitate, however, in suggesting these moorland paths to travellers who cannot take good care of themselves.

[MODBURY AND THE SOUTH HAMS

A digression south can be made to *Modbury* (5 miles), connected with the rail at Ivy Bridge by a coach. On the road is passed *Ermington*, to be known by the leaning spire of its church, the restored interior of which is worth examination. Thence a shorter cut can be taken across the fields to *Modbury* (Hotels: *Davis's*, *White Hart*), whose four streets descend as many hills, and meet in the basin or hollow which they enclose. The *Perpendicular Church*, dedicated to St. George, is remarkable for its tall spire, rising directly from the ground to an elevation of 135 feet. The latter was rebuilt in 1621. In the interior of the church are two effigies of the Champernownes. Of *Modbury Court*, the seat of this family, there are some remains on the westward hill. The Erme is about 2 miles off, down which runs the beautiful *Fleet Drive*.

About as far to the west, *Modbury* has another railway station at *Yealmpton* (p. 127), to which a branch line runs out of Plymouth, and may some day be continued to *Modbury*, but till then this venerable little town must complain of undue neglect from the tourist. Cyclists who turn aside will find a road (12 miles) from *Modbury* through *Yealmpton* to Plymouth, which, in the other direction, takes them to *Kingsbridge* (8 miles), and there are beautiful byways towards the coast, as a rule more recommendable to pedestrians than to travellers on wheels

Of the Yealm country we shall have more to say in our excursions from Plymouth.

The lovely mouth of the Erme can be reached by crooked ways near its right bank, some half-dozen miles south of Ermington. More than half way is passed **Holbeton**, with its small inn. Almost opposite this is **Oldaport**, on the left bank, where, above what was once a creek, are traces of a fortified harbour believed to be Roman. By ferry near the mouth, one might cross to gain Modbury up that side; or turning west, one has a grand walk along the coast to *Revelstoke*, *Noss*, and *Newton Ferrers* at the mouth of the Yealm (p. 127). For unencumbered pedestrians this would be the best way of getting on to Plymouth, especially on Saturdays, when the *Membland Drive* (p. 128) is open. Both Ermington and Holbeton are within a walk of Yealmpton Station, and not far off the highroad mentioned above, from Modbury through Yealmpton to Plymouth.]

The above digressions, of course, are for those who have thrown themselves loose from our main route. The G. W. R. line, crossing the Yealm by a lofty viaduct, brings us to **Cornwood**, 2 miles beyond Ivy Bridge, another favourite excursion point from Plymouth, where the upper part of the Yealm valley would lead on to Dartmoor. The village stands a mile or so above the station, its old Church, well restored, containing some fine ornaments both ancient and modern.

A mile behind the village the river comes down in cascades through the beautiful wooded glen known as **Awns and Dendles**, which, though in private property, is open three days a week (Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday). Some 2 miles north-west rises **Shell Top** (1546 feet), the prospect from which is one of the most extensive on Dartmoor. To the east of this, between the Yealm and the Erme, there are stone rows and hut circles to be traced out.

From Cornwood (or from Ivy Bridge, 2 miles more) a road runs over the south-west corner of the moor to *Horrabridge* (12 miles) and *Tavistock* (16 miles). Some couple of miles south-west of Shell Top it rises to the level of the moor, affording a fine view over Plymouth in the distance. Then, passing by *Lee Moor Clay*

Works, it drops slightly to *Cadaford Bridge*, rising and falling again to the Meavy stream, which it crosses a little to the right of *Meavy* village. Beyond Meavy it again rises to *Walkhampton*, whose lofty Perpendicular church tower forms a conspicuous object from every part of the country round. From Walkhampton Horrabridge is reached by a by-road to the left, and Tavistock by the main one, which crosses the picturesque Walkham valley on the way. For the present these places are merely mentioned, as we shall come to them later on in our excursions from Plymouth (p. 133).

Plympton is the next station, a place that besides the authentic honour of being the birthplace of Sir Joshua Reynolds, takes pride in a distich plagiarised by several west country towns which have rather come down in the world—

“Plympton was a market town
When Plymouth was a vuzzy down.”

It now seems like to become an outgrowth of Plymouth, being surrounded by dwellings of prosperous citizens, behind which the heights are studded by fortifications guarding the great seaport and arsenal.

There are traces of an Augustinian Priory at *Plympton St. Mary*, whose Church, near the station, is a noble old pile of the Decorated order, with Perpendicular additions. It contains memorials of the families of Strode and Parker, and is notable for its fine peal of bells.

At *Plympton St. Maurice* or *Plympton Earle*, a mile south of Plympton St. Mary, may be seen the ruins of a feudal stronghold built by Richard de Redvers, Earl of Devon. Here Sir Joshua Reynolds was born in 1722, and educated at the Plympton Grammar School, of which his father was master. This school was built 1665 in the late Tudor style, the arcade supported by massive piers of granite.

Beautiful walks may be taken all around Plympton, though the country is rather too much blocked up by private mansions and grounds. Three miles to the north-east stands up *Hemerdon Ball*, crowned by its clump of trees, so conspicuous from the Hoe at Plymouth, and itself commanding a very extensive prospect. Four miles south, through *Brixton*, is reached the wooded estuary of the Yealm (p. 127). To the west lies the nearer valley of the Plym, up which such beautiful trips are taken from Plymouth (p. 131).

A mile beyond Plympton, the G. W. R. branch from Tavistock and Launceston joins the main line at *Marsh*

Mills. Then we proceed for a mile or so along the estuary of the Plym, fringed on its opposite side by the woods of Saltram (p. 123), till, diverging into a shallow valley, our train reaches successively the *Mutley*, *North Road*, and *Millbay* Stations at Plymouth.



PLYMOUTH

Hotels : *Royal*, near the Theatre, Lockyer Street ; *Grand*, on the Hoe ; *Duke of Cornwall*, *Continental*,* and *Albion*, opposite the Millbay Station ; *Lockyer*, *Central*,* behind the Hoe ; *Farley*, Union Street ; *Chubb's*, Old Town Street ; *Westminster Temperance*, Princess Square ; *Pier*, near G. W. Docks ; *Royal*, *Thomas'*, in Devonport.

* Those marked with an asterisk, new and spacious houses, have not yet secured a license. The *Hoe Mansions* (Eliot Street), is a first-class boarding-house. The *Metropole*, on the Hoe, has for years been represented only by a site.

Stations.—*Millbay*, now rebuilt and extended, is the Plymouth terminus of the G. W. R. lying under the Hoe, near the chief streets and hotels ; but the Cornwall expresses do not usually run into this *cul de sac*, stopping only at *North Road* on the outskirts.

The *Friary* Station, in a rather out-of-the-way part of Plymouth, behind Sutton Pool, is the L. & S.-W. terminus, to which it runs in from Devonport by a circuitous route, sharing with the G. W. R. the use of the *Mutley* and *North Road* suburban stations ; yet so that here the two railways seem again at cross purposes as at Exeter, their trains out of the town running in opposite directions. The North Road Station on this line is the nearest for central points, rather over a mile from the Hoe and the show-part of Plymouth. The Devonport Stations of both lines might be nearer in point of distance to the Stonehouse side, if it were not for the inlet to be crossed by bridges.

Cab fares, as officially fixed, are low, starting at eightpence a mile ; but the practice of Plymouth Jehus hardly squares with the theory of the tariff. From Millbay 1s., and from the *North Road* or *Friary* Station 1s. 6d. would take one handsomely to the Hoe quarter. At night, double fares are legal.

Most of the stations are served by **tram cars** and **omnibuses**, as indicated a little farther on, when our reader has gained an outline of the geography of the place, made so puzzling by creeks and peninsulas.

The Three Towns, as they entitle themselves, *Plymouth*, *Stonehouse*, *Devonport*, make practically one, though as yet the

two latter have resisted all proposals of municipal incorporation with Plymouth ; Devonport being indeed so jealous of her nominal independence that she erected a monument to commemorate the change of name from the original belittling appellation, *Plymouth Dock*. To the stranger's eye all three run on into each other for miles along the broken banks of the Sound, separated only by its inlets and bordering heights, with Plymouth as the moral if not physical centre for an idle traveller's purposes. The politician will find them further divided into the parliamentary boroughs of Plymouth and Devonport, each returning two members who are apt to neutralise each other's votes. The population of the whole group of towns and suburbs is about 200,000. Plymouth and Devonport have much developed lately, while Stonehouse remains rather helplessly squeezed in between them, content to be a Petty Sessional Division of the Hundred of Roborough. The new parts of the town will readily be distinguished from the old quarters, cramped and mean as they often are ; and the growth of residential suburbs on the envioning heights is a proof of prosperity. There are men still alive who can remember cattle grazing on the site of Millbay Station, and rooks cawing in what is now a chief thoroughfare of Plymouth.

"Every schoolboy" knows, if only from study of Captain Marryat, that Plymouth is—we beg pardon, that Plymouth and Devonport are—one of our chief seaports and naval arsenals. Every schoolgirl knows how Plymouth has figured in our marine annals, nursing old sea-dogs like Drake and Hawkins, sending out ships to fight the French and Spaniards, now harbouring a *Mayflower* freighted with the seeds of a new world, now a *Bellerophon* carrying into exile the conqueror of a continent. Any "general reader" has a vague idea of the Hoe, where bluff Francis Drake was playing bowls when he got news of the Armada in sight ; of the Hard, where Polls are understood as wont to put their arms akimbo and to speak irreverently of Port Admirals ; of the Barbican, where so many a tar has landed with his pockets full of prize money, soon to be emptied. Travellers know Plymouth as a port of call for great ocean steamer lines, or a refreshment station on the long way to Cornwall. What

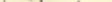
most strangers do not know is, that Plymouth, if they but knew it, might be one of the pleasantest resorts on the south coast. It is not such a resort, only because visitors so often hurry through it, on business or pleasure, without duly considering its claims to attention. All the more room will be found by those who have the sense to come here when Ilfracombe is crowded, and lodgings are not to be got at Lynton for love or money.

We seriously declare that, in some respects, there is not an English watering place to compare with Plymouth, which nobody seems to think of as a watering-place. Those who have merely passed through the town, with glimpses of the poor streets about the railway, do not suspect that on the Hoe, close at hand, there is the finest promenade in England, and that this is only one of several marine esplanades and prospects which singly would make the fortune of any "Saturday-to-Mondayville." The front of the Hoe is perhaps the best bathing-place on the south coast. Even the docks here are picturesque arms of the sea. The stately houses crowning the Hoe, and the streets of quiet dignity sloping down behind it, could well hold up their heads to Bath or Brighton. Here are the amusements of a large town to draw upon ; and it is kept lively by the stir of a seaport and garrison ; a little too lively, perhaps, of a Saturday night, in the main thoroughfares ; but the dweller on the Hoe need know nought of these scenes of vulgar revelry, as he gazes over the waters of the Sound, astir with vessels of every rig and flag. Almost daily some great war-ship comes in or goes out, and the taxpayer notes an alarming waste of powder in re-echoed salutes. Besides the crews of these visitors there is a permanent depôt of tars rated on the books of the *Vivid*, the Admiral's yacht ; also a nursery of future A.Bs. schooled in the sturdy training brigs that may be seen daily beating out round the Breakwater. Military bands are as common as organ grinders in less favoured towns ; here might Browning's Italian country gentleman say indeed—

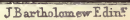
" *Bang whang-whang* goes the drum ; *tootle-tee-tootle* the fife ;
No keeping one's haunches still : it's the greatest pleasure in life ! "

If one have no taste for military and naval spectacles, Plymouth looks out over and communicates with most delightful stretches of both sea and land scenery. Some dozen excursion steamers are running daily in summer, carrying crowds up the well-wooded rivers which mingle their waters in Plymouth Sound, or along the coast of Cornwall, and to adjacent watering-places. The railway companies give cheap tickets, in connection with coach and steamer services, enabling one to visit within the day most of the famous beauty spots on this side of Devon. There are lovely country walks close at hand. We had almost forgotten to mention the boating, almost as much a matter of course here as cabbing, since the amphibious configuration of the place makes it in parts a kind of deep-water Venice. Weather is an important consideration for a pleasure resort ; and those who love Plymouth no better than they know it, say it is always raining there. Certainly, with the rest of this south-west corner, it shares a good deal of moisture ; nor can its warmest advocate call it bracing as a rule. But some of us like this mild soft air, and rather prefer rain to dust, especially as knowing that, when the rain is over, the sky will be all the clearer. Here is a statement to amaze those who accept the wide-spread scandal of South Devon being always wrapt in clouds. In a ten-years' record of the Meteorological Society, Plymouth stood bracketed with Dublin and Southbourne, these three taking the third place for winter sunshine, outshone only by Jersey and Falmouth in the British Isles. In summer Plymouth is seldom without cooling breezes ; and, as it is no fashionable resort either in winter or summer, accommodations are not extravagantly dear at any season, while lodgings can readily be found in a town so often called upon to harbour arrivals from abroad. We believe, then, that many holiday-makers might come to thank us for the suggestion that they should encamp at Plymouth, using it as a base from which to reconnoitre the surrounding district, one of the finest in England ; and we are glad to know that not a few have followed our advice on this point without regretting it.

Scale of Yards



500 1000





THE TOWN OF PLYMOUTH

Let us now take a look round Plymouth, beginning with the *Hoe*, at once its Piccadilly and its *Champs Elysées*. This is a green hill lying between the sea and the busiest part of the town, one end of it occupied by a block of mansions, including the Grand Hotel and the Royal Western Yacht Club. About it are the other chief clubs—the *Plymouth Club*, the *South-Western Yacht Club*, and the *Corinthian Yacht Club*. The slopes on both sides are laid out as a public park, which wants nothing but shade and brightening by a few more flower beds such as are found in one bit of garden at the Citadel end. Along the top runs an asphalted promenade, some half mile long and unusually broad, from which the views, both landward and seaward, are unrivalled, on one hand stretching over the suburbs to the outline of Dartmoor, on the other looking across Plymouth Sound with its winding shores and creeks. Any novelist of the new school, who cared to lay his scene here, might find matter for pages of glowing description; we can only advise the reader to come and see for himself what a mistaken idea he may have of Plymouth as all barracks and slop-shops. Enough to say that Brighton and Eastbourne might well give the best of their esplanades and pavilions for this airy park, conspicuously ornamented by Boehm's statue of *Sir Francis Drake*, by the new *National Armada Monument*, and by the old *Eddystone Lighthouse*, transplanted here to end its days on dry land, as a venerable spectacle and view tower. In the centre of the seaward slope is a stately curved shelter known as the *Bull Ring*; above is a spacious terrace, behind which the park opens out towards the town; and everywhere seats and grassy ledges invite the holiday groups, who on a fine Sunday afternoon swarm here without crowding. Below projects the *Promenade Pier*, with its landing stages, from which most of the excursion steamers start, and its roomy pavilion for varied entertainments. Plymouth's sea front is nearly all pier, in a sense; but this, let it be remembered in our indications, is *the Pier*, not very

much of a pier as such structures go, but an important feature in the pleasure-life of the place.

Bathing.—A winding sea-road edges the Hoe, the shore in front of which is, by nature and art, excellently laid out for bathing. Swimmers, indeed, have the best of it; the sheltered basin under the Eddystone Tower being reserved for ladies. The space between this and the pier is an amphitheatre of steps and jetties, from which every morning, as early as April sometimes, and as late as October, swarms of gymnasts may be seen plunging into clear depths and giving natatory displays very visible for those who care to look over the wall, at an hour when most passers-by have their own business to mind. Accomplished swimmers may prefer the end of the pier, where they can dress under its shelters; but the rocks also have covered dressing-places and causeways for going down into the water at almost any state of the tide. For beginners there are two strips of beach and rock, one to the right of the pier, that can be used in the morning; the other beyond the ladies' bathing-place, under a cliff, which hides the local Actæons from promenading Dianas, so is available all day. Farther along, under the Aquarium, there is yet another haunt of swimmers, with steps and stone dressing pavilion; and the rocks beyond are also pressed into service by unblushing urchins. Divers of a more retiring disposition would usually find the Break-water very much at their service.

To have done with this head of information, it may be said that there are similarly prepared bathing-coves for both sexes: on the esplanade in front of Stonehouse (reached by passing round the G. W. Docks and past the Marine Barracks); then for Devonport, another under Mount Wise, apt on hot afternoons to be occupied in force by the youngsters of H.M. training ships, who use their brilliant pocket-handkerchiefs for all purposes of bath toilet. The prosaic vulgarity of a bathing-machine seems as unknown here as unnecessary.

Hitherto the water about the Hoe has lain under a suspicion of being contaminated by sewage; but new drainage works are now being undertaken to carry the town's refuse out to sea. Good bathing can be found at Barnpool, and other points of the opposite shore.

One serious want we have to note in Plymouth is a good establishment of Baths, a matter which should be seen to by the Corporation.

The Hoe occupies a promontory, cut off on the right by *Millbay*, where are the Great Western docks, and on the other side by *Sutton Pool*, which serves the same purpose for the rival London and South-Western Company. From

Millbay Station the sea front is soon reached by following the tram line along the wall of the docks, or by striking straight up behind the Duke of Cornwall Hotel, and taking any turn to the right to come out on the promenade along the top. The further end of the Hoe is occupied by the *Citadel*, built in the reign of Charles II. as a significant hint to a town which had taken the parliamentary side in his father's war. If the Sound were not well defended by a chain of forts, armed with guns of the heaviest calibre, our up-to-date enemies might laugh at this obsolete stronghold, which, however, has an old-fashioned dignity of its own. The prospect from the ramparts, measuring about a mile in circuit, is more effective than they would probably be against a Japanese fleet. The entrance is by an elaborate classical gateway at the north end, facing the town, into the heart of which we might here descend at once, but will rather take our reader round by the sea-wall outside of the fortifications, where carriages, however, will be brought to a stand at the corner of the inlet. Below the Citadel, on the sea side, where the Hoe is continued by terraced walks, will be seen the *Aquarium* and *Laboratory* of the Marine Biological Association, the former open at a small charge.

The road round the Citadel ends in a passage and stairway, closed at night, leading through to a somewhat unattractive part of the town by which we emerge on the *Barbican*, a lively scene of quays, fish market, boat landing, ferry steamers, and other features of business. A flagstone here inscribed *Mayflower*, 1620, and a wall-tablet commemorate the embarkation, or rather re-embarkation, of the Pilgrim Fathers. Within lies *Sutton Pool*, crowded with small craft; and near at hand are the Custom House and the Exchange. We are here at the oldest part of the town, where some weather-worn houses are to be seen that may have had Drake for a visitor. The old Blackfriars Monastery is now desecrated as a distillery of Plymouth Gin. Passing through some streets characteristic of the east-end waterside of Plymouth, we soon come to the line of main thoroughfares, off which stands its main architectural pride, a fine group of public buildings including the *Guildhall* and *Law Courts*

on two sides of a quadrangle, at the ends of which are the *Post Office* and *St. Andrew's Church*. Though architectural purists find some fault here, as usual, it must be admitted that hardly another of our provincial towns has such an imposing centre. The buildings are in general style Early English, the most striking feature being the Tower (160 feet), which will guide us hither from almost any part of the town. The public are admitted to the top for a view of Plymouth, which, however, is better seen from more commanding situations.

The Southern or Guildhall block, 202 feet in length by 90 feet, has in the centre the *Great Hall* (to which the public are admitted), the most ornamental portion of the whole building. Over the main entrance is a carved group of Fame, Industry, and Virtue, and over the lower entrance Justice between Truth and Mercy. On the left side of the entrance are panels representing respectively Painting, Music, Sculpture, War, Peace, and Religion, and on the right side Architecture, Astronomy, Mechanics, Commerce, Plenty, and Law. From the centre of the roof rises a light and elegant spire. The interior is 146 feet by 58, and will seat about 3000 persons. The popular Saturday evening concerts here are of a high class, though admission is gratis or at an almost nominal charge. The orchestra has a very fine organ. The large windows, seven on each side, are filled with stained glass representing historical events connected with the town, notably that famous game of bowls on the Hoe, which Sir Francis Drake played out as if to show there need be no hurry in tackling the Armada. One design boldly presents his present Majesty in the prosaic dress of the 19th century. Behind the *Magistrates' Court* to the east are the *Police Offices*. The *Law Courts* on the west are spacious and remarkably well planned. The gables of the southern block of buildings are each crowned with statues of sovereigns or other notabilities.

The Northern block, 207½ feet by 56½, comprising the *Council Chamber* and *Municipal Offices*, displays rather plainer architecture than the southern. The Chamber is lit by stained-glass windows, with medallion portraits of Queen Elizabeth, Queen Victoria, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Sir Francis Drake. On the walls are portraits of Charles II., James II., George II., George III., William IV., etc. In the mayor's parlour there are a portrait of Queen Anne and a contemporary portrait of Sir Francis Drake, 1594. A tower, 95 feet high, crowns one corner of the main entrance. On the gable end of the Council Chamber stands a life-size statue of Drake, who is evidently the hero of Plymouth.

The *Post Office* faces the west end of the Guildhall.



PLYMOUTH, GUILDHALL SQUARE.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.



The old Parish Church is at the east end of the block, having in front of it a tall cross erected as a comprehensive monument to the parishioners buried below what is now a scene of bustle. Behind, on the south-east side, at the corner of *Finewell Street*, are some buildings of an Abbey ; and by keeping down this street into *Notte Street*, one finds other relics of old Plymouth.

St. Andrew's Church is a Perpendicular building, commenced in the 15th century. The massive tower, battlemented and pinnaced, was restored in 1871. The body of the Church consists of a nave and two aisles of unusual length, so as to enclose the chancel, each with an east window. The interior was restored in 1874-75 by Sir Gilbert Scott. It is remarkable for the large area, and contains, amongst other objects of interest, a richly-ornamented stone pulpit, a handsome octagonal font, a reredos with painted panels, and a finely-carved oak lectern. The roof is waggon shaped. There are several modern stained windows, and many monuments, amongst them a fine bust of a former vicar, Zachary Mudge, by Chantrey (east end of south aisle) on the walls, and a poetical tribute to Charles Matthews (south aisle) the elder, who died at Plymouth in 1835 ; also several quaint epitaphs. The tower contains a carillon of ten bells which chime every four hours. The musical part of the services is worthy of this fine church.

Charles Church, or the "New Church," lies not far off at the back of Sutton Pool, where services of a plainer type seem acceptable. This is a rare and on the whole surprisingly successful example of Gothic architecture produced during the middle of the 17th century. It contains nave, chancel, and aisles, surmounted by a tower and spire at the west end. The spire is more than a century later than the body of the Church.

Plymouth has other handsome Churches and Chapels, of which the most remarkable is the *Roman Catholic Cathedral* in Cecil Street, with a fine spire prominent towards the back of the town.

The *Markets* are somewhat hidden away behind *Bedford Street* on the north side of the Guildhall. Close to them, the *Plymouth Public and Cottonian Library* (open on Mondays, other days special application necessary) in Cornwall Street, has a valuable collection of works of the old masters, including Leonardo da Vinci, Rembrandt, Rubens, Claude Lorraine, Vandyck, etc., presented by Mr. Cotton, F.R.S. The old *Guildhall*, Whimble Street, is

occupied by the *Free Library and Reading Room*, which offers special privileges to strangers, and has a separate reading-room for ladies.

From *Bedford Street* we pass by *George Street* to the *Clock Tower*, which may be considered the Charing Cross of Plymouth. Here stands an Ionic block of public buildings, including the *Theatre Royal* and the *Royal Hotel*. Further along towards the *Millbay* station, which ends this line of thoroughfares, on the left will be seen the *Athenæum*, also in the Grecian style of architecture, but of the Doric order, the home of the *Plymouth Institution* and the *Devon and Cornwall Natural History Society*, containing a Museum of local archæology, open at a small charge. *Athenæum Street*, turning up here by a crescent, or *Lockyer Street*, passing in front of the *Royal Hotel*, would lead straight on to the Hoe.

From the other side of the *Clock Tower* turns down *Union Street*, in which are the *Palace Music Hall* and other places of entertainment. By the railway arch crossing *Union Street* one can pass, on the left, into *Millbay* station. A little farther on comes the *Octagon*, relic of a day when it made a more genteel quarter of Plymouth, this now being the main artery of communication between Plymouth and Devonport, much frequented of an evening by Mr. T. Atkins, his naval comrades, and their friends.

From the *Clock* start also (going round by *Princess Square* and the *Post Office*, not to obstruct the narrow main thoroughfare) Electric Trams for *Compton*, *Mutley*, and other elevated quarters at the back of the town (p. 117).

The tram marked *Prince Rock*, taking at first the same line, leads to the east suburbs, passing by *Friary Station*. Opposite this station is *Beaumont Park*, where a mansion temporarily houses the *Town Museum* and *Art Gallery*, for which new quarters are being built beside the *Technical School* in the *Tavistock Road*, a main line leading northwards.

A little way above the *Beaumont Park*, the *Freedom Field*, scene of a stubborn fight in the Civil War, makes another public pleasure ground, commanding good views.

STONEHOUSE AND DEVONPORT,

Stonehouse lies upon the promontory shutting in *Millbay*, at the head of which are the Great Western Docks. From the Hoe the shortest way across is round the Docks (admission 1d.) Behind runs the *Millbay Road* (turn down under the bridge beyond Millbay Station) leading through a not very attractive quarter, with some quaint nooks and corners hidden away among its huge institutions. The *Marine Barracks* are at the farther end, beyond which, so obscure are its approaches, strangers often neglect to pass round the fine sea walk skirting the promontory between Redoubts known as the *Eastern* and the *Western King*, with a look-out over the narrowest part of the Sound upon *Mount Edgcumbe* opposite.

Coming through the Docks one mounts up by the *Long Room*, once an assembly room, and the *Marine Infirmary*, also to be gained by passing round the Barracks, where they face into *Durnford Street*. Keep as near the sea as you can and go boldly on, heedless of sentries and cannon, that will let you pass unchallenged over a low height to the east end of the esplanade, winding round the bay before the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe's *Winter Villa*, where you must turn off to get out of Stonehouse along the side of the *Pool*, known at the upper end as *Mill Lake*, the long inlet cutting off Devonport.

One may walk on, however, a little farther upon the point, the outer side of which is occupied by *The Royal Victualling Yard* (admission on application to the police at the entrance). Vast excavations had to be made before the building was commenced, which consists of large quadrangular blocks, covering with the courts an area of 15 acres. It is approached by a street leading from the east end of Stonehouse Bridge, and entered through a handsome gateway, surmounted by a statue of William IV. The most interesting operation in the Yard is the process of biscuit-making.

The walk round this promontory may be gained at the west end from *Durnford Street*, skirting the Pool, where, at *Admiral's Hard*, is the ferry for *Cremill* and *Mount Edgcumbe*. Then comes *St. George's Church*, beyond which we reach the Bridge crossing to Devonport. *The Royal Naval Hospital* looks over the water to the north of the Bridge,

facing the *Royal Military Hospital* on the Devonport side. The head of the inlet beyond is being filled in; and it is proposed to form here a Public Recreation Ground for the three towns.

Unless taking a long way round this creek, we must gain **Devonport** by ferry from Admiral's Hard, or by paying a halfpenny at the Bridge, which the tramway crosses, at once to thread its way among fortifications and places of arms. The town occupies a promontory, the sea face of which is much shut in by the Dockyard buildings; but Devonport has no want of amenities. The walks and terraces of *Mount Wise*, reached through a park to the left, make a pleasure ground only inferior to the Hoe, and with nearer views of the Mount Edgcumbe shore. Below this the *Richmond Walk* runs along the shore by *Admiral's Stairs* to *Mutton Cove*. Above are the Port Admiral's and the General's official residences. The other side of the town is enclosed by an open belt known as the *Ordnance Land* or the *Brick Fields*, where military displays may be seen every Monday forenoon and on special occasions. Beyond the huge *Raglan Barracks* and the L. & S.-W. station, this recreation ground is continued by a park commanding fine views, on the other side of which again lies the growing suburb of *Stoke*, running into *Morice Town*, the new quarter behind the Keyham Steam Yard.

There are some picturesque nooks in Devonport, as the houses on the *Gun Wharf*, 200 years old and overgrown with creepers. There is much also that looks new and business-like. Part of the town is laid out in square blocks, on the American plan; and the streets on the whole are not so grimy and crooked as those of Plymouth. *Cumberland Street* and *Fore Street*, to which the tramway takes us, are the main thoroughfares; and hereabouts stand the chief public buildings—the *Post Office*, in *Fore Street*; the *Free Public Library*; the *Public Hall Theatre*, at the junction of *Fore Street* with *Princess Street*; the highly classical *Town Hall* in *Fore Street*; and the *Column*, a Doric pillar of Devonshire granite, more than 100 feet in height, built at a cost of £2750 on a solid mass of rock, to commemorate

the change in the name of the town from Plymouth Dock to Devonport.

None of the churches of Devonport calls for special remark, unless it be the old Parish Church of *Stoke Damerel*, close to the Military Hospital. This, however, has nothing left of its original self except the tower.

To strangers the chief object of interest is, of course, the **Dockyard** (admission at 10 and 11 A.M., and at 2, 3, and 4 P.M.)

A naval arsenal was established here in 1689, but it began to assume its present proportions only in 1761. From that date the growth of *Plymouth Dockyard* has been rapid, and it is now one of the most important establishments in the kingdom.

The entrance is at the end of Fore Street, whence we pass into a wide open court bounded on each side by buildings; amongst them, the Admiral-superintendent's house, the chapel, the guard-house, pay office, and surgery. Under the guidance of the metropolitan police (in charge of all our naval arsenals) parties are taken round at the above hours, no "tip" being expected by their personal conductor, but a small gratuity may be left for division among the force. Here are to be seen cruisers of the newest pattern, and perhaps other monsters of the deep which a quarter of a century ago were the pride of our navy, now being done up to take a back place in the reserve; also steam-hammers that can crack a coco-nut or knock into shape a mass of many tons; sheets of steel brought to be drilled or cut like a sheet of paper; the figure-heads of old ships, and many other wonders and curiosities.

The measurements of the Docks are:—

I. The *five Docks*—

	Feet long.	Feet broad.	Feet deep.
1. <i>New Union</i> , built in 1762 . . .	239	56	26
2. <i>New North</i> , built in 1789 . . .	272	56	27
3. <i>South Dock</i> , built by William III., and since enlarged . . .	261	65	28
4. <i>Head Dock</i> , built by George III. .	223	52	26
5. <i>Stem Dock</i> „ „	192	52	26
<i>Graving Slip</i> , adjoining the Camber	169	69	...

II. The *Chain Cable Storehouse*, built in 1844-48, cost nearly £40,000. About 650 chain cables are generally kept here, ready for immediate service.

The *Anchor Smithery* fronts the Anchor Wharf, and is 210 feet square. Forty-eight forges and Nasmyth's steam-hammer combine

to produce a scene which, for clash, clangour, and lurid glare, recalls to the imagination a Cyclopean pandemonium.

III. The *Rope House* is built of iron; the *Spinning House* of limestone, three stories high, and each 1200 feet in length; the *Rigging Houses* are two ranges of sheds 480 feet long, forming one side of a quadrangle, while the other sides are occupied with storehouses. The *Camber*, a canal 70 feet long, and spanned by an iron swing-bridge, communicates with the *Boat Pond*. There are, besides, mast-houses, timber-basins, timber-sheds, saw-pits, building-slips, reservoirs, smithies, mould or model-lofts, some of which are not thrown open to the public.

IV. A neat gravel path winds up to a small mound, *King's Hill*, whose summit is crowned by a pavilion, and commands a fine view.

V. *Keyham Steam Yard*, connected with the Dockyard by a tunnel 900 yards in length, occupies a sort of peninsula between Keyham Lake, Hamoaze, and Moon's Cove. The entrance is from *Morice Town* (so named from Sir William Morice, who purchased it in 1667). Huge basins have here been added for the accommodation of our modern leviathans.

VI. Between the Dockyard and Keyham lies the *Gun Wharf*, occupying five acres of ground. In the *Storehouses* are all kinds of arms, and in the open spaces between stand methodically arranged pyramids of cannon balls, gun-carriages of various shapes, and rows of polished cannons.

Devonport is enclosed by a line of fortifications, with a ditch 12 feet to 20 feet deep, excavated from the solid limestone. There are *Three Gates*—the Stonehouse Gate, leading to Plymouth, the Stoke Barrier towards Tavistock, and the North Barrier, opening on the Tamar. The *King's Interior Boundary Wall* is 12 feet high; the *Blockhouse*, with its ramparts and ditches, occupies an elevated position in Higher Stoke.

Devonport has a system of electric trams of its own, which seems not yet complete or finally connected. One line starts from the *Royal Albert Hospital*, running by the Dockyard towards Saltash. Another from *Fore Street* would take us round by the back of Plymouth, at the head of the deepest inlet, reaching North Road, whence one can descend into the central quarter.

Ferries.—The three towns being so much cut up by arms of the sea, their communications are much dependent upon ferries, both small boats and steamers, of which the principal ones may be mentioned.

From the *Barbican*, steamers run across the *Catwater* every half-hour to *Turnchapel* and *Oreston*; and every ten minutes to *Mount Batten*.

Every hour (leaving at the half-hours) from *Admiral's Hard* to *Cremill* for Mount Edgumbe ; and from the same point frequently to *Mount Wise, Devonport*.

The *Devon* and *Cornwall* shores are also connected by boats from *Mutton Cove* to *Cremill* and to *Millbrook* ; from *Morice Town* to *Torpoint* ; and at *Saltash*.

For *Saltash*, a steamer leaves *North Corner*, Devonport, at the half-hours, returning at the hours ; and less frequently from the Hoe Pier.

A *Steam Ferry Bridge* plies between the Dockyard and Tor Point, on the Cornish shore.

The fare for most of these ferries is a matter of coppers. The Watermen's fares for small boats make a question rather too large and elastic to be comprised here. They begin at 3d. for a single passenger crossing the Catwater, and at 1s. an hour, an increase being reasonably expected in rough weather, and never unexpected in any state of wind or tide.

ENVIRONS OF PLYMOUTH

The heights behind offer several view points that give an idea of the country close at hand. For example, one might take the tram, or follow its rails, uphill to the *Compton* and *Mannamead* suburbs. From the stopping-place at Compton Lane, Lane End, one keeps on a little way to the top of the hill, where, on the right, the *Hartley Pleasure Ground*, laid out beside a Reservoir, looks over the outskirts of the town to a stretch of Dartmoor. Lower down on this route would have been passed another basin of the Plymouth water-supply, first brought by Sir F. Drake from the moor (p. 132). This is the high road to Dartmoor, a mile or so out on which is reached the village-suburb now entitled *Crown Hill*, but once better known as *Knacker's Knoll*. Here roads diverge, left, to *St. Budeaux* and *Tamerton Foliott* (p. 124) ; and on the other side go off winding ways to the Plym Valley, reached at *Marsh Mills* (p. 123) in an hour or so's walk by the pleasant village of *Egg Buckland*.

In the fine season conveyances from the Clock Tower make excursions to various points of the vicinity.

Plymouth Sound.—Having surveyed Plymouth by land, we will now take to the water, affording such grand sea-scapes, which one is in danger of half forgetting on shores

occupied by a great town. Plymouth Sound has reminded travellers of Sydney Harbour, which in these days of globe trotting seems to have supplanted the Bay of Naples as a standard of beauty in such scenes. With its puzzling maze of inlets it may be roughly compared, in arrangement if not in proportions, to a hand with outstretched fingers, the palm represented by the harbour itself. The thumb, then, is the *Catwater*, curved deeply in between *Mount Batten* and *Catdown*, receiving the estuary of the *Plym*, which here loses its name in that of the *Laira*. The forefinger points to *Sutton Pool*, its extreme points named "Bear's Head" and "Fisher's Nose." The second finger indicates *Millbay*, lying between the Hoe and Stonehouse, whose head forms the *Great Western Docks*. The third finger points up the far-reaching creek already spoken of as *Stonehouse Lake* or the *Pool*, which divides Stonehouse from Devonport. The little finger, which ought to be the largest, stands for the anchorage of *Hamoaze*, formed by the estuary of the Tamar, whose east bank is for some distance taken up by the Royal Dockyard, Gun Wharf, and Steam Yard. Beyond the latter *Keyham Lake* runs inland. On the opposite side the shore is deeply indented by *Millbrook*, *St. John's Lake*, and other creeks, then below Saltash by the estuary of the *St. Germans* or *Lynher* river, itself branching off into numerous arms. Above Saltash unite the waters of the *Tamar* and the *Tavy*.

Off the Hoe lies the low fort-crowned island of *St. Nicholas*, commonly known as **Drake's Island**. The island, with its fortifications, was held by the Parliamentarians during the Civil War, though on two occasions nearly betrayed into Royalist hands; and after the Restoration it became a state prison, in which, amongst others, General Lambert was kept captive till his death. Its formidable defensive works are of great importance, as commanding the entrance to the Sound. It is about 3 acres in extent, connected with the Cornwall shore by a range of low rocks, called the *Bridge*, impassable even at high water, except for the smallest and lightest craft, and sometimes at low tides so dry that the island almost loses its character. Civilians, we fancy, are not encouraged to visit this place of arms, except on business, else we should recommend its views of the Sound.

Some two miles down the Sound is seen the low mass of the **Breakwater**. It also is insulated, having on either hand a good

channel, which admits the egress or ingress of the largest ships at any time of the tide. Between its wall and the north shore forty sail of the line, besides smaller vessels, can ride in safety. It was commenced in 1812, under the direction of Rennie, and for thirty-four years took the daily labour of 200 men. About 4,000,000 tons of granite were used at a cost of a million and a half. Its length in the centre is 1000 yards, with two arms, 350 yards long, which trend towards the north. The width at the base varies from 300 to 400 feet, narrowing to 45 feet at the top; the depth from 80 to 40 feet, according to the inequalities of its foundation; and at high spring-tides it rises but two or three feet above the sea. The *Lighthouse*, at the west end, of white granite, 55 feet high, and 114 feet diameter at its base, was constructed in 1841. At the east end stands a beacon, with a hollow globe for the shelter of shipwrecked seamen. One can walk along the top when the waves are not too boisterous. The Breakwater may be visited by boat, and is a favourite point for short steamboat trips.

Near the extremities of the Breakwater are on opposite sides *Bovisand Fort*, a recent erection of immense strength, and *Picklecombe Fort*; and half-way between, the *Breakwater Fort*—the three together making a formidable line of defence for the protection of the port.

Mount Edgcumbe.—The grounds of Lord Mount Edgcumbe's famous seat on the Cornwall shore are the chief lion of the neighbourhood, and justly so, for it is hard to say whether the view of them from Plymouth, or the view of Plymouth from their wooded heights, be the more beautiful. They are thrown open to the public once a week, as a rule on Wednesdays, changed to the first Saturday in each month for the convenience of the Dockyard people. On other days a special order must be obtained at the Manor House office near Admiral's Hard. The regular ferry leaves Admiral's Hard at the half-hours, and returns at the hours. The park gate is close to the landing-place at Cremill, to which, on the public day, a steamer runs from the Hoe pier also; and small boats can be taken from Devonport.

Mount Edgcumbe forms the end of a promontory, 4 to 5 miles in length, and 3 miles in breadth. The *Mansion*, a castellated Tudor building, dates from 1550. The *Hall*, in the centre of the building, rises to the second story, and is adorned with Doric columns and pilasters of Devonshire marble. The pictures are chiefly family portraits, and include four by Sir *Peter Lely*. There are also four by Sir

Joshua Reynolds. Visitors are not admitted to the house, nor without special order to the gardens—English, French, and Italian, embellished with fountains, vases, busts, and statues.

The outer grounds are extensive enough to take up a whole afternoon in wandering through their beauties, with charming views at every point, especially from the south side. Going up the avenue, turn across the front of the house, and from its south side follow a walk which leads past a ruin on a knoll, then in the hollow below, near the edge of the sea, will be seen *Beechwood Cottage*, one of several places where tea can be had. The road holding up behind this leads through a gate and arch into *Laurel Walk*, a magnificent terrace of evergreens winding high above the sea, which makes the finest part of the whole demesne. Coming thus round to *Picklecombe Fort*, one can pass behind it and descend to Cawsand, or strike up on the right for *Maker Church*, and the highest point, then come round the other side of the park, with views up the estuary. H.M. Queen Victoria, in her published diary, gives warm praise to this Cornish paradise, on which the Duke of Medina-Sidonia is said to have fixed as his share of the spoil after that expected conquest by the Invincible Armada under his command, but had to go without, like Napoleon, who also, on his way to exile, viewed with envy such a charming retreat. Unfortunately, great mischief was done to these fine woods by the ruinous blizzard that so much amazed Devonshire in the spring of 1891.

On the upper edge of the grounds stands **Maker Church**, with its Mount Edgcumbe family monuments, from the tower or churchyard of which there is another extensive view. The Lych Gate is noticeable and the old Font within. Past the Church, our walk may be extended to the little seaside resorts of **Kingsand** and **Cawsand**, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Cremill, and further, to **Penlee Point** and **Rame Head**. Kingsand and Cawsand are parts of a quaint and picturesque little village, with narrow winding streets, on the deep bay between Penlee Point and Picklecombe Point. A joyful sight has *Cawsand Bay* been to many an English tar returning from foreign shores. Rame Head has on its summit the ruins of a little Chapel, and commands a view of the coast extending to the Lizard, including the Eddystone Lighthouse. All these places are in Cornwall, into which we must trespass more than once on our excursions from Plymouth.

Millbrook, Cawsand, St. John's Lake, etc.—Even if the Mount Edgcumbe grounds be not open, a pleasant walk may be taken round them to **Cawsand**, for which brakes run from the ferry several times a day. As we follow the road, skirting the park, a

path soon turns off to the right through the exercise-ground of the Training Ship boys, where an obelisk stands on a hillock as sea-mark. This path leads to the Steward's house, by the wooded edge of Millbrook Inlet, with an outlook over the *Hamoaze*; and it might be continued all the way up to *Millbrook*, an economical residence for dockyard people, retired skippers, and the families of such, from which there is a road ($1\frac{1}{2}$ m.) across to the coast at *Whitesand Bay*, and a rather longer one to Cawsand. The path behind the Steward's house, however, leads us up again to the high road from Cremill, which, looking back over the docks, we ascend for about a mile to *Maker Church* at the top, where opens the view on the other side of the promontory. A gate in the wall of the field before the church shows a footpath leading down to *Picklecombe* and *Cawsand*; or the road carries us on to these and the other places mentioned above, and beyond *Rame Head*, to *Whitesand Bay* (where bathing requires caution) along which we might make a further round 3 or 4 miles to *Tregantle Fort*, to return by *Antony* and the ferry at *Tor Point*. Thus we should have seen nearly all the peninsula between the Lynher river and the open sea, where already we begin to get a hint of some of the characteristic Cornish features.

Another agreeable Cornish ramble of half a dozen miles would be by turning right from Millbrook to the village of *St. John's*, then round the *St. John's Lake* to *Tor Point*.

Saltash, on the Cornish side, 4 miles above Plymouth, may be reached by G. W. rail or the road through Devonport; but on fine days the pleasanter way is by steamer up the *Hamoaze* (pronounced *Hamoze*), the principal anchorage for ships of war stationed at Plymouth, where costly leviathans of the latest pattern contrast with the tall hulls and square port-holes of the obsolete training ships. Beyond the Dockyards this thronged road widens out into an inlet on either hand, that to the left the mouth of the *Lynher River*, skirted by the grounds of *Anthony House*; then we come into view of the *Royal Albert Bridge* at Saltash, one of Brunel's greatest conceptions.

Its length is 2240 feet; its breadth 30 feet; from its foundations to its summit it rises 260 feet, sufficient to clear a man-of-war with all her canvas set. It consists of 19 spans, each of double chains composed of 15 bars; the two central spans, resting upon a main central pillar driven into the solid rock through 70 feet of sea and 20 feet of soil, extend 900 feet. The lower span carries the railway; the upper, of wrought iron, is firmly attached to it. The main piers, on each side of the river, are 11 feet square, of solid

masonry, and 190 feet from base to crown. 2700 tons of wrought iron, 1300 tons of cast-iron, 14,000 cubic yards of timber, and 17,000 cubic yards of stone, were employed in the erection of this bridge, which has now had its nose put rather out of joint by the still more wonderful engineering feat of spanning the Forth. For permission to inspect the bridge apply to the station-master.

There is not much else to see at Saltash ; but from the pier we may go up past the church to the old quarter of *St. Stephen's*, where *St. Stephen's Mount* gives a good view over the Tamar. It is reached by the main street, with a turn to the right after passing the *Green Dragon Inn*.

Round the head of a little creek behind *St. Stephen's* (2 m.), or by ferry, we can visit **Trematon Castle**, an ivy-draped ruin among woods. Several interesting features survive of this stronghold dating almost back to the Conquest ; but the materials have in part been used for a modern mansion. The grounds are, or used to be, open on Wednesdays.

Hence a ferry will take us across the Lynher to *East Anthony*. The mansion, built for Sir W. Carew in 1721, contains fine pictures by *Holbein*, *Vandyck*, *Lely*, *Reynolds*, and other masters ; it is now the seat of Sir R. Pole-Carew, one of our South African heroes. (For permission to view, in absence of the owner, apply to the steward at *Wilcove Farm*, Tor Point.) The wooded grounds also are admirable. The Church is an ancient building, its site excavated on a steep hillside, the churchyard preserving a pair of stocks as a curiosity. The road past *Thankes*, situated on a wooded slope overlooking the Hamoaze, leads to **Tor Point**, one of the main ferries between Cornwall and Devon, where we can return to Plymouth by Devonport. The steam bridge leaves the Devon side half-hourly at the quarters, returning at the half-hours.

Saltram and the Plym.—To the other side of Plymouth, on the left bank of the Plym estuary, known as the *Laira*, where it opens into the Catwater, stretch the Earl of Morley's grounds at Saltram, reached by *Laira Bridge*, some mile and a half from the centre of the town. The *Prince Rock* tramway takes us almost to this bridge, on which, and on the embankment leading to it, two small tolls have to be paid successively by the surprised stranger. Beyond is the quarrying village of **Laira**, with an inn, where one turns up the water to the left, almost at once entering the grounds.

This point is to be reached also by taking the Barbican half-hourly ferry to the higgledy-piggledy village of **Oreston**,



SALTASH BRIDGE.

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among the limestone quarries, which is not far below Laira Bridge, but an intervening creek obliges one to go a mile round (by a lane turning to the left past the Post Office), unless the way were made out more directly through the labyrinth of quarried cliffs. In a cave of the quarries, 35 feet below the ground, bones and teeth of elephants, hyænas, tigers, and other beasts of prey, and the jaw of a horse encrusted with stalagmite have been found.

The grounds of **Saltram** are finely wooded, and the house is a handsome structure, containing many treasures of art by famous masters, with an enumeration of which we will not tantalise the reader, since they are not open to the public. The gallery was formed by the advice of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and includes one of the best collections of his own works.

The Park is free to visitors so long as they keep on the drives. The Race Course of Plymouth is in the grounds near the river entrance. An agreeable walk, at first open, then entering a wood, skirts the side of the estuary, which looks so well at full tide from the railway opposite. At **Marsh Mills** (G. W. R. station, p. 131), the head of the creek, boats may be hired when the tide is in. Beyond this point the Plym becomes a beautiful inland stream, buried in rich woods, up which one may ramble for several miles, or mount the heights on the right to *Leemoor*, from which the pedestrian could come down to take train at *Plympton* or at *Cornwood* (pp. 100, 101).

Mount Batten will be seen across the mouth of the Catwater, inviting a trip to it by the ferry, then a walk over it and along the **Staddon Heights**, that look down on the Breakwater. Red flags will give warning when and where there is danger from military rifle practice. This is a cliff walk too little known to strangers, and which too much gives up to barracks and forts what was meant for mankind. It continues for miles past the pier at **Bovisand Bay**, where the ships of the navy take in water from a large reservoir; then one might follow the coast by **Wembury Church**, with its Hele monuments, to the mouth of the *Yealm*, which we must visit by steamer presently.

The L. and S.-W. branch to **Turnchapel** puts us down near Mount Batten. From *Oreston*, on the way, one could walk

through the *Radford Woods*, bearing to the right behind the mansion and striking a road down to the coast. Or turning inland, one reaches **Plymstock**, which has a fine old church half an hour's walk from the Laira Bridge ; and there is a Plymstock railway station both on the G. W. R. Yealmpton branch and the L. & S. -W. branch to Turnchapel.

St. Budeaux now almost makes part of Devonport ; and the tram towards Saltash would carry us a good part of the way out to it, as also the L. & S.-W. R. From the tower of the Church, hotly defended by Cavaliers in the Civil War, there is a good view over the Tamar and its valley. Hence an hour's walk northwards through winding lanes leads to **Tamerton Foliot**, a picturesque old village at the head of a creek of the Tamar, with *Warleigh Tor* rising over its confluence with the Tavy, where stands the remains of an ancient mansion. Behind, to the east, are the heights by which the Tavistock road mounts up to *Roborough Down* (pp. 131, 132), so by making for this one could have a pleasant round of 2 or 3 hours on foot, with tramways to get through the streets at either end.

RIVER TAMAR.

LOWER PORTION



English Miles

Main Roads

J. Bartholomew Edin.



EXCURSIONS FROM PLYMOUTH

It has already been mentioned how in the fine season a whole fleet of excursion steamers start daily to various points, going up the various estuaries which make the special features of the scenery hereabouts, or along the coast as far as Falmouth in one direction, Salcombe and Dartmouth in the other. 1s. or 1s. 6d. is the usual fare for these trips, or as little as 6d. for a turn out to the Breakwater. Most of the steamers start from the Hoe Pier ; but some belonging to the G. W. R. from their own pier in the docks. The G. W. boats do not run on Sunday, which is a great day for other steamers. Particulars are published from day to day in the local papers, and in bills at the pier, etc.

The following are the most popular trips, done in the course of a forenoon or afternoon :—

THE EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE

To this there are one or two excursions almost every fine day. Passengers do not land at the lighthouse, which stands on a reef in the open sea, 14 miles from Plymouth. The scenery of the Sound being left behind, they have the chance of falling in with some great armoured cruiser, or of watching the slower manœuvres of the training brigs which every morning take their bluejacket scholars out to sea for a lesson in naval life, as it was in the old days.

The history of the Eddystone is a remarkable one.

A line of rocks, 12 miles distant from the shore, stretches between the Start and Lizard, 600 feet across the Channel, and collecting the waters of the Atlantic around it, creates a whirl and a restless motion which have suggested to seamen the significant name of the *Eddy-stone*. Upon one of these, which at low

water just raises itself above the ocean level, Henry Winstanley, a man of singular mechanical ingenuity, contrived, in 1696, to raise a wooden lighthouse. It was 100 feet high, had numerous quaint projections, and an open gallery at the top through which in nautical parlance, a high sea would have carried a six-oared galley. Winstanley, however, believed in its stability, and expressed a hope that he might be within it on the occasion of a storm. His wish was granted: while effecting some alterations, on the night of 26th November 1703, he was caught in a fearful gale, and next morning there remained nothing of the lighthouse but a few rugged stones and a fragment of iron chain!

Mr. John Rudyerd, a silk-mercator of Ludgate Hill, then resolved to attempt the construction of a more durable building. Choosing the frustum of a cone for his model, he built up five courses of heavy stones upon the rock, and thereupon erected a superstructure of wood, simple, unornamented, and free from projections and open galleries. The whole was 92 feet high. It was begun in 1706 and completed in 1709. For years it admirably answered its beneficent purpose; but about two o'clock on the morning of 2nd December 1755, some Cawsand Bay fishermen, and the look-outs on board Admiral Westrode's fleet, then at anchor in the Sound, gave the alarm that the Eddystone Lighthouse was on fire. It burnt for days, until by the 7th only a few cramps of blackened iron remained.

Mr. Smeaton, the great engineer, was now applied to by Government, and, taking the trunk of a forest oak for his model, he commenced the erection of the third lighthouse on the 1st of June 1757, and completed it on the 24th of August 1759. It was a circular tower of stone, sweeping up with a gentle curve from the base, where it was set in a socket 3 inches deep in the solid rock, and gradually diminishing towards the summit. On the cornice was the inscription: "Unless the Lord build the house, their labour is in vain that build it."

This lighthouse maintained its position, secure and triumphant over the attacks of the sea, for more than 120 years. The rock, however, upon which it was built was not so impregnable, and the safety of the structure being imperilled, a new lighthouse (the fourth) was erected upon an adjacent part of the reef from the designs of Mr. Douglass in 1881-82. This structure, inaugurated May 1882 by the Duke of Edinburgh, rises 130 feet in height, consists of 2171 stones weighing 4661 tons, and contains nine chambers. Smeaton's lighthouse, still to be seen on the Hoe, was only 72 feet high, weighed 988 tons, and contained four chambers. The new light overlaps that from the Lizard.

THE YEALM

The estuary of this river (pronounced *Yahm*) is entered more or less deeply by steamers, according to the state of

the tide. Sailing between the *Breakwater* and the *Staddon Heights*, they steer for the *Mewstone*, a prominent pyramid of rock and turf that stands up out of the sea off the river mouth. Here there may be a little knocking about in the open sea, but if we have any qualms, there soon "comes a peace out of pain" as the boat turns into quiet water landlocked between high banks, the rich foliage of which is mirrored below.

What we do next must depend on the tide. Sometimes we can steam up the **Kitley River**, as the longer arm is called. At low water our *Argo* may be able to go no farther than the creek on the right, where she sticks fast between the villages of **Newton Ferrers** and **Noss**, whose church towers, "so near and yet so far," confront each other over a bed of water or mud hardly as broad as the Thames at Windsor. If the pier be for the moment inaccessible, we might have an adventurous small-boat voyage of a few yards, to land for a stroll through one or the other village of white-washed cottages overgrown with vines and creepers, whose amphibious industry, as in other villages of this coast, is much concerned with shell-fish. A new landing-stage has probably facilitated disembarkation here.

An estate is laid out for building on the shore below Newton Ferrers, where has been opened the *Yealm Hotel* (see below), and there are humbler inns and tea houses in the villages. Both Newton and Noss have finely restored churches, with rich interior decorations.

If able to go up the *Kitley River*, one might profit by this opportunity of getting on shore towards *Yealmpton*, to walk back after taking more than a short peep at a pretty corner of the county too much neglected. The beautiful grounds of *Kitley* lie at the head of a creek, near **Brixton**, with its ancient church, two miles short of Yealmpton. Here the remains of elephants and other prehistoric animals were discovered in a cave. The creek running up to the right takes us to *Puslinch*, where is a quay for Yealmpton.

On land, this neighbourhood may be visited by the railway to **Yealmpton** (G. W. R.), which has a noble

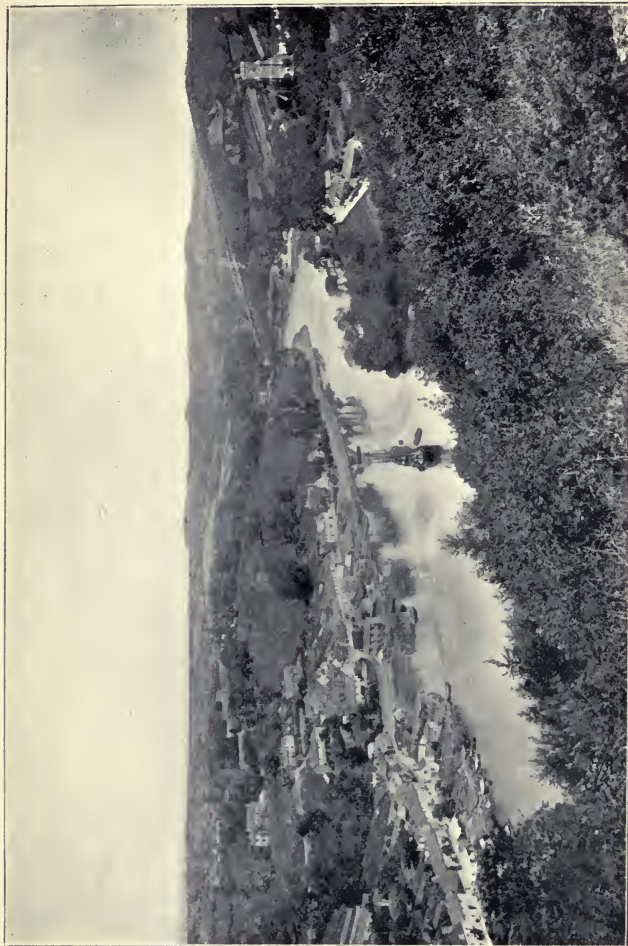
rebuilt Church, with an old tower and a very ancient slab in the churchyard, inscribed *Torens*, the origin of which is unknown. Beside the Church stood a building traditionally famed as a palace of King Ethelwold. From *Steer Point Station* a few minutes' walk down a Devonshire lane brings us to a steam launch that, on the wooded river, connects the trains (3d.) with the Yealm Hotel. From *Yealmpton Station* a trap (6d.) meeting most trains takes its hilly way ($3\frac{1}{2}$ miles) to the village of *Newton Ferrers*, above the hotel, with fine views of the South Hams and Dartmoor, then over Membland Park to the left. The lion of the neighbourhood is the beautiful and extensive **Membland Drive**, running for several miles round the promontory to the east of the Yealm, by **Revelstoke**, where the old church has fallen into picturesque ruin. (This Drive is at present open on Saturdays.)

To **Bantham** and the Avon is a longer voyage, giving, beyond the Yealm mouth, a view of the cliffs of Bigbury Bay, in the middle of which the wooded Erme mouth opens a glimpse of Dartmoor in the background. *Bigbury* spire appears on the heights, and below *Burr Island* shuts in the mouth of the Avon, winding down between its high banks. The river needs cautious entering; a mile or so up, on the left shore, stands *Bantham*, where one can go ashore in boats (1d.), but there is not much to see here, in the time given, unless by hurrying up the slopes for a view up the reaches of the river, or eastwards over to *Thurlestone*. (Torquay Section, p. 95.)

The boats occasionally go a little farther along the coast, to **Hope Cove** (p. 95), which is a very picturesque nook of the coast; and beyond this, besides excursions to *Salcombe*, whose beauties are described in our Torquay Section (p. 92), steamers of business run from Sutton Pool to the head of the estuary at Kingsbridge (p. 89).

UP THE TAMAR

This is a very popular excursion, the steamer running to *Weir Head*, 25 m. from the Hoe, in about two hours with



RIVER YEALM SHOWING NEWTON AND NOSS.

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half-a-dozen stoppages, which makes a cheap sail for 1s. 6d. There is at least one boat almost every day in summer.

Beyond Saltash, when we have threaded our way up the *Hamoaze*, the Tamar expands again into what is, at high tide, a wide lake, branching out within two miles in four directions, the most northerly branches being the Tavy on the right, and the Tamar itself on the left, whose course some pronounce more picturesque than the much-lauded lower Dart. We keep up the Tamar, passing, on the Cornish side, the village of *Landulph*, whose church contains a monumental brass, with a long inscription, to Theodore Palæologus, dubiously claiming to be the last descendant of the Greek Emperors, buried here in 1636. A little farther we pass, on the same side, the hamlet of *Car Green* (Inns), two miles beyond which the channel of the stream bends suddenly back to the left and forms a deep horse-shoe. At the back of this bend, on the Cornish side, is **Pentillie Castle**, surrounded by lovely grounds and venerable woods, beyond which rises the hill called Mount Ararat, crowned by a tower. The woods overhanging the river bank are a most pleasing feature. Some boats stop here, giving their passengers a short run on shore.

Beyond Pentillie, we reach, in less than three miles, *Cothele Quay*, the landing for **Cothele House**, a granite mansion, dating from the time of Henry VII., which belongs to the Mount Edgcumbe family, and is shown to visitors in their absence. The great hall and other rooms contain a fine show of armour and antiquities. The house is not seen from the water, but near Cothele Quay we have a glimpse of a little chapel built by an ancestor of the Edgcumbes to commemorate his escape from the tender mercies of Richard III.

Above Cothele the river commences a succession of eccentric windings towards every point of the compass. On the Cornish side we halt at **Calstock** (*Ashburton Hotel and Inns*), to which the fare is only 1s., and a good many excursionists disembark here to stretch their legs and taste the produce of its famous strawberry beds, or otherwise refresh themselves while awaiting the return of the boat.

Yet beyond is the best part of the river course, where it twists and turns through miles of green-clad crags and pinnacles, making a circuit round Calstock Church, from which there is a fine view of its wanderings along the *Morwell Rocks*. From *Morwellham Quay*, by the inclined plain of the Tavistock Canal, we might climb up these rocks for the prospect to the other side; then here we should be within an hour's walk of Tavistock (p. 134). The finest reach of all, perhaps, is the last, ringed about by broken and wooded cliffs at **Weir Head**, where the steamer has to be turned with caution, and starts back as soon as she can get her head down stream, carrying us away from scenes which we would fain seek again for more than a peep at their charms of rock, wood, and water. A sad eyesore here is the mines, whose shafts do worse than obtrude themselves among such sylvan beauty, for at more than one of them the production of arsenic has discoloured both wood and water.

Up the **Tavy** is a trip not so often made, as depending more on the tide; but sometimes boats ascend past *Warleigh* (p. 124) to *Lopwell*, passing the finely-wooded park of **Maristowe**, which extends from the river to Roborough Down. These grounds, however, are not open.

Other popular steamboat excursions are to *Looe* and *Falmouth*, along the Cornish Coast, for which we must refer to our Cornwall Guide.

PLYMOUTH TO TAVISTOCK, ETC.

Another of the great advantages of Plymouth in summer is the cheap railway excursions, in connection with steamer and coach routes, enabling tourists to visit hence, within the day, no small part of the beauties of Devon and Cornwall. Some of these goals we have already dealt with; some are reserved for our Dartmoor section; some must be sought in our Guide to Cornwall. Here it will be enough to conduct the stranger along the western edge of Devon, as far as Tavistock, whence a peep can be taken into the

This is a detailed topographical map of Dartmoor Forest, Devon. The map shows the forest's extent, surrounding towns, roads, and railways. Key features include:

- Towns and Villages:** Okehampton, Tavistock, Ashburton, Plympton, and others.
- Roads:** A network of roads connecting the towns and villages.
- Railways:** Lines connecting major towns like Okehampton and Tavistock.
- Topography:** Contour lines indicating elevation, with peaks like Cawsand Hill (1792) and Cat Hill (2000).
- Water Features:** Rivers like the Tavy and Teign, and various ponds and reservoirs.
- Scale:** A scale bar in English miles (0 to 4) is provided at the bottom right.
- Legend:** A legend at the bottom right identifies "Main Roads" with a thick line.

English Miles
0 1 2 3 4 5
Main Roads



neighbouring county, and coaches run on to Dartmoor in connection with the trains.

The G. W. R. and the L. & S.-W. R. both have lines from Plymouth to Launceston; but the former may be preferred as more direct. As far as Tavistock there is not so much to choose between them, and if the cheap return tickets issued by certain trains were not a consideration, we would suggest going by the one route and returning by the other. The line taken by the G. W. R. is, on the whole, the more picturesque, its Launceston branch turning off at *Marsh Mills* (p. 123) to mount the course of the Plym and skirt the heights of Dartmoor, best seen from the right side of the train. The high road to Tavistock (15 miles) runs some way to the west, through **Roborough**, as far as which an omnibus plies out of Plymouth thrice a day.

G.W.R.—Beyond *Marsh Mills* we at once find ourselves looking down on characteristic Devonshire beauties, the railway running up one side of the Vale of **Bickleigh**, a picturesque richly-wooded glen, the best part of which is private, but through the owner's liberality it makes a popular resort of Plymouth people. *Bickleigh Village* (Inn) lies half a mile west of the station, its Church tower confronting that of *Shaugh* across the valley. For the grounds of *Bickleigh* (open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays) turn back from this station.

Up the river a road leads to **Shaugh Bridge** (2 miles), a romantic spot hidden in foliage, where the Plym (*alias* the *Cad*) is joined by the Meavy. Above is the **Dewerstone**, a crag much ascended by Plymouth holiday makers. If from *Shaugh Bridge* we turn up on the right to the conspicuous pinnacled tower of **Shaugh Prior Church**, there is struck a road in one direction to **Cadaford Bridge** (1½ mile), in the other to *Plymton* (5 miles). For an airy walk with wide prospects, we might also take the *Ivybridge* road, at the highest point of which stands an old cross, then it descends to the *Leemoor* Clay works, where a guide-post shows many ways, *Cornwood* being now our nearest station (4 miles). From *Shaugh*, again, are short walks east to *Shell Top* (p. 100), north to *Sheepstor* (p. 132) or over *Wigford Down* to *Meavy* (see below) by the *Merchant's Cross*. (N.B. Excursion tickets to *Bickleigh* available at *Cornwood* or *Plympton*. See pp. 100, 101.)

Following for a time the valley of the Meavy, our line

crosses higher and more open ground towards that of the Walkham, and near *Yelverton*, junction of the branch to Princetown (p. 146) approaches the high road running for miles over *Roborough Down*. **Yelverton** (Hotels: *Rock, Leg of Mutton, Barron's American, Willoughby Park Boarding House, etc.*) is a favourite place both of residence and resort with Plymouth people, and snug villas have been built on this breezy upland (600 feet) among rich valleys. Its lion is the Rock by the high road on Roborough Down, where fancy traces the features of a distinguished character; and many other fine points may be visited on either hand.

The alpine railway up the sides of Dartmoor we leave to be traced farther on (p. 146), but must mention its first station, **Dousland** (*Manor Hotel, Barron's Boarding House*), half an hour's walk north-east of Yelverton, on the very edge of the moor, where the Princetown road is crossed by that from Tavistock to Ivybridge.

From either Yelverton or Dousland, if one had an hour or two to spare there, it is a short walk to **Meavy**, just off the Ivybridge Road, where an oak that claims to be the oldest in England overshadows the old cross beside the church and inn. The walk up the course of the *Meavy* is to be recommended, as far as **Lether Tor** on the north side, one of the sharpest and roughest of Dartmoor eminences. Close to the village, a little south of Meavy Bridge, stands the **Merchant's Cross**, notable as the tallest of such old monuments about Dartmoor. A couple of miles off is the village of **Sheepstor**, in whose churchyard lies buried Rajah Brooke of Sarawak, who ended his adventurous career at *Burrator* here. Above the village may be ascended *Sheepstor* (1000 feet).

The Plymouth Water-Works.—But the great sight of this neighbourhood is now the artificial lake formed at **Burrator**, to store the water-supply originally brought by Sir Francis Drake from Dartmoor by the "Leat," which may still be traced on its slopes. In memory of this achievement the Plymouth Corporation hold here an annual fishing feast, when the toast is drunk, "May the descendants of him who brought us water never want for wine!" The reservoir contains 650 million gallons of water, and makes a striking feature of the moor, where bogs are more common than lakes. The massive dam is soon reached by a short walk from Dousland.

Beyond Yelverton, on the line to Tavistock, the tors of Dartmoor appear to the right, and in the foreground a

couple of narrow valleys, the larger of which is that of the *Walkham (Wallcomb)*, coming down from *Merrivale Bridge* (p. 138). At the convergence of these valleys, with its station high above it, nestles **Horrabridge** (Inn: *Roborough Arms*), one of the good starting-points on the edge of the moor, a little disfigured here by signs of mining speculation. From it a road crosses the south-west corner of the moor to *Ivybridge* (p. 98), and *Princetown* may be easily reached in a little over 6 miles. Both routes pass through **Walkhampton** (Inn), or *Wackington*, as old-fashioned folk pronounce it, a mile or two east, where its towered Church, both in itself and by reason of its commanding site, is a conspicuous object above the valley, up which may be seen *Staple Tor*, *Mis Tor*, and *Vixen Tor* (p. 139).

The Walkham Valley.—Beautiful walks may be taken up the romantic glen, where the stream is crossed by *Huckworthy Bridge*, *Ward Bridge*, and *Merrivale Bridge*, from any of which it is a few miles to Tavistock. It is difficult to calculate distances by the winding banks; but a good walker should reach *Merrivale Bridge* (p. 138) in three or four hours. At *Ward Bridge* one may turn towards Tavistock by **Sampford Spinney**, which has a singularly placed Church with a fine tower, below the rock basins of *Pew Tor* to the north. Or, from *Ward Bridge*, on the other side of the river, there is a grand moorland walk below a line of tors to *Walkhampton*, and thus back to *Horrabridge*.

Down the *Walkham Valley*, some half dozen miles from *Horrabridge*, is reached its confluence with the *Tavy*, a beautiful scene somewhat marred by the rubbish heaps of the **Virtuous Lady** copper mine, said to take its name from Queen Elizabeth. A tea garden at the crag called *Raven Tor* makes a prospect point, below which the *Virtuous Lady* cave may be visited. Hence one might follow the *Tavy* up to *Tavistock*, or down towards *Buckland*.

[Two miles west of *Horrabridge* station, across *Roborough Down*, and about as far from *Yelverton*, lies **Buckland Monachorum** (Inn), a pleasant village, with a handsome *Perpendicular Church*, which contains some fine carving, a painted ceiling, fragments of old painted glass, and Bacon's monument to *Lord Heathfield*, 1790, the hero of the siege of *Gibraltar*. The churchyard has a quaint epitaph to a smith, conceived in proper trade terms, a

kind of grim humour which seems to have been popular in Devonshire.

About a mile south-west stands *Buckland Abbey*, adapted as a residence by Richard Grenville, and disposed of by him to Sir Francis Drake, who bequeathed it to his nephew Francis. An original portrait of the great sea-king, inscribed, "Ætat. suæ 53, anno 1594," and his sword, drum, and Bible, are among the memorials here preserved. The old *Abbey* was founded in 1278 by Amicia de Clare, Countess of Devon, on a site such as would recommend it to the Cistercian monks,—broad grassy meadows, sloping under the shade of unbrageous groves to the banks of a pleasant river. The principal remains are incorporated in the present dwelling, which includes the old square central tower; there are also some arches, and hoary walls of the ancient tithe barn. The Abbey orchard is reputed to be one of the earliest planted in Devonshire.

Beyond Buckland Abbey we can descend to the course of the *Tavy*, a pretty river still, though here dirtied by the scourings of a mine, and crossing at *Denham Bridge* make for the L. & S.-W. R. station at *Beer Ferris* (see below), or, keeping to the left side of the *Tavy*, by *Maristowe* (p. 130) gain the Plymouth high road at *Roborough*.]

Between Horrabridge and Tavistock the G. W. R. crosses, by a large wooden viaduct, the *Walkham*, a little short of the confluence of that stream with the *Tavy*. Then, after enjoying a beautiful prospect down the valley of the latter river on the left hand, we come to Tavistock.

The L. & S.-W. R. from Devonport crosses the *Tavy* and takes high ground above its wooded valley, where in a few miles it changes from muddy flats to a mountain stream. To the left are fine views over the estuaries. At *Beer Alston* we look across to *Calstock* and the wooded windings of the *Tamar* (p. 129). This line reaches Tavistock high above the town and the right bank of the *Tavy*, whereas the G. W. R. station is lower down on the other side; both not far from the chief objects of interest.

TAVISTOCK

Hotels: Bedford, Queen's Head, Newmarket, Shepperd's Temperance.

This is one of the pleasantest and most prosperous-looking of Devonshire towns, lying in the fertile valley of

the Tavy, flanked on the east by the slopes of Dartmoor, and on the west by wooded eminences rolling across to the course of the Tamar. The only thing to be said against it is its having the name of a very wet place; but though built in a hollow, it stands actually high, and the people do not seem to suffer from a relaxing climate. The town, with its dependencies, has a population of over 13,000.

The chief lion of the place is the *Abbey* founded in 961 by Orgar, Earl of Devonshire, the father of that Elfrida who bartered her husband's life for a king's love; endowed and completed (981) by his gigantic son Ordulf, and dedicated as a Benedictine house to Sts. Mary and Rumon. In 997 it was plundered and burnt to the ground by the Danes, who carried fire and sword up the Tamar and as far as Lydford, but was rebuilt with greater magnificence, and became a favourite object of devout liberality. Its site and buildings, with the manors and lordships, were bestowed in 1539 upon John Lord Russell, thus founding the fortunes of the ducal house of Bedford. Opposite the Abbey the Municipal Buildings have been erected in a style to harmonise with what is left of it. In front is a statue of one of the late Dukes.

The remains are to be found near the bridge between the two railway stations, beside an open space edging the most important part of the town, where they do not force themselves on our attention, nor have they been treated with too much reverence. Upon the site, and with the materials of the old *Chapter-House*, a residence was built in 1736; and the site of this house is now occupied, in its turn, by the buildings of the *Bedford Hotel*, erected in the Elizabethan style about 1830. In their rear stands a picturesque pinnacled *Porch* turned into a larder. The *Gate-house* is in admirable preservation, and the upper room, distinguished by a mullioned window, is used as the Public Library. The main road passes through the archway. Oddest of the transformations is that of the old *Refectory* into a Unitarian Chapel. The grand *Abbey Church*, once second only to Exeter Cathedral in the diocese, has been entirely destroyed: in the Commonwealth days a high road was run through it, and a market held in its ruined aisles. Within the pleasant grounds of the vicarage stand the ancient *Still-house*, and *Betsy Grimbal's Tower*, so called from a woman said to have been murdered there; also some stones with

remarkable inscriptions. A fragment of the *Cloister Arcade* may be seen in the churchyard.

The *Parish Church*, on the other side of the road before the hotel, is a stately Perpendicular pile, with a tower, nave, and triple chancel, thoroughly restored by the Duke of Bedford in 1846. Its memorials are of high interest. Some bones of extraordinary size discovered in a stone coffin among the *débris* of the abbey are reputed to be those of the giant Earl Ordulf. *Sir John Glanville*, who was born in the neighbourhood, and his lady are commemorated by a fine monument and well-sculptured effigies, *temp.* Elizabeth. The *Bouchiers*, Earls of Bath, and other important personages, are similarly honoured. The visitor will observe the richly-coloured glass of the eastern window, and the exquisite carving of the altar-table, also the memorial to *Sir John Fitz* of Fitzford, and his lady. The Fitzford family are celebrated in one of the once popular novels of Mrs. Bray, whose second husband was Vicar of Tavistock.

These sights will soon be seen, and there may be time between trains for a stroll down the pretty river walk skirting the old Abbey grounds, which might be extended, with the new church for a landmark, to *Fitzford* on the Plymouth road, where a barn and gateway of Henry VII.'s date are all the remains of this ancient seat, blighted by legendary crimes, as the country folk tell, who keep grim memories of Lady Howard, daughter of Sir John Fitz, unjustly represented as a sort of female Bluebeard to all her four husbands. Here has been erected Boehm's statue of Sir Francis Drake, a replica of which ornaments the Hoe at Plymouth, but the latter lacks the bas-reliefs representing incidents in Drake's life which appear on the original. Near this was *Crowndale*, Drake's birthplace, a house now destroyed. A handsome modern church occupies a prominent position at this farther end of the town.

Many excursionists get only a peep at Tavistock, coming here to take the round driving trips, organised in connection with the trains, which give Plymouth people a good five-shillingsworth over wide stretches of Dartmoor and its neighbourhood. Particulars of these trips can readily be learned from the local tourist programmes of the railway companies. Another attraction to Plymouth pleasure-seekers is the golf course on *Whitchurch Down*, about a mile off, where stands the *Pixie Cross*, or *Monks' Cross*, one of those marking the Abbots' Way across the moor (p. 148).

Some visitors, however, if they be lucky enough to hit on dry weather, will wish to make a longer stay in this

attractive place ; and for their benefit we suggest a few excursions in various directions.

The stranger might well wish to revisit from this side the rock scenery of the Tamar, which he perhaps saw so temptingly on the steamboat trip to Weir Head (p. 130). By the *Callington* high-road the river is not quite 4 miles away. A pleasanter round would be to turn off from the river walk to the canal, on whose deserted banks one keeps as far as *Morwellham Quay*. Passing through a mining district as far as the mouth of the Morwell tunnel, $1\frac{3}{4}$ mile in length, he may ascend the hill, and strike through a pleasant copse to the **Morwell Rocks**. Beneath flows the Tamar, and the surrounding prospect includes the mining district of *Gunnislake*, the slopes of *Hingston Down*, and the village of *Calstock* (p. 129). Higher up the river is the renowned *Weir Head*, and on the left, above a screen of foliage, rises *Harewood House*, scene of Mason's tragedy "Elfrida." From the rocks the tourist can find a winding path to New Bridge, near which the *Devon Great Consols* copper and arsenic mine may be seen. From New Bridge the highroad leads straight into Tavistock.

A walk down the **Tavy Valley** will bring us towards *Buckland Abbey* and scenes already touched on. At least one might go as far as its confluence with the *Walkham* near *The Virtuous Lady* mine (p. 133). The way is by a road turning off almost opposite the cemetery above Tavistock, up to *Rixhill*, and the avenue near *Walreddon*, a quaint building of Edward VI.'s reign, embosomed in woods, then by a rough track over West Down. The return might be made by turning up the *Walkham Valley* to take the road by *Grenofen Bridge*, a round of some 7 miles ; or it would not be so far to make over Roborough Down for *Horrabridge Station* (p. 133).

Up the Tavy, also, a fine walk may be taken for an hour or two, and continued the whole day, if one is tempted on. In an hour we can reach **Peter Tavy**, behind which a fine *Combe* will lead us on to the moor ; then a little farther lies **Mary Tavy** on the other side, where are a famous lichened rock and a rude rustic bridge, the *Clam*, to be admired. Beyond are *Cudlipp Town* and *Hill Bridge*, and other scenes of Mr. Baring-Gould's novel, "Urith." Up a romantic defile known as the **Tavy Cleave**, where the river tears down its bed of granite boulders, one might make one's way to its head near **Fur Tor** (2000 feet), rising among morasses almost impassable in wet seasons. From Fur Tor the enterprising tourist, if favoured by the weather, might follow the tors in a line with the West Dart to *Two Bridges*, on the Moreton Hampstead road, 8 miles from Tavistock. A less heroic achievement, making a

round of some 10 miles, would be to cross the river and the railway to *Mary Tavy*, for *Brent Tor*, and return to Tavistock by the road over high ground on the other side.

Brent Tor (1000 feet) is 4 miles from Tavistock by the high-road just mentioned. This conical peak stands sharply out, conspicuous upon all sides by the little church on its summit, serving as a sea-mark from Plymouth Sound 20 miles off, and its position as a solitary outlying point of Dartmoor gives it a magnificent view. It is often visited by taking train to the L. & S.-W. *Brent Tor* station, a mile or so beyond. Just before reaching this station the church comes into view; then any one used to finding his way across country will have little difficulty in reaching the top once he has got over the G. W. R. line. The simplest, and perhaps in the end the shortest, way is to go up from the railway bridge through the village of *North Brent*, holding on upwards to the high road between Tavistock and Lydford, which passes under the brow of the Tor. An easy half-hour brings us thus to a small inn, where the key of the church can be had. A little way beyond, a gate and stile will be seen giving access to the turfy steeps, over which stands the little Early English Church that has held its own so sturdily against many a storm. The view from the tiny churchyard, unless spoiled by wet or haze, takes in the Tors of Dartmoor, and on the other side the Cornish heights of Brown Willy and Row Tor. Brent Tor is apparently an extinct volcano, deriving its name from its scarred head, or else from the beacon fires that may well have flamed on this far-seen crest. The 4 miles of highroad hence to Tavistock make pleasant walking, mostly downhill.

North-eastwards the road to Launceston by *Lamerton*, turning off at *Milton Abbot*, takes us to the beautiful grounds of **Endsleigh Cottage** (6 m.) on the Tamar and the border of the county. This is a "cottage of nobility," one of the seats of the Duke of Bedford; and permission to visit the park, with its *Swiss Cottage*, its *Terrace* view, and its woodland paths by the winding Tamar, must be obtained through his Estate Office at Tavistock, a limited number of tickets being granted on each day. Above, near *Dunterton*, there is a waterfall; and from *Greystone Bridge*, higher up, the unwearied pedestrian may make for Launceston by the Cornish *Carthamartha Rocks*, — wildly picturesque masses of limestone. From Endsleigh to Launceston is 9 miles by road, but much farther if one keep near the bold bends of the river.

The visitor might well wish to make a short excursion into Dartmoor, rising so close at hand. This he can do by taking the Moreton Hampstead highroad across the moor, which in 8 miles will carry him to Princetown (p. 146) by **Merrivale Bridge** (5 miles) on the Walkham river, much visited for the sake of its



BREN TOR, DARTMOOR.

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antiquities. This road at once begins to ascend, leaving on the left *Mount Tavy*, a modern mansion on the river-bank, in the shadow of *Rowden Wood*. As we climb the hill there is a fine retrospect over the valley in which Tavistock lies, and across the Tamar to the Cornish heights, where a lofty engine-stalk surmounting *Kit Hill* makes one of the most conspicuous landmarks in the south-west of England. North of Tavistock the isolated peak of *Brent Tor* is almost equally conspicuous. In less than 3 miles the moorland part of the road commences, and we come to close quarters with the first of the numerous tors which are the chief features of the rest of our journey. On the left, as we descend to *Merrivale Bridge* (Inn), are the **Staple Tors**, beyond which come the *Great and Little Mis Tors*; and on the right stands **Vixen Tor**, resembling the Egyptian Sphinx.

[**Great Mis Tor** (1760 feet), dominating the group of heights here, nearly two miles away to the north, may be ascended without much difficulty when not wrapped in cloud. On the top is a natural rock-basin, called *Mis Tor Pan*, about 10 feet in circumference, which has been supposed to be the work of the Druids, to whom everything prehistoric is readily attributed, when we know so little about them. From another agent to whom superstitious country folk are apt to credit anything mysterious, it gets the nickname of the *Devil's Frying Pan*; but it is apparently natural. At the top of Vixen Tor are three similar basins, and they occur frequently on other parts of the moor.]

A little way beyond **Merrivale Bridge**, near the right hand of the road (turn off at a C. T. C. danger board), will be found the remarkable antiquities which have given rise to so much speculation among learned and unlearned. The chief feature of them is two avenues of uncut stones, irregular in height and shape, placed about 2 feet apart, for a distance on one side of 780 feet, and on the other of nearly 600 feet. There are also stone circles, traces of hut dwellings, the ruins of two cairns and a cromlech, and a little to the south the tallest menhir (13 feet) on Dartmoor. These remains, which have suffered much from the carelessness of the moor people in the past, are also ascribed to the Druids without any particular reason. Some antiquarians look on them as relics of ancient serpent worship, or as monuments in memory of a great battle, the same explanations as are applied to the much larger groups of stones dotting the country for miles near Karnac in Brittany.

The turning (right) for *Princetown* comes $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile beyond Merrivale Bridge, the main road going on by *Two Bridges* (p. 149) to *Moreton Hampstead* (p. 160), 22 miles from Tavistock.

There is a footway from Tavistock station (G. W. R.) across *Whitchurch Down*, that, if one did not lose it, would lead into the road near Merrivale Bridge; and we have already recommended the rough walk by the course of the *Walkham* to its junction

with the *Tavy*, or to the road through Horrabridge to Tavistock, which would make a round of a long half-day's walking (p. 133).

Lastly, the road by St. Mary Tavy (3 m.) might be continued to *Lydford* (7 m.) and *Bridestowe* (10 m.), or all the way to *Okehampton* (16 m.) along the slopes of Dartmoor, much marked at first by mine shafts, but giving fine views towards the tors and over the course we are about to follow by rail.

From **Tavistock to Lydford**, the rival railways run closely, if not lovingly, together, presently crossing each other, so as to take changed sides in their course up the moorlands. The handsome building seen below the L. & S.-W. line just out of Tavistock is the *Kelly College*, primarily intended for the sons of naval officers. The G. W. R. has a station at *Mary Tavy*; the L. & S.-W. R. at *Brent Tor*. Their Lydford stations are at the beginning of the long village which struggles over a couple of miles (p. 170). Lydford is one of the Plymouth excursion points; but for its attractions we must refer the reader to our survey of Dartmoor. From these outskirts we have been drawn so far on to the moor itself, that it is time to take a general view of this remarkable region after pointing out one route in the other direction.

Lydford to Launceston $12\frac{1}{2}$ m.—Through beautiful but not much explored country, the G. W. R. runs direct to *Launceston*, passing at first high above the Lyd, with fine views of the river and its richly-wooded valley, which it crosses several times. It has stations at *Coryton* and *Lifton*, and at the latter enters Cornwall, where we hand over the tourist to our guide of that ilk.

The road is a little longer, bending to the north of the river by *Coryton*; and we fancy that cyclists who think chiefly of pace prefer to begin with a slight detour, striking northwards into the Exeter-Launceston high-road at *Comebow*, whence it is 10 miles to Launceston. From Plymouth the direct road to Launceston (24 miles) goes on the Cornish side of the Tamar, by *Saltash* and *Callington*.

DARTMOOR

THIS "monstrous lump of granite, covered with a peaty soil," which measures roughly 20 miles across each way, or a little more at its widest, is the highest tableland in the south of England, more than one of its eminences rising to the height of 2000 feet. It has thus a climate very much more bracing than that of the Devonshire coast or lowlands, a welcome restorative to fagged holiday-makers who seek the medicine of keen, pure air. Its climate cannot, indeed, be called genial: rain and mist abound, sometimes both at once, and the winds up here make a sharp change from the languors of Torquay or Plymouth. Perhaps youth and health are needed fully to enjoy a stay on Dartmoor; and it takes a clear Wordsworthian eye to admire at first sight its austere beauties, by which some come to be strongly fascinated, while others disparage them as bare and featureless in comparison with Scotch or Welsh mountain scenery. Not a few strangers who get only a bleak glimpse of Dartmoor on a wet day, will be inclined to agree with old Camden in his belittling account of it as "certain dirty and mountainous places."

Dartmoor, though without woodlands or deer, is legally a "forest," and for the most part a domain of the Duchy of Cornwall, its borders being common land of the neighbouring parishes. The modern sense of *forest* will convey no true idea of this naked, undulating moorland, dappled with heather and patches of bog, seamed with ridges and ravines, no trees to be seen for miles, no building unless, perhaps, the shaft of some abandoned mine, nor any other striking landmark but heaps of granite boulders crowning the

frequent *tors* into which it swells, with telegraph posts or Ordnance Survey poles standing out against the horizon, here and there, as the sole signs of this being a civilised country. You might go half a day here without meeting a human being, only herds of long-tailed ponies running wild as the wind that sweeps over their poor pasture, and sheep scurrying away like deer as you pass, and red cattle looking up to stare at you stupidly, as if they did not know what to make of a stranger in those out-of-the-way parts. Even in fine weather unfortunate tourists sometimes lose themselves if they have been tempted to leave the rare beaten tracks; and mist and snow make the passage of the lonely moor a dangerous enterprise when the only guide may be the course of streams that ooze from every black fissure in the peat, trickling down the hollows till they have gathered strength to cut their way deep through rocky chines and gorges. As we approach its edges we come upon scattered farms and turf roads winding down to where this wilderness is found fringed with the most lovely bits of broken ground, richly-wooded glens, bushy slopes, and fern-clad water-courses, in which the moor loses itself among the fields and villages of lowland Devon. And if one be not much taken by its upper stretches, which do not at once commend themselves fully to every eye, no lover of the picturesque can refuse his hearty admiration to the charms found on the borderland of Dartmoor, especially along the rapid rivers rising in its peaty bosom.

Yet even among the wilds, that at first sight seem most desolate, there are beauties to be searched for, as well as those that, displayed about the rough skirts of the moor, force themselves more upon our attention. Striking features are *Hay Tor*, with its huge mass of tumbled rocks (p. 157); the green valley of *Widdecombe*, with its great Church (p. 158); *Wistman's Wood*, a small group of stunted, weather-beaten oaks curiously interspersed among granite boulders (p. 149); *Dartmeet*, where the East and West Dart join amid most lovely surroundings (p. 153); the Cyclopean bridge at *Post Bridge* (p. 151); the beautiful course of the *Cowsic River*, half lost among rocks and fern (p. 150); *Great Mis Tor*, and

the antiquities below it, which we have already visited from Tavistock (p. 139); *Tavy Cleave*, in the same neighbourhood (p. 137); but, indeed, in our limits it is impossible to enumerate all the natural attractions of this region, or to dwell upon the hut circles, stone monuments, cairns, and old crosses by which it is so much studded.

As for the *Tors*, there are between one and two hundred of them, for the most part looking rather like each other, though to an observant eye the shifting shadows of clouds cast a constant diversity of smiles and frowns over their bare faces. A feature they have in common, is being topped by masses of rock, so broken and shaped by the action of the elements, that it is often difficult to reject the explanation of human agency; while the slopes, too, are in many parts strewn with huge blocks or slabs, locally known as "clatters." *Yes Tor*, near Okehampton, is usually called the highest point (2030 feet) of Dartmoor, but the impartial records of the Ordnance Survey give this honour to *High Willhays*, rising above it, to the south, by 10 feet or so (p. 170).

The most renowned is perhaps *Crockern Tor* (p. 149), a little north of Two Bridges and of the main road from Tavistock to Moreton Hampstead, which formed the mid-stage of the highway from Plymouth to Exeter. Here, from time immemorial, up to the middle of the last century, were held the Stannary Parliaments, county councils of the period, an assembly of delegates from the Stannary towns, Tavistock, Plympton, Ashburton, and Chagford, whose office it was to settle all questions connected with the mining industries of the neighbourhood, especially that of tin, as the name Stannary denotes. The Dartmoor mines, we notice from frequent tokens, were formerly more prosperous, but at present only one is working.

North of Crockern Tor is *Cut Hill*, beyond which *Cranmere Pool* (p. 150) may be taken as the central point of the moor, not indeed in respect of distances, but since in the morasses round it most of the Dartmoor streams have their source; or, it might be said, the chief rivers of Devon, with exception of the Exe, the Otter, the Axe, and the Torridge. Northwards, the mountain-torrent of the *Taw*

forms the brimming river which enters the sea at Barnstaple. The *East* and *West Okement* are the chief feeders of the Torridge. Southwards, the streams pursue independent courses throughout. The largest, and perhaps the most beautiful, are the *Dart*, the *Teign*, and the *Tavy*; but the *Erme*, the *Avon*, the *Yealm*, and the *Plym* have all their special charms and faithful admirers. A feature of the moor is the "Cyclopean" bridges, which have spanned the upper waters with blocks of granite so huge as to suggest superhuman agency. Unless when in spate, the streams can usually be forded or crossed by stones. The bogs about their course make a more serious obstacle, so that the best way to follow them is often on their enclosing ridges.

As anglers make such a large part of Dartmoor's visitors, a few remarks for their benefit may not be out of place.

The lower part of the chief streams are, as a rule, in the hands of associations, tickets to be had from their officials, or at the hotels. The upper waters, on the moor itself, lie mostly within the domain of the Duchy of Cornwall, where permission should be obtained from the bailiff at Tor Royal, as also for shooting. The Prison Estate about Princetown, however, is preserved for the officials; and it is ill trespassing on bounds vigilantly guarded by armed men. Streams on the moor, and not within the Duchy limits, we understand to be free.

The season begins 1st March. In its early part, the best time may be the warmer mid-day hours; but when genial weather has fairly set in, the mornings and evenings will prove more fortunate. Fishing up-stream, if the wind allow, is to be recommended in clear ripples; but in brown peaty streams this does not so much matter. At the head of pools, with an up-stream wind, or at the "stickle" running out of them, is apt to be a likely place. Fishermen will look out for the bogs, the most dangerous of which, marked usually by their light green colour, are often high up on the course of impeded streams. In stretches of bog the edge of the stream is often the driest place. Another impediment sometimes will be the granite rocks coming steeply down to the edge, as above Tavy Cleave, so that one can hardly find footing. Short rods are advisable. Waders come in useful on the larger streams.

No great variety of flies is needed, small and dark being the general rule. From beginning to end of the season one may do well enough with blue uprights, March brown, alder and red palmer. There are those who make havoc with artificial minnows; and beetles or grasshoppers as well as worms prove a deadly bait in skilful hands that condescend to such. The fish run small; a

quarter pound is a big trout on the upper waters, and half-a-dozen to the pound would be a fair average. In the lower rivers bigger fish can, of course, be taken. A peculiar black-tailed trout is said to be found in a pool under the waterfalls in Lydford Gorge.

Otter-hunting affords excellent sport in some of these waters.

A drawback to Dartmoor, as a holiday resort, is the want of accommodations and shops, which must be sought rather in the towns lying round its edge. *Princetown* alone stands on the moor itself, at the eastern end. *Moreton Hampstead*, lying below its western edge, makes a base of approach in that direction. The road between them forms one principal highway, which at *Two Bridges* branches off east and west, this being the intersection point of a St. Andrew's cross of roads, from Yelverton through Princetown to Moreton Hampstead, and from Tavistock to Ashburton. Other ways over the centre are for the most part mere tracks, which we recommend to be followed with care, special heed being given to the perilous patches of bog that might swallow up an unwary traveller, horse and man, and to the mists that bewilder even experienced natives. In our limits we can do little more than trace plain ways; and if we do suggest divagations here and there we would impress upon our readers the need of caution. It is not wise to venture upon these wilds without some practice in taking care of one's self in hill country; and we cannot afford to supply the doubtful assistance of minute clues which, once lost, would leave an amateur astray among unfamiliar dangers. Local guidance is advisable for excursions off beaten tracks; while the stranger staying for a little in any neighbourhood will soon become acquainted with its leading landmarks. A good companion is the Ordnance Map of the region (*Double Sheet*, 324-338) which can now be had in a case for 1s. 6d.

As a rule, in the following section the use of small print will show where we are off the roads. These, so far as they serve us, will be found well supplied with guide-posts. Except on some stretches, they are rather trying to cyclists, who must remember that Dartmoor was not laid out for their pastime. The pedestrian has the best of it here. The moor, however, is traversed in summer by several

systems of coach excursions in connection with railways, the chief points of departure being *Tavistock*, *Moreton Hampstead*, *Bovey Tracey*, and *Newton Abbot*. For these see the time-tables of the G. W. R.

Railway branches mount up to *Princetown*, *Moreton Hampstead* (p. 160), and *Ashburton* (p. 154). Other towns lying round the edge of the moor are *Ivy Bridge* (p. 98), *Lydford* (p. 171), *Okehampton* (p. 168), *Chagford* (p. 164), and *Tavistock* (p. 134).

PRINCETOWN

Hotels: *Duchy* (with *Duchy Boarding House* in connection), *Feathers*, etc.

The capital of the moor, as it might be called, is 15 miles from Plymouth, the bare slopes about it being visible from the Hoe. The way out is by the Tavistock road, which after a long, high stretch over Roborough Down is left (to the right) near *Yelverton* station (p. 132), where the G. W. R. branch goes off. Road and rail come together at *Dousland*, whence the former runs on as straight as it can, mounting 5 miles of bleak moors; but the railway is nearly twice as long, winding upwards in the manner of a miniature St. Gothard line, so as to give wide views in all directions. Passing the Burrator Reservoir (p. 132), it sweeps round first to the right, then to the left, by *King Tor*, before tumbling out its passengers just outside of Princetown. Even if one were going straight back again to Plymouth, this short journey is worth taking for the sake of its glimpse over Dartmoor.

Princetown—though Buxton claims to look down on it as not a market town—is the highest town in England (1400 feet), and our first emotion on reaching it may be a shiver, even if not found shrouded in mist or rain. In spite of an abnormal number of wet days, however, it is a very healthy height, and the railway has helped it to come forward as a small sanatorium. New, bleak, and dreary is the first aspect of a place that would be no more than a village but for the huge prison dominating it, whose unwilling inmates and their attendants make the bulk of the population.

DARTMOOR DISTRICT



Dartmoor Prison.—This building, instead of any harsh inscription forbidding hope to those who pass its gates, bears as its motto Virgil's *Parcere subjectis*. Originally used as a dépôt for French prisoners of war, who found the neighbourhood a Siberian change from the sunny banks of Loire or Rhone, also for American sailors in 1813, it was in 1850 adapted as one of our chief convict establishments. The prisoners are employed on a farm, or in the great quarries adjacent, but sometimes have to be kept idle for days or weeks lest they should attempt escape in the prevailing fogs. Such attempts are almost hopeless of eventual success, so vigilant is the guard kept; but occasionally of late years a convict has been taken after getting off to the lowland country. The harmless stranger, prowling about these precincts, may be startled to encounter armed men lurking on the look-out, who are not bandits, but warders; and stern notices against trespassing, so superfluous on most parts of Dartmoor, remind us that here we must be on our good behaviour.

For honest citizens there is no admission to the prison except on business, or with an order from the Home Office.

The only other public building is the Church, literally a chapel-of-ease, since the parish church at Lydford is more than a dozen miles off. This, originally constructed by French prisoners in the great war, has lately been restored and embellished.

The main interest of Princetown to strangers is as affording good quarters for exploration of the moor. Several well-known points lie close at hand. **North Hessary Tor** (1600 feet) gives a grand view above the prison. This is on the west side of the road to Tavistock, a short mile north of the station; then rather farther south of the village, reached by a track from the Duchy Hotel, is *South Hessary Tor* (1475 feet). About a mile west of the latter, to the south of the Yelverton road, rises **Harter Tor**, on whose south side is a mysterious grouping of stones and hut circles.

The **Tavistock Road** ($7\frac{1}{2}$ miles) goes between North Hessary Tor and the Prison, in about a mile striking into the highway from Two Bridges. Turning left for Tavistock, after a good mile, we have on the left of the road the *Merri-vale Antiquities* (p. 139). To the north of the junction of roads rise *Little and Great Mis Tor* (p. 139), on the east side of which flows the *Blackabrook*. About a mile above its crossing of the road to Two Bridges will be found *Fitz's*

Well, its cover inscribed with the date 1568. This is connected with some legendary memory of Sir John Fitz of Fitzford, who appears as a water finder of his period, for wells bearing his name are found also at Tavistock and Okehampton.

At the end of Princetown, as we go out on the main road eastwards, a lane turns off right to **Tor Royal**, a short mile away, residence of the Bailiff of the Duchy, which seems a little oasis of green in the wastes around. The height sometimes called *Tor Royal* is **South Hessary Tor** (see above) on maps, locally known as *Look-out Tor*, which lies a little to the south. A mile to the east another height, *Royal Hill* (1333 feet), is surrounded by kistvaens. One such monument, two miles to the south of this, over the Swincombe River, was renowned as **Childe's Tomb**, where a cross, now destroyed, kept the legendary memory of Amyas Childe the Hunter, whose perishing in the snow is told in Mr. Baring Gould's "Songs of the West."

A track due south from Tor Royal House leads, in two miles, to the **Nun's Cross**, *alias Siward's Cross*, one of a line of crosses that once marked the **Abbots' Way** running between the Abbeys of Tavistock and Buckfastleigh, still in parts to be traced as a green path. Here, turning westward, in a couple of miles, we should strike lanes leading down to the Meavy valley. The Leat, formed to supply Devonport with water, leads us in this direction to **Classenwell Pool**, the only tarn to be called a lake on Dartmoor, of course declared to be bottomless, in point of fact deep enough to drown one, but its reputation has been overwhelmed by the *Burrator Reservoir* (p. 132), two miles farther on. As we have experienced more than once, the pool is difficult to hit upon.

North eastward from the Nun's Cross, one might make towards the water wheels of deserted tin works for a cautious survey of **Fox Tor Mire**, celebrated as the worst among Dartmoor morasses.

From *Nun's Cross*, also, adventurous tourists hold on for a tramp of 12 miles or so to *Ivybridge* (p. 98), by the heads of the *Plym* and the *Erme*, passing **Three Barrows** and **Sharpitor**, at the foot of which latter will be found a patch of wood, a greater rarity on Dartmoor than the name *Sharp Tor*, which belongs to several eminences. As to this route, we relieve our conscience by saying, that though drier and clearer than some Dartmoor tracks, it is not to be undertaken unless by those who can steer their way across country with the aid of map and compass. Some 2 miles below the Erme Head is reached the stone circle called **Erme Pound**, whence a track keeps south above the left bank to *Harford* (p. 99).

PRINCETOWN TO MORETON HAMPSTEAD AND
ASHBURTON (each about 14 miles)

With Tor Royal to its right, and the wall of the prison enclosure making a cheerless prospect on its left, the high road crossing the Blackabrook runs bleakly on for a mile to its junction with the road from Tavistock; then a little farther reaches in a cultivated hollow a group of buildings, of which the principal is the *Saracen's Head Inn*. This is **Two Bridges**, the meeting-point of the four Dartmoor roads from *Princetown*, *Tavistock*, *Moreton Hampstead*, and *Ashburton*. Here, too, unite the Cowsic and the West Dart rivers, so that the inn makes a good centre for anglers and explorers who may be lucky enough to find accommodation at it in the season.

Up the Dart, on its left side, are **Crockern Tor**, by no means prominent in proportion to its historical importance, and beyond it *Wistman's Wood*, to which the pedestrian will no doubt turn a mile or two aside. It may be reached by the farm road to the left, just beyond the bridge leading out on the moor, where the wood will be seen nestling in the hollow of the river; or for Crockern Tor above, we may gain the moor through a patch of wind-blown trees enclosing a ruined cottage, about half a mile farther on the Moreton road. North of Crockern extends a line of tors, the highest of which, **Higher White Tor** (over 1700 feet), is gained in 2 miles. Between this line and the river lies the wood.

Wistman's Wood probably takes its name from *whisht*, a Devonshire synonym for "uncanny." It is a group of stunted and gnarled oaks, mixed with ferns and mountain ash, rooted among mossy boulders which make rough scrambling. There are said to be some five hundred of these trees, many of them several centuries old, but none more than 10 or 12 feet high. One tradition gives them as planted in the 13th century by Isabella de Fortibus, Countess of Devon; but this weird wood appears to be still older. It is naturally connected with the Druids, and another derivation finds its name in their synonym, "The Wise Men." Both stones and trees answer doubly to ancient ideas of a sacred place, and few superstitious natives would care to find themselves here in the dark. It is haunted by adders, which make a real danger; one should be careful in picking one's steps among the boulders and their choked-up interstices. While this weather-worn wood seems almost as ancient as the stone monuments around it, the greenery in the adjacent *Cowsic* glen has been carefully nursed into beauty within the last century.

The **Cowsic Glen** runs about a mile to the west, separated from Wistman's Wood by the ridge of **Beardown**. Near the confluence the stream is spanned by a little clapper bridge. Hence its wooded course may be followed for 3 or 4 miles, up to its source, between *Devil's Tor* on the east and *Maiden Hill* on the west, both at least 1750 feet. To the south of the latter are Hut Circles, and a trace of the old *Lyke Way* running westward to Lydford (p. 171), in a mile or so coming down upon the head-waters of the Walkham (pp. 133, 139), which flows from a height some miles north-west of Cowsic Head.

Two Bridges to Cranmere Pool.—If a bold adventurer be bent on gaining the heart of the moor, Cranmere Pool lies 7 miles due north, along a ridge of tors between the waters of the Walkham and those of the two Darts. The farm track crossing the Cowsic from a little way back on the Tavistock Road, puts us at once on to this line, where the course of this stream is a guide for some 3 miles. Beyond, bounding the prospect northward, should be seen a hog's-back ridge, crowned by a triangular mound. This is **Cut Hill** (nearly 2000 feet) 5 miles north of Two Bridges. To reach it one must keep as much as possible along the ridge. The cairn is surmounted by an Ordnance pole, from which a wide but monotonous view opens up in front. Northwards is *Yes Tor* (p. 170), hardly distinguishable from its fellows, and nearer at hand the valley of the Tavy rapidly deepens. *Cawsand Beacon* (p. 167), a long whale-backed ridge, is a little east of north.

Beyond Cut Hill comes the most trying part of Dartmoor, the region of **Cranmere Pool**, which has a mysterious reputation, founded mainly on the difficulty of reaching it. It is believed to have grown drier in recent times, but after heavy rains may be more formidable. The search after it might almost have suggested to Browning Childe Roland's coming to the Dark Tower, on the way to which so many knights were wildered among—

“Now blotches rankling, coloured grey and grim,
Now patches where some leanness of the soil's,
Broke into moss, or substances like boils.”

If it be found, there is usually nothing to see but “a slight depression in a soil of inky blackness, bounded on every side by morass, and having on the western side a narrow strip of water, nowhere attaining a foot in depth, and which in hot weather disappears in the bog. By its margin stands a low cairn of white stones, erected by Perrot, the well-known Chagford guide; within it will be found a canister containing the names of the adventurous few who have succeeded in discovering this melancholy hollow” (Page's *Dartmoor*). This is the “Cranmere Post Office,” where those who may achieve the exploit have the satisfaction of leaving their cards on the *genius loci*, rather a disreputable spirit

indeed, "Bingie" by name, an ex-mayor of Okehampton, who, for misdoings in the flesh, is doomed to bale out the pool with a sieve, or with a holed thimble, a legend like that of the Cornish Tregeagle. The depression, it must be remembered, is at a greater altitude than many of the prominent tors. From the waste of oozy and fissured bog around issue all the bright waters which carve the edges of Dartmoor into such loveliness. Cranmere Pool, in its small way, is here what the Tibetan tablelands are to Asia.

It need hardly be said that this is no trip for every pedestrian. When he has haply come safe to Cranmere Pool, he may be glad to turn back again. But if bent on further adventures, he may hold on about as far, still in the same direction, to *Okehampton* (p. 168), guided by the streams, which now flow northwards, the East Okement straight ahead, the Taw a little to the east. *Dart Head* lies in a depression some half mile south-east of Cranmere Pool; thence the East Dart takes him southward to the high road at *Post Bridge* (see below). The waters flowing eastward run to the North and South Teign, which unite a little way above *Chagford* (p. 164). As the crow flies, Cranmere Pool lies 6 or 7 miles from each of these points, as also from the western edge of the moor above *Lydford* (p. 170).

Two Bridges to Moreton Hampstead ($12\frac{1}{2}$ miles).—The road leads us on in 4 miles, over *Cherry Brook*, to **Post Bridge**; the lion of which is the most famous of the *Clapper Bridges*, which are features of Dartmoor. Close below the modern bridge over the *East Dart*, it is formed by four piers of granite supporting a roadway of huge stones, each 15 feet long. At Post Bridge we find a sight almost rarer on the moor, something like a village, with two chapels and a Temperance Inn, where one might halt to make divagations.

Near at hand, on the left, is **Lake Head Pound**, the traces of a fortified camp. In the same direction, 3 miles up the *Long Ridge*, we come to the **Grey Wethers**, two incomplete stone circles, so called from their resemblance to a flock of sheep, lying at the base of **Sittaford Tor** to the west (1764 feet), easily ascended by those who would try to rock the logan-stone at its summit. From the Grey Wethers one might track a stream for a couple of miles north-east to the **Fernworthy Circle**, another of the broken "Roundy-poundies" of Dartmoor, where there is a small clapper bridge. Thence, by lanes eastwards in about 4 miles, could be reached *Chagford* (p. 164).

Post Bridge is believed to have been a crossing-place of the ancient track-way across Dartmoor. A well-greaved explorer might try to trace this westwards between the two Darts, or on

the other side a little north of east in 3 or 4 miles to *Grimspound* (see below).

From Post Bridge, the road ascends **Merripit Hill**, where a by-way, right, would lead across to *Ashburton* by the Buckland region (p. 158) in some dozen crooked miles. The top of the hill (1474 feet) is to the left of the main road, which in 3 miles reaches a small inn known as the *Warren House*, from the large rabbit-warren near it.

At an ancient stone cross on the right, marked W. B., *i.e.* Warren Bounds, the tourist may make his way in 2 miles over the moor by a rugged path past *Vitifer Mine*, which was working not many years ago—to **Grimspound**, the largest and one of the most remarkable memorials of this kind on the moor, a circular stone camp with walls of great thickness, containing hut circles. It lies on the north-west of the long ridge called **Hameldown**, whose highest point, *Hameldown Tor*, overlooks Grimspound from the south. Along this ridge, 3 miles southwards, is reached *Widdecombe* (p. 158). The valley itself is many hundred feet above sea-level, but when seen from the surrounding heights presents a comparatively fertile appearance. Hence a lane leads back to the main highway, by which Grimspound is some 8 miles from Moreton Hampstead.

On the direct road, two miles or so beyond the Warren House, after obtaining a fine view to the north, we begin to descend to cultivation again. At *Bector Cross*—where a cross once stood, now removed—3 miles short of Moreton Hampstead, our road crosses that from Chagford to Ashburton, and brings us upon the more varied borders of the moorland, where still we are several hundred feet above the sea. Crossing the Bovey stream we come down to *Moreton Hampstead* (p. 160), before dealing with which let us turn to Ashburton.

Two Bridges to Ashburton (12 miles).—This road turns off to the right, continuing the Tavistock road in almost a straight line. On its south side the bends of the accompanying West Dart would keep one from wandering far. About a mile down, its *Blackabrook* tributary from the east leads back to the Princetown road, as 2 or 3 miles farther, the *Swincombe*, a good angling stream, flowing from the

south-west, would be a guide towards *Nun's Cross* (p. 148). Between them, nearly 2 miles out, the road crosses the *Cherry Brook* from the north, up which, in a couple of miles, one could strike to the Moreton Hampstead road, or might take into it a longer line a little farther east over **Bellever Tor** (1450) and other heights dotted with hut circles and kistvaens. Bellever (*alias* Bellaford) Tor is celebrated for a popular meet that signals the last day of hare-hunting, soon after Easter.

Less than a mile beyond Cherry Brook, south of Bellever Tor, the road brings us by **Dennabridge Pound**, where a curious stone structure is said to be the "Judge's Chair," brought from the meeting-place of the Stannary Parliament on Crockern Tor; and at *Dennabridge Farm*, not far off, a large slab is shown as the *Council Table*. The Pound itself, though originally perhaps a sacred circle, has been rebuilt in modern times and adapted to a practical purpose in the periodical "drifts," when the ponies and cattle are driven together from a whole quarter of the moor, that stray animals may be sorted out and restored to their owners, a ceremony graphically described in Mr. Baring-Gould's "Urith."

In less than 2 miles, the road, falling from a height of over 1000 feet, gives off branches, right and left, as a token that we are getting out of the wilds; and patches of cultivation show man struggling to gain ground against the reluctance of nature. That to the right, crossing the West Dart at **Hexworthy**, where old *Forest Inn* seems to be renovating itself, leads in about 5 miles to *Holne* (p. 159), and thus by a slight round to *Ashburton* or to *Buckfastleigh* (p. 155). The main road drops steeply down to **Dartmeet Bridge**, where at last we leave the vast moorland parish of Lydford.

The confluence of the East and West Dart here is one of the notable nooks of Dartmoor, though for want of wood it makes not such a fine scene as the famous Watersmeet above Lyninouth. Up the East Dart the pedestrian might turn a little way, if only for a bathe in one of its pools, or a climb to *Yar Tor* (1300 feet) on its left bank. If he held on up it for 3 or 4 miles, at the Cyclopean Bridge of *Bellever*, he would strike a road leading eastward to *Widdecombe* (p. 158), or in a couple of miles more the

stream would take him across the Moreton Hampstead road at *Post Bridge* (p. 151).

From Dartmeet to Ashburton is nearly 8 miles by *Poundsgate*, *New Bridge*, and *Holne Bridge*, a most beautiful route, where moorland and woodland mingle their contrasted charms. But as most visitors here have Ashburton as their starting-point, it seems best to transfer our centre to that town, and thence to trace the broken features of Dartmoor's eastern side, before coming round to Moreton Hampstead.

ASHBURTON

From **Plymouth or Exeter**.—Ashburton lies on the best road between these two places, 20 miles from the latter, over *Haldon Hill* and by *Chudleigh* (p. 50), 24 miles from the former by *Ivy Bridge* (p. 98), *South Brent* (p. 97), and *Buckfastleigh* (p. 155), coming round the south side of the moor, and rising, beyond Brent, to the height of some hundreds of feet above the South Hams, where it crosses more than one hill stream.

Between South Brent and Dean (see below) a straighter and higher loop passing by *Brent Hill* may be taken by pedestrians, who might also strike north up the Avon over Brent Moor, and from its headwaters turn east by the "Sandy Way" along Holne Ridge to *Holne* (p. 159), or some 3 miles above Brent track the Abbot's Way in the same direction to Buckfastleigh. Holne Moor they would find being cut up by a new Reservoir for Paignton.

Totnes to Ashburton is a road of 8 miles, mounting the valley of the Lower Dart, and keeping near the railway branch, which we may take as our main guide here. This road joins that from Plymouth near *Buckfastleigh* (see below) 2 miles out of Ashburton.

Rail to Ashburton.—The G. W. R. branch goes off at *Totnes*, passing, as shown in our Torquay section (p. 85), by *Hartington* and *Staverton*, about which will be seen several picturesque bridges and probably a few anglers mid-leg in the Dart, now a lowland river. The scenery of the valley is so pretty, that one is surprised, a few miles up it, to find a small manufacturing town lying among hills.

This is **Buckfastleigh** (*King's Arms*), a place of some 5000 people, busy in making serges and blankets, once famous for its rich Abbey, from which, as has been mentioned, a way ran across the moor to that of Tavistock. The wool industry is of old date here, seeming to have been carried on by the monks.

The Church, perched up on high, is attained by a flight of more than 100 steps. The well-worn legend runs that it was placed here out of the reach of the devil, who had a troublesome habit of undoing every night the work accomplished by the builders during the day. The building, which has the distinction of a spire, is Early English in style, but with later additions and alterations. In the churchyard stand several tombs of the black marble quarried here, and a small chantry covering the daisied graves of Admiral White and his wife.

A mile above the town, on a grassy slope which stretches down to the Dart, are the barn, some ancient walls, and an original tower and gateway of *Buckfastleigh Abbey*, a Cistercian house, refounded in 1137 by Ethelward de Pomeroy, on the site of an ancient Saxon Benedictine one. It was suppressed in 1538, and after passing through various hands eventually sank into decay. Out of its ruins were built a large factory and several of the village houses. In 1882 the site of the Abbey, with the ground immediately surrounding it, was purchased on behalf of a community of Benedictine monks, then recently expelled from France, by whom the modern structure has been taken down, the foundations of the old buildings being excavated; and the Abbey, like a phoenix restored from its ashes, is now the residence of a flourishing modern monastic community. The four-storied Tower, in the west angle, is one of the original buildings, known as the "Abbot's Tower."

Though Buckfastleigh be not a very attractive place in itself, there is some fine scenery about it.

Dean.—A mile or so south-west, on the Plymouth high road, comes *Dean Court*, an old seat of the Giles family. Herrick, the poet, was appointed to the vicarage by Charles I., and here he wrote the greater part of his *Hesperides*. He was not at first enchanted with his rude parishioners, but learnt to appreciate them better, and to take delight in their ancient customs, as his verses show. Driven out of his living by the Puritans, he returned at the Restoration to spend his last years in more peace and contentment, dying 1674. There is a handsome brass to his memory in the *Church*, nearly a mile south of Dean Court. To the west

is *Dean Burn*, a romantic glen, brightened by a stream which leaps over the crags in several shimmering waterfalls.

Two miles north-west of Buckfastleigh, on the west side of the Dart, is **Hembury Castle**, an oblong Danish entrenchment, finely overlooking the Dart, which almost circles it round to Holne.

Buckfastleigh is the nearest station for *Holne* (p. 159), by which one could make a short cut into the Two Bridges Road.

Beyond Buckfastleigh the line turns east from the Dart, following its little tributary the Yeo to Ashburton, on the edge of the moor.

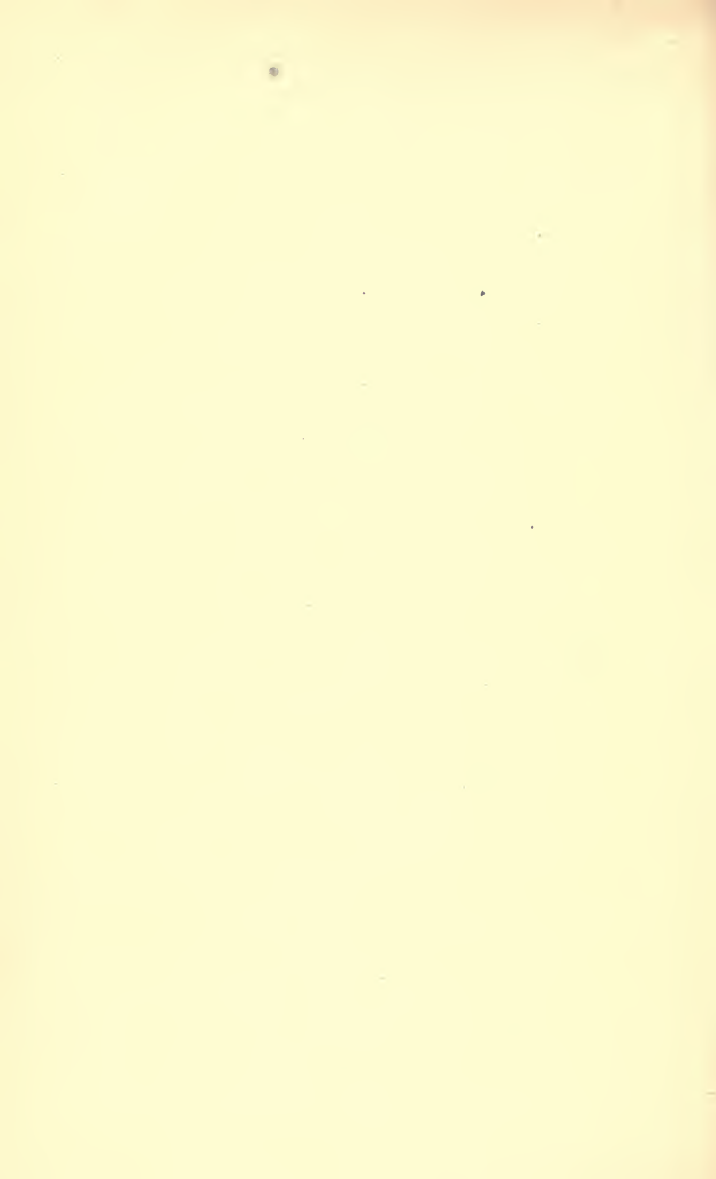
Ashburton (*Golden Lion, London, etc.*), an ancient borough, Stannary, and market-town, of 3000 inhabitants, once noted for its fulling-mills, now eclipsed in cloth making by Buckfastleigh, takes its name from the small river Yeo, anciently known as the *Ashburn*. It stands in a hollow, sheltered from cold winds, its four streets meeting at the "Bull Ring," to which bulls are no longer tied, but cyclists take it as a sign for baiting.

The Parish Church of St. Andrew, restored a few years back, is a fine Perpendicular building, with a Transition Norman porch. It contains a monument in memory of John Dunning, first Lord Ashburton, with an inscription by Dr. Johnson. The ancient Chapel of St. Lawrence, near the railway station, is now used as a Grammar School. Ashburton's most celebrated native was perhaps William Gifford, the first editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and its most stirring historical memory the marching through of Fairfax's army in 1646. Its great attraction to strangers is the neighbourhood of the finest river scenery of the Dart, bordered by Dartmoor heights, through which pleasure drives are organised in summer. Mr. Anthony Trollope emphatically declared this to be the most beautiful corner of England.

No part of Dartmoor is more traversed by coaches than the rugged country lying between Ashburton and the railway branch from Newton Abbot to Moreton Hampstead. Here we will only mention the round of 10 miles or so to Bovey Tracey station, past *Buckland Beacon* (see below) and



HEY TOR, DARTMOOR.



by **Hay Tor**, nearly 1500 feet high, crowned by the largest mass of rocks on Dartmoor, its double head commanding a grand view southwards that takes in the towns of Torquay, Teignmouth, Chudleigh, Newton Abbot, and Totnes. The *Rock Inn* is an old halting-place ; now two hotels are about to be opened here (*Moorlands*, below the height, and *Hay Tor* at Ilsington, a mile or so towards Newton Abbot), so that this lofty corner of the moor aspires to the new fame of a health resort, and the road by it will be less than ever lonely in summer, when so many coaches ply on rounds that take in *Manaton* (p. 162), the *Becky Falls* (p. 162), *Widdecombe* (p. 158), the Dart Valley, etc. Between Buckland Beacon and Hay Tor is **Rippon Tor** (1564 feet), with its *Logan Stone*, 4 miles due north of Ashburton, the first stage of the straightest way being up the course of the Yeo.

Two miles west of the town, above the picturesque *Holne Bridge*, the Dart makes a long bend round the bold promontory of **Holne Chace**. The beautifully-wooded horse-shoe glen is occupied on both sides by private grounds, through which the defile winds round 4 miles from *Holne Bridge*, at the Ashburton end, to *New Bridge*, the road cutting across between these points being not half as long.

The **Buckland Drives**, on the left bank, are closed, we understand, except twice a week to driving parties. **Holne Chace** is open to carriages and pedestrians on Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Bank Holidays in the summer months. Both are, or used to be, shut to cyclists, and above all to those whose errand is fishing, here strictly preserved. In autumn, especially, the glorious tints of masses of mingled foliage so admirably displayed on the rocky heights through which the river curves its way, make such a spectacle as few landlords would keep altogether to themselves. On the Buckland side a crag bears the fame of the *Lover's Leap*, a sheer rock naturally suggesting the good old story so often told of such features. On the heights of Holne Chace, not far from Holne Bridge, might be found a curious camp of concealment, which commonly escapes the notice even of guide-books. It has a perfect fosse, 30 to 40 feet wide, with an *agger* inside ; and the south-west entrance is so constructed as to expose an assailant to missiles for more than 20 yards after entering the work.

Above the elbow of the river's bend is **Buckland-on-the-Moor**, about 4 miles from Ashburton by road, with **Buckland Beacon** (1260 feet) to ascend on the right of it for a grand view southwards over the richest reaches of the Dart. The little bridge which spans the trout stream in the middle of the village is picturesquely situated amidst woodland and park scenery, the ancient Church being entirely surrounded by trees. Below, on the west side, runs the Webburn, a lovely brook, down which one can gain the Dart in a short mile, then keeping up it about as far cross at New Bridge, 4 miles from Ashburton. Or, opposite Buckland, we might gain the rocks of **Luesdon**, and by the Church here cross over into the Two Bridges road.

The Webburn is formed by two branches, east and west, joining above Buckland. Up the former, or by winding road, 3 miles north, stands **Widdecombe Church**, known as the Cathedral of Dartmoor, a fine fane indeed for such a lonely situation, and much too large for its congregation. It is said to have been originally built by tin miners as a thank-offering in the 15th century.

The battlemented tower, which is its chief glory, will recall that of Magdalen College, Oxford. There are some brasses inside and fragments of a fine screen. Outside stands a venerable yew, and a row of ancient almshouses make up a good part of the village. The neighbourhood has a bad name for thunder-storms; a notorious one in 1638 seriously damaged the tower, as may still be seen, and as is recorded in some quaint lines by the village dominie, displayed on a board on the wall. Four of the congregation were killed and many injured by this catastrophe, which of course gave rise to grim legends of diabolic agency.

Widdecombe-in-the-Moors is the full style and pronunciation of this place, where we are well on Dartmoor. It has its "Old Inn," and in the vicinity is, or was, the "South Devon Sports" Hotel, with shooting and fishing for its guests. Another hotel proposed near Buckland has for the present come to nought.

From Widdecombe the pedestrian can hold on in various directions to spots elsewhere—by a side road westwards, which joins the Princetown-Moreton Hampstead road at *Merripit Hill* (p. 152); north by *Hameldown*, past *Grimspound* (p. 152), into the same road, and so to Moreton Hampstead by a round of nearly 20 miles in all from Ashburton; north-eastward to *Manaton* and *Lustleigh Cleave* above Lustleigh Station; or eastward to *Bovey Tracey* by *Hay Tor* (p. 161). Space forbids us to make

these by-ways plain ; but with a good map and good weather there should be no going astray.

On the other side of the Dart, strangers should know that **Holne** village, 2 miles from the bridge, was the birthplace of Charles Kingsley. It stands loftily on a ridge close to the moor, where a prominent landmark is the high clump of trees known as *Gallantry Bower*. *Buckfastleigh* (p. 155) is a little the nearest station by the devious lanes of this district. Holne's 13th-century Church contains a painted screen and old armorial pulpit worth seeing, as well as a memorial window to Kingsley ; and there is a venerable hollow yew in the churchyard. Close to it the *Church House* makes a cosy inn, frequented by anglers.

Holne is rather farther from the bridge of its name than from New Bridge, to which there is a beautiful walk down the wooded heights edging the Dart, up the course of which, also (on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays), the way through the woods is open to *Dartmeet* (p. 153). A road, keeping on the high ground, leads us on by *Hexworthy Bridge* over the West Dart, in about 5 miles striking the main road from Ashburton to Two Bridges. This junction takes place beyond Dartmeet, to which, however, from Holne we can bear to the right across the moor.

Ashburton to Two Bridges (12 m.).—This road is the backbone of the divagations we have been making about it. Beyond Holne Chace, at New Bridge, it begins to climb upon the moor proper, where a short cut may be made on foot across a bend to the right. The view backwards on the Dart and Holne ridge must by no means be forgotten. Higher up the ascent, on the left, goes off a turf way leading finely above the gorge of the river, and curving back into the road a mile or more on, beyond **Poundsgate**. This small hamlet has an unpretending hostelry, which we must make the best of, as it is the last we shall find on the way, though refreshments can be had at a house by Dartmeet. To the right stands *Luesdon Church* (p. 158) ; to the left rises a prominent tor, which might be ascended for its prospect into the Dart Valley, and a ramble on its west side would show several rock basins. Two miles

farther, the river is crossed at *Dartmeet* (p. 153), from which the rest of the way has been described.

MORETON HAMPSTEAD

The railway route to this moorland town makes a round from Plymouth, the branch going off at *Newton Abbot*, which comes into our Exeter Section (p. 62). Moreton is 12 miles from Exeter by road and about 29 from the centre of Plymouth by Princetown and Two Bridges, which is the shortest line.

Rail to Moreton Hampstead—From *Newton Abbot Junction* the branch line passes up the valley of the Teign, then that of its tributary the Bovey, shut in by wooded and heathy heights, that also fix the course of the road. As we go out beside the course of the canal, on a height to the left appears *Sampford Audley*, which was the home of Sir S. Baker, the traveller. The first station is **Teigngrace**, with its church spire, a distinction in this land of towers. To the left lies **Stover Park**, a demesne of the Duke of Somerset, containing a good-sized lake that makes the joy of skaters, when any skating can be had in Devonshire. Two miles farther comes **Heathfield Junction**, where the branch to Chudleigh (p. 50) goes off up the Teign, while that to Moreton Hampstead turns up the Bovey. By this station crosses the high road from Exeter, through Chudleigh, to *Ashburton* (p. 156).

Heathfield is remarkable for its thick bed of lignite clay and sand which formed the basin of a now dry lake, and embalms the remains of many plants indicating a sub-tropical climate, notably fragments of the sequoia pine now found only in California, while in the superimposed clay are traces of Arctic vegetation from a much colder period. Fine potter's clay is got here, turned to account in the *Bovey Tracey Potteries*, which will presently be seen beside the line, and may be visited from Bovey for a sight of the ornamental ware produced at them.

Bovey Tracey (Hotels: *Dolphin, Railway, Union*, etc.). This quiet town of some 2000 people is the best known

MORETON HAMPSTEAD DISTRICT



10

way station on the branch, since here in summer start two sets of circular coach excursions, varied daily, so arranged as to allow passengers from Exeter, Torquay, etc., to visit the best parts of the moor and return in the evening (for hours and routes, see bills and G. W. R. time-tables). But *Bovey*, as it is pronounced, lying on a green slope over the valley of its stream, within an hour's walk of wilder scenes, will be found well worth a visit on its own account. It has an historical interest in Cromwell's night surprise of Lord Wentworth at what seems such an out-of-the-way spot.

The station is close to the two chief hotels, by which comes in the main road from Newton Abbot (6 miles), passing the new Church, built by the Courtenay family, prettily placed among trees, and richly decorated with modern ecclesiastical art. At the hotels the road turns up to the town, where past a tall old cross, restored and re-erected here, one holds on, right, to the old Church, a Perpendicular one carefully restored, which replaced an earlier structure said to have been an expiatory offering of Sir William Tracey, one of Becket's murderers. It has a good screen and pulpit. Another old cross has been restored in front of it as a memorial to a former incumbent. Beyond are the grounds of the *Devon House of Mercy*, where good women try to reclaim their fallen sisters.

From the church there is a view over the valley, which may be extended by keeping farther on the road to Chudleigh, or mounting the lane just short of the church. This leads up to a height about 850 feet, from which we can look over into the Teign Valley. Two miles north here stands **Hennock**, whose church has a screen and old stained glass to show. Near it the **Bottor Rock** is a view-point often visited by those sound in lung and limb, for on driving parties here, able-bodied passengers are expected to do a good deal of walking. Half an hour's walk from Hennock brings one down to *Trusham* station (p. 51) on the Teign Valley line. *Shaptor Rock* is another point to be sought out a mile west of Hennock.

The chief excursions are on the Dartmoor side of the valley. Three or four miles westward rises one of the most famous points of this region, **Hay Tor** (p. 157), a main goal in most of the coach excursions. Hence a round of 10 miles takes one on below

Buckland Beacon (1260 feet), overlooking the rich scenery of the Dart, to *Ashburton*, terminus of the branch from Totnes (p. 154).

Lustleigh (Hotels : *Cleave*, *Temperance*) is the station 3 miles farther up, for which from the high road, a mile out of Bovey Tracey, one must turn down to the left for a bridge over the stream, that might also have been crossed at the station. From Lustleigh also, of late years, regular excursions have been run to Dartmoor in connection with the mid-day train. Its lion is the *Cleave*, a hollow in the heights that rise upon the course of the Bovey to the west of the village. The Church is an ancient one with some interesting remains, and a good screen, such as is a frequent feature of churches about Dartmoor.

Lustleigh Cleave may be reached in half an hour's walk from the station (but most pedestrians will take longer) by the path along the line, then between the two hotels to the open space before the Church, whence our goal is very visible ; here go down hill, taking the lane to the right beyond a smithy, and at once turning up by a Baptist chapel. A very Devonshire lane leads up through a farm to the wild glen, above which the ridge bristles with crags, boulders, and rocky piles, forming a scene that has been compared to the famous Lynton Valley of Rocks. Two logan-stones here are known as the *Nutcrackers*, by which a path runs on to *Horsham Steps*, where the stream almost vanishes among masses of granite. Across the glen will be seen the tower of **Manaton Church**, the centre of a picturesque hamlet (*inn*), some 3 miles from *Lustleigh*, if one could go straight to it, but a little more by the track over the north side of the glen and round by *Horsham Steps*. The wooded rocks of *Manaton Tor* behind should be climbed for the view, opposite which will be noticed the tall pile of granite rocks known as *Bowerman's Nose*, so like a human figure that it has been taken for a Druidical idol. Beyond the latter *Hound's Tor* is crowned by what seem ruined walls of rocks ; and thence to the south are seen the masses of *Hay Tor*.

A good mile south of Manaton a wooded ravine contains the much visited **Becky Falls**, a most picturesquely broken cascade, from which it is about 4 miles to the station at *Bovey Tracey*, and as far back to *Lustleigh*.

Over the heights east of Lustleigh, also, a fine walk may be taken to the course of the Beadon Brook, then on to the sheets of the Torquay Reservoirs, beyond which another hour would lead to *Ashton* station in the Teign Valley (p. 52).

From Lustleigh, between lofty green heights, the railway

climbs up to Moreton Hampstead, setting down its passengers below the old Church.

Moreton Hampstead (Hotels : *White Hart, White Horse*) is a little market town of some two to three thousand people, with *Morton* (Moortown) for its week-day name. It is prettily and airily situated on the east edge of the moor, among partly reclaimed heights. The road coming in from Exeter and from Newton Abbot enters by the Church, and a little beyond, at the central knot of ways (one coming up from the station, below), forks left for Two Bridges, right for Chagford and Okehampton.

The Church has no special interest beyond its conspicuous position and some tablets, one of which reminds us that this was the birthplace of George Bidder, the "calculating boy," who differed from other precocious arithmeticians in carrying his talent usefully into after life. On the east side of the church is a public park called the *Sentry*, i.e. "Sanctuary," in which by the churchyard wall stand the remains of an ancient cross, and a vigorous but venerable elm-tree, whose branches were formerly so trimmed and disposed as to support a platform for dancers. The musicians were perched up in the higher boughs, and the dancers ascended to their leaf-embowered *salon* by means of a ladder. This tree and the neighbourhood generally are renowned in Mr. Blackmore's *Christowell*. The arcade of the 17th-century Almshouse below the church is also noticeable.

The chief excursion to be taken from Moreton is by the coaches running over the moorland route traced above. There are many pleasant rambles around it in a half wild country of bold hill and dale.

The way on the north of the church goes up to **Mardon Down** (1170 feet), half an hour's walk, on which are a Hut Circle and the site of a "Giant's Grave." Over this one can descend into the Teign Valley, and by it in a few devious miles come down to the railway whose present terminus is at *Ashton* (from Newton Abbot), but which should soon be pushed on to Exeter (p. 52).

The by-road turning south, just beyond that coming up to the hotel from the station, leads in a couple of crooked miles to **North Bovey**, whose high perched church looks over the Bovey valley. Thence a few miles' walk takes us on southward to the charms of *Lustleigh Cleave, Manaton, the Becky Falls*, etc. (p. 162).

The road going out north-westward to **Chagford** has soon a branch on the right, where a post directs to *Dartmoor View*. This is the name of a lodging-house, but by this way the curious square guide-posts of the district would keep us from losing the road to *Drewsteignton*, which, down the steep descent of *Cranbrook Castle*, brings us over *Fingle Bridge* (see below), or one might turn left to Chagford from the height where it comes into view.

There are several ways to Chagford by the winding lanes that make the beauty of this country. The main road (5 miles) takes a bend by *Easton*, which the pedestrian may save by the straighter and rougher way going off left, at a white cottage, two miles out. This way reaches Chagford by the Church; the other comes in past the Teign Bridge and the Moor Park Hotel.

CHAGFORD.

Hotels : *Moor Park, Globe, Three Crowns, King's Arms, etc.*
Pensions : *Meldon Hall, Quarries, etc.*

This place—for the present disappointed of, or, as its warmest admirers might say, delivered from, a proposed railway branch—is reached by omnibus three times a day from *Moreton Hampstead Station* (G. W. R.), and by less frequent conveyances meeting certain L. & S.-W. R. trains (see time-tables) at the more distant stations of *Okehampton* and *Yeoford*. Loftily placed against a background of moor, surrounded by mingled charms of highland and lowland scenery, it stands high among the choice resorts of Devon, its chief attraction being the upper waters of the Teign, here a romantic stream, with grand gorges both above and below Chagford. This was the home of Mr. Perrott, the well-known Dartmoor guide, whose sons are still ready to accompany strangers into out-of-the-way nooks, and to supply them with advice and tackle for angling, which on the Upper Teign is free.

The Church is a stately 15th century one, with stained glass, brasses, and an Elizabethan monument. In the porch of the Three Crowns, close by, young Sydney Godolphin was killed in a hot fight of the Civil War, which raged up to this secluded spot. There are some other old buildings in the place, such as the Church House, now a school; but the thatched mill so often sketched no longer exists except on canvas.

Here we are in the midst, not only of fine scenery, but of traces from the pre-historic past which make Chagford a centre for the antiquarian as well as for artistic visitors.

Fingle Bridge, about 5 miles down the Teign, is the chief lion of the neighbourhood. For this cross the river by the bridge below Moor Park Hotel. On the wooded hill above the left side peeps out a Belvidere Tower, that may be reached from *Rushford Mill*, a little farther on, where also one can take the lower path by the river. On the road presently comes *Sandy Park*, with its inn and a way leading down to the bridge for *Easton*. The road goes on to *Drewsteignton* (see below), beyond which a turning, right, leads to the bridge; but the pedestrian has a choice of two paths near the river.

The gorge is best gained by holding on the road for about two miles, to where it turns away from the river over a level stretch, then at the next rise, just across a little stream, a path doubles back over rough land to a wicket gate. Thus one mounts to the *Hunter's Path* along the top of the gorge, on this side heather clad and crowned with firs, while the other is mantled with the copsewood of Whyddon Park. The lower path will be seen below. The windings of the river make a fine sight from the upper path, on which comes a reputed logan-stone. After following this for a mile one comes into sight of the lonely bridge, and can descend to the lower path, or keeping on above the wooded bank, and some little way up the side valley, may turn less abruptly down into the lane from *Drewsteignton*, which crosses the bridge.

This picturesque old bridge has not a dwelling in sight, buried as it is in the deep gorge of the Teign. Above, on the left bank, rises **Prestonbury**, and on the right **Cranbrook Castle**, both the sites of ancient camps, about 1000 feet high. Lower down, 2 miles, comes another height, called **Wooston Castle**. All these offer steep scrambles and fine views.

A rough path down the river, or road on the heights above, lead on in about half-a-dozen miles to the Teign Valley railway, the nearest village being *Dunsford*, about 5 miles from Fingle Bridge (p. 52).

Across the bridge, the way mounting south through the woods of Cranbrook Castle has a guide-post at the top showing how to turn left for *Dunsford*, right for *Moreton*

Hampstead, here about 3 miles off. On the latter way soon comes another post, where the right fork would take us by this side of the river back to Chagford, now in view against its background of moorland slope.

The lane northwards from the bridge leads up to the road we left, where a little nearer Chagford comes **Drewsteignton**, with its high perched Church and "Druid Inn."

Over 2 miles west of this, and rather farther north from Chagford, are *Bradmere Pool*, and near it the **Spinster's Rock**, notable as the only cromlech left standing in Devon, which indeed fell down, but was restored in 1862. This monument is close to Shilstone Farm, between the road leading west from Drewsteignton to *Whyddon Down*, and the high road from Moreton Hampstead that farther on converges with it.

Behind Chagford there are beautiful walks on to Dartmoor, which opens little more than a mile off, reached by approaches oddly named *Holy Street* and *Featherbed Lane*. On this side we go up the Teign, here dividing into north and south branches, near a perforated *tolmen* stone. Between them rises **Castor** (*alias* Kes Tor) (1433 feet), on the top of which is the largest Dartmoor rock basin, that has had to be railed in to prevent sheep from falling into it.

Beyond Castor can be traced for 2 miles one of the most remarkable groups of antiquities, remains of stone avenues stretching from *Fernworthy Circle* near the south branch (not far from the *Greywethers* which we visited on the way to Moreton Hampstead, p. 151) to **Scorhill Circle** on the North Teign, where some two dozen stones still stand to make the finest of such enclosures on the moor. This is usually spoken of as the *Gidleigh Group*, from its vicinity to the tiny village of **Gidleigh**, 2 m. from Chagford through the rugged and leafy gorge of the river. Here are a Church and the relics of a Norman Castle to be visited, as well as beautiful bits on the river. The Park, we understand, is closed to strangers, but from the *Puggie* or *Pixie* stone on the road to Gidleigh there is a view into its chasm of wild greenery. Lanes lead on hence northwards to the road for Okehampton; and if one would venture westward to *Cranmere Pool* (p. 150) it is about 9 miles off; but a guide is desirable.

To the south of Chagford, by **Meldon Hill** (1000 feet), a fairly straight way leads in 4 miles to the high road for Two Bridges, reached about 5 miles out of Moreton. But we cannot linger on all the truly Devonian lanes of this district, which is rather too much overshadowed by warnings to trespassers; so let us take our way onwards round the north-eastern corner of the moor.

Chagford to Okehampton (10 miles).—To the northern border town the road sweeps round cairn-crowned **Cawsand Beacon** (1799 feet), one of the points which used to claim the dignity of being monarch of Dartmoor. Here we are among scenery and relics famed in Mr. Baring-Gould's *John Herring*, and near the seat of the Oxenham family, commemorated in *Westward Ho!* This lies a mile off, north, near **South Tawton**, with its fine restored church, past which, by the Taw valley, a road goes off to the lowlands.

At the village of **South Zeal**, with its old *Oxenham Inn* and tall cross, a little to the right of our road, one has **Cawsand** (pronounced *Cosdon*) a good mile to the south. Those who wish to make their way over it might have taken a rougher road north from Gidleigh by the fine Church tower of **Throwleigh**, beyond which one can strike across the moor to Cawsand, here dotted by hut circles and old stones; a bright green patch of bog makes a danger signal on the south-east side. In fine weather the cairn commands a magnificent view over the rugged lowland country to the north, as on the heights of Dartmoor, and southward to the sea.

Beyond Cawsand is struck the Taw, crossing the high road at the picturesque village of **Sticklepath** (*Taw River Hotel*), well known to anglers, with its *Lady Well* and mysteriously inscribed stone, which marks the edge of the moor. This also makes a good point for the ascent of Cawsand, and beautiful rambles can be taken both up and down the river, and over heights scarred by the signs of former mining activity. The traveller on wheels now bears westward round the moorland edge (a little over 3 miles to Okehampton), but the free foot may turn aside for a more arduous course.

At least one should go a mile or two up **Belstone Cleave**, through which the Taw comes down to Sticklepath. Where it makes a

bold bend north, 2 miles north-west of Cawsand, above the left bank, stands **Belstone**, nearly 1000 feet high, a village with an ancient Church and a small Inn, more prosperous once through its abandoned mine. To the south of this stretches a line of tors dividing the Taw from the East Okement. On the west side of the ridge, a short mile south of Belstone, is the small circle called the **Nine Stones**, to which is attached that oft-repeated legend of maidens turned to stone for dancing on Sunday. Both history and arithmetic seem at fault here, for the stones number sixteen, and surely, when such legends grew up, going to a dissenting chapel would count as a more serious offence than Sunday dancing. Descending into the East Okement glen (p. 169) one might hence follow it down to Okehampton, the less adventurous course being to take lanes above from Belstone, or a short mile of road leading direct into the highway $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles out of Okehampton.

When the rivers are not in flood, the pedestrian should find no difficulty in holding round the edge of the moor from Chagford to Okehampton, having always the choice of bearing right to come down into the high road.

OKEHAMPTON

Hotel : *White Hart, Plume of Feathers, Meecham's Temperance, etc.*

This is a place of about the same size as those we have just visited on the other sides of Dartmoor, and one which by no means deserves the ill words Charles Kingsley throws it in some fit of cross humour. High above, on the very edge of the moor, stands the railway station (*Refreshment room*), from which we look down on the town, displayed perhaps more picturesquely than healthily in a hollow below. On the long slopes between, however, are growing up airily-placed houses, showing how Okehampton prospers as a resort for strangers and sojourners, among whom anglers are well represented. As in the case of Tavistock, let us remember that this valley, where the *West* and *East Okement* meet so eagerly, is higher above the sea than might be supposed. Prominent among its woods, just below the town, is the modern mansion of *Oaklands*. The *Oke* in the name of these rivers is of different origin, understood to be an *alias* of the often recurring *Exe*, *Axe*, *Usk*, etc. Okehampton is, or used to be, noted for its "Christmas wife market."

Descending to the main street by a long zigzag road, we find here a Chapel-of-Ease so dignified that it might be taken for the Parish Church, which stands on the hill opposite, approached by a fine beech Avenue. Both buildings are chiefly modern, the old church having been destroyed by fire, all but the tower. The thoroughfare formed by the junction of roads up the river and down from Chagford, at the new church broadens into a little Market Place, where are the chief shops and hotels, and on the left an *Arcade* running across into the way from the station. Across the West Okement, at the farther end, goes out the road to Tavistock. Below the station the steep slopes of the East Okement hardly needed laying out to be a fine *Public Garden*.

The best rambles on to the moor are made by the course of these two rivers and on the heights between them. In summer occasional driving trips are run from the hotel.

Up the **East Okement** one gets almost at once into a wild glen, crossed by a viaduct to the east of the station. This may be gained from the Public Garden, or by a path going off at the *Masonic Hall* on the way down from the station. About 2 miles up, stepping-stones will be found below *Halstock* on the left bank, where the wooded course of the river makes a pretty "water-slide," and the Moor Brook comes down through a deep cleave. Above the right bank is *Belstone* (p. 168), from which one might descend into the Taw Valley and down to the road at *Sticklepath* (p. 167), a round of some 7 miles. Who is not afraid of boggy bottoms might follow the East Okement due south to its source on **Okement Hill** (1875 feet), about 2 miles to the north of *Cranmere Pool* (p. 150), and where *Steeperton Tor* (1740 feet), to the north-east, guides us to the Taw, which runs only a mile or two east of the Okement Glen.

The West Okement at first offers a less arduous course. Half a mile up it, on the left bank, stand the ivy-clad ruins of *Okehampton Castle* on a wooded knoll, a square keep six centuries old, and remains of later buildings, the chapel being in the best preservation. A small charge is made for admission. It may be reached by the high road following the river on the same side, and by turning down the bank through the wood, or by a path on the other side crossing a bridge.

Holding on up the river for a couple of miles, one comes to the gorge formed by the **Meldon Viaduct** of the L. & S.-W. R., one of the finest among the defiles by which the Dartmoor waters escape

northwards ; and below *Black Tor* the river is broken by a wild "Island of Rocks." Hence one might follow its devious course to the source in Cranmere Pool, for which Mr. Page recommends rather the ridge between the two Okements, swelling up into Yes Tor.

On the right bank of the West Okement, above the town, the old Chase of the Castle is still known as **Okehampton Park**, a wild slope dotted by hollies and hawthorns, which here fringes the moor, divided from it by a wall. Above this is a camp for artillery practice, the red flags of which are not to be disregarded in our wanderings, nor the notices published through the neighbourhood of the times and places of danger. Through the Park, or more easily, from the station by cart road past *Dartmoor Gate* to the stream at its foot, it is 4 or 5 miles to the top of **Yes Tor** (2028 feet), distinguished by an artillery flagstaff. This, if by a few feet not officially recognised as the highest point of the moor, may be practically taken as such for the sake of its grand outlook. "Like a map beneath lies the whole northern district of Devon, dotted with villages, each clustering about a grey church tower." The culminating point is **High Willhayes** (2039 feet), a projection of Yes Tor, a short mile to the south, crowned by a beacon like a round tower, from which there is a prospect over the boggy heart of Dartmoor, Cranmere Pool being about 3 miles off to the south-east. Two miles south-west would take one over the West Okement, then the ridge of *Amicombe Hill* (1920 feet), to the Peat Works behind *Great Links Tor* (p. 172), from which a mineral railway line makes a safe if rather devious guide (5 miles) down to *Bridestowe*, whose L. & S.-W. R. station lies about 3 miles due west.

Down the Okement from the town there is a lovely walk on the left bank through the grounds of *Oaklands*, if one can get leave, and this may be continued to Brightley Bridge (2 miles), where the high road crosses from the right bank. Near the bridge is a fragment of *Brightley Priory*, whose inmates migrated to the richer Forde Abbey, near Axminster.

We must return presently to Okehampton for an account of its railway communications ; but first let us complete our circuit of Dartmoor by going on to *Lydford*, 10 miles by road or rail. This is such a scattered place that **Bridestowe** (pron. *Briddistow*) station is as near the Okehampton end of it as its own station, the latter a mile beyond the other end, close to the famous glen of the river. The high road to Tavistock leaves Lydford a little on the right ; one must

turn down from the moor edge at the Dartmoor Inn ; then through Lydford, one can take another way to Tavistock by *Brent Tor* (p. 138).

LYDFORD

Manor Hotel, near the station ; *Castle*, in the village ; *Lydford House*, nearer *Bridestowe*. There are other small inns and lodgings much run upon in summer.

This village, township, group of hamlets, we hardly know how to call it, only needs more accommodation to become a popular health resort, being agreeably situated several hundred feet above the sea, where cultivated land and woods begin to mingle with the wilds of the moor, one of whose many beautiful streams gives Lydford its name. In Saxon times it was a walled town with a mint, and till Stuart days retained some degree of importance, as the parish that included the whole of Dartmoor Forest, with the largest acreage (over 50,000) and the thinnest population (3000) of any parish in England. Traces of the *Lyke-way*, by which corpses were brought across the moor to its church, may still be found. Church-going is now facilitated by chapelries at Princetown and elsewhere, but the mother parish still claims allegiance as far as Dartmeet, 16 miles away.

As has been already hinted, the village is scattered over some two miles about the course of the *Lyd*, having its centre a mile or more from the station, on a road from Brent Tor running on to Okehampton, which, at the farther end, joins the high road coming through St. Mary Tavy. This central point is distinguished by the *Castle* and the *Church*. The former, now reduced to a hollow square tower mouldering upon an artificial mound, was founded soon after the Conquest, and converted by Edward I. into the Stannary Prison of Devonshire. Until the last century it was still made use of for this purpose, though much defaced and shattered in 1650. The edicts of the Stannary Court partook to a considerable extent of the characteristics of Judge Lynch, so that "Lydford Law" became as notorious as "Jedburgh

Justice." Judge Jeffreys held here one of his Black Assizes, and the legend runs that the court-room is still haunted by his spirit in the guise of a black pig.

The old Early English Church is principally noticeable for the simplicity of its interior, its weatherworn aspect, and the noble prospects it commands. There is a quaint professionally worded epitaph on the tomb (close to the south door) of *George Routleigh*, a watchmaker.

From the church we may make our way to *Lydford Bridge*, a single arch of grey stone flung across a dark chasm 80 feet in depth, at the bottom of which the stream almost disappears among black rocks and greenery. Below, the ravine widens, opening out into a wooded glen, once the haunt of the *Gubbins*, a band of outlaws, who, a century earlier, played much the same part as the *Doones* in North Devon.

The grand **Lydford Gorge**, which attracts many visitors from Plymouth and other towns, is enclosed, the upper part being in private grounds, the lower in those of the *Manor Hotel* (close to Lydford Station). Here a charge of 2d. is made for entrance to this part of the glen with its fine *Cascade*. Beyond, on Mondays only, strangers are allowed to ascend some 2 or 3 miles to the head of the gorge, passing a series of falls known as *Kit's Steps*. The whole walk is exceedingly fine, and should be more famous. Along a cavernous ravine the stream forces its way by a succession of boiling caldrons, creamy rushes, and deep pebbly pools, through rocky throats choked by driftwood and rotten trunks, between shady steeps richly lined with moss and ivy, bright hart's-tongues and other ferns that glint green and gold where they are touched by the sunbeams here and there struggling into the abyss. The narrow path runs now close to the water's side, then winding along a slippery ledge above, where a fall might send one down between broken jaws of rock into the torrent scarcely visible below. This walk is indeed not to be recommended to those who cannot trust their heads and feet; else, few who have time to spare will regret taking it both ways. The entrance at the top (on Mondays) is by the lodge of Lyd House; and descending, we can come out by the bridge, or through the hotel enclosure, from the bottom of which a steeply winding path takes us up to the railway, giving fine views and bringing home to us the general height of this upland. Excursion coaches from Tavistock and Okehampton stop at the hotel.

From the head of the Gorge we may easily make our way on to

Dartmoor, here bordered by the upper road from Okehampton to Tavistock. The stream itself will be our guide to the base of **Great Links Tor** (1900 feet), at one time given out as the highest point on the moor, but that honour belongs to *High Willhays* (p. 170), 3 miles north-east of it. Behind the inn, at the junction of the upper and lower roads, a track takes us up to *Great Linx Tor* in an hour or so's easy walking, or to *Little Linx Tor*, on to that other adjacent point, *Brator*, on which a cross was erected by the late Mr. Widgery, the popular artist, who made his summer quarters at Lydford, and devoted himself to Dartmoor, of which he painted several thousand bits, frequently bought on the spot by passing visitors.

From *Bridestowe* we might follow the rails laid up to the peat works, 5 miles above on the moor. Three miles west of Lydford rises **Hare Tor** (1744 feet), over which there is a grand walk into *Tavy Cleave* (p. 137).

On the opposite side of Lydford, *Brent Tor* (p. 138) lies not 3 miles from the station; and the falling land settles down into fields beautifully broken by woods, glens, and patches of moor.

From Lydford pleasant cycling or walking trips may be made in a rough quadrangle of some 18 miles, extending to the north-west, enclosed within the lines of the G. W. R. and the L. & S.-W. R. to Launceston, which on all four sides form the boundary of this area, watered by streams flowing down to the Lyd. We regret that space does not allow us to deal fully with a corner too much neglected both by tourists and guide-books. A central point to make for is the fine Church of **Bratton Clovelly**, north of which, across the ridge of **Broadbury**, one could gain *Ashbury*, or hold on by the ridge to *Halwill Junction* and *Holsworthy* (see below).

[We have already shown (p. 140) the continuation of the G. W. R. from Lydford to Launceston. To reach this point the L. & S.-W. R. branch fetches a much longer compass from Okehampton, as shown below.]

PLYMOUTH TO EXETER AND NORTH DEVON L. & S.-W. R.

Let us conclude this section with some sketch of the L. & S.-W. R. route passing round the north edge of Dartmoor. Most of this has already been followed in

portions, to *Tavistock* (p. 134) and to *Lydford* (p. 140). Thence it finely skirts the moor to *Okehampton*, a little short of which one should look out for the crossing of the *Meldon Viaduct* (p. 169). At *Okehampton* goes off the branch into Cornwall.

Okehampton to Launceston and Bude.—The branch recrosses the viaduct, diverging to the right and rising till it commands a panorama of the country between Dartmoor and the Cornish heights, of which the most conspicuous is *Brown Willy*. It passes **Ashbury**, near which is the *Mid Devon Hotel and Health Resort*, well situated for hunting, fishing, and bracing air. At **Halwill Junction** it again divides, the left branch for Launceston, the right for *Holsworthy* and Bude.

Holsworthy (Hotels: *Stanhope Arms*, *White Hart*) is best known to tourists as the place where they once had to take coach for Bude in Cornwall. It has a Perpendicular Church, with some wood carving, an ancient font, and a good organ. The *Labyrinth*, a remarkable maze of beech trees, was the work of Earl Stanhope, the lord of the manor. The town is 4 miles from the *Tamar*, and a good point from which to explore the upper reaches of this beautiful river, forming the boundary of Cornwall. On the other side, a little farther away, runs the *Torridge*, which has its source close to the *Tamar*'s, so that a remarkable physical feature of this country is the watershed between the English and the Bristol Channels coming so far north as almost to overlook the latter.

It is about 20 miles from *Okehampton* to *Holsworthy*; and 10 miles more by the former coach route brings one to the sea at *Bude*.

This route is crossed at *Holsworthy* by a high road between North-West and South-West Devon, on which it is 14 hilly miles to *Launceston*, and 24 more through Cornwall to *Plymouth*. In the other direction, 18 miles, across the long bend made by the *Torridge*, bring one to *Bideford*, and

RIVER TAMAR

UPPER PORTION.



English Miles
0 1 2 3 4

Main Roads

J. Bartholomew Edin.



9 more to *Barnstaple*, through which *Ilfracombe* could be gained in a total of 39 miles from *Holsworthy*.

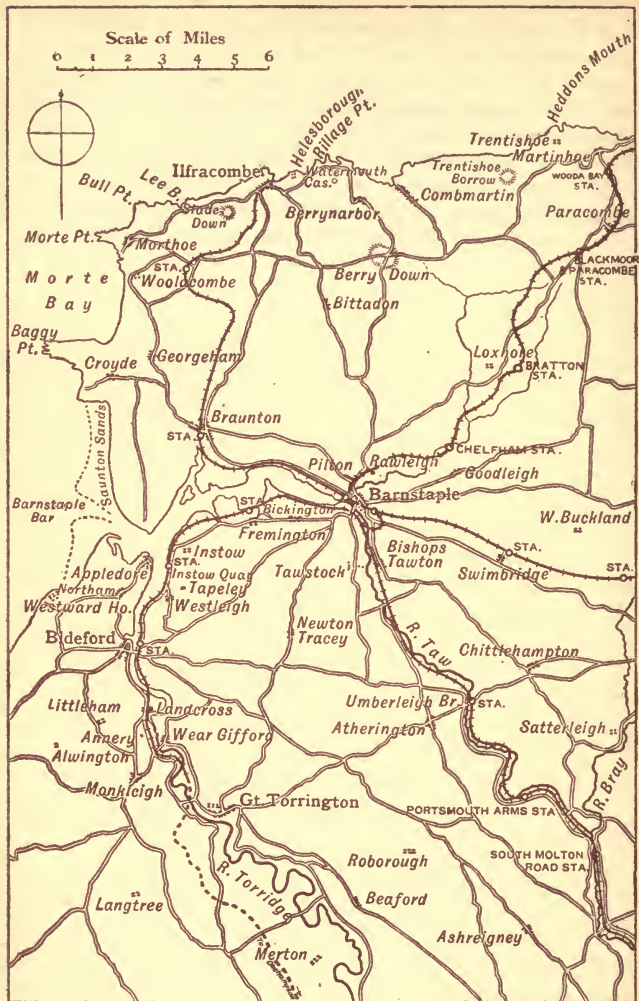
The *Holsworthy-Bideford* road, crossing *Holsworthy Beacon*, 3 miles out, brings one in 7 miles to **Woodford Bridge** (*Inn*) on the upper course of the *Torridge*, which would be a guide to lovely but little visited scenery. Pedestrians might follow this down for a few miles, passing between **Shebbeare** above the left bank, where there is a college of the Bible Christian or "Bryanite" denomination, so strong in this corner of England, and on the other side **Bradford** with its interesting restored Church. Below *Bradford*, where the *Whiteleigh Water* comes in from the south, one is some 4 miles as the bird flies from *Halwill Junction*, farther by the winding roads of this region; and about twice as far from *Hatherleigh* (see below).

A long projected railway from *Okehampton* to *Torrington* would open up the beautiful and secluded country between them; but this seems to hang fire. In the meanwhile a coach runs daily from *Okehampton Station* to **Hatherleigh**, 9 miles by road down the *Okement*, a little nearer by the steeper way which goes up near the old Church. This out-of-the-way little town (*George Inn*) stands on a moor, one of the poorest soils in Devon; but it is near the richer scenery of the *Torridge* valley, down which runs on the road to *Bideford* (30 miles from *Okehampton*).

From *Okehampton* the main line passes into less rugged scenery, crossing the *Taw* as it becomes a lowland stream; but the country to the north is still far from commonplace, and the church towers of **Sampford Courtenay** and **North Tawton**, seen from the rail, invite exploration of its villages. There are stations a mile or two off for both of these, also at *Bow*; then is reached **Yeoford Junction** (*Railway Hotel* and small *Refreshment Room*), where one has to change and probably to wait for the north Devon trains. From the tower of **Colebrook Church** (the interior of which shows some notable wood-carving), a little above the station, one could have a good view; and in the distance we get a last look at *Dartmoor*. The main line goes south by *Crediton* (p. 46), and thence down the valley of the *Creedy* to that of the *Exe*, reached near *Exeter*.

The *road* which goes round the north of Dartmoor does not always follow the L. & S.-W. R. (For particulars, see our Cycling Tables.) From Exeter it strikes across a rough country by *Cheriton Cross* to Okehampton, thence keeps near the railway to Tavistock, but for the rest of the way has to avoid the estuary of the Tavy by taking the line of the G. W. R. branch to Tavistock over *Roborough Down* (p. 131). The distance thus is rather over 50 miles, as against 41 miles by Princetown, 43 by Ashburton, and 47 by Totnes.

NORTH DEVON



Walker & Boutall sc.

BARNSTAPLE AND ITS APPROACHES

ILFRACOMBE is North Devon's place of greatest tourist resort, but its largest town is Barnstaple, the knot of all the railways to this coast. We are bound, then, to begin with the routes to Barnstaple, reached from London by the L. & S.-W. R. and the G. W. R. The latter is the shorter in point of distance ; but as the Devon and Somerset Railway, connecting its main line at Taunton with Barnstaple, is better off for picturesque scenery than for quick trains, the L. & S.-W. R. route through Exeter is usually preferred. Even in travelling between North Devon and places on the G. W. R. line, such as Taunton and Bristol, time-tables show it sometimes more expeditious to make the round by Exeter, changing at St. David's, the same fare being charged as over the direct Somerset and Devon route. There is connection between the two lines at Barnstaple.

The G. W. R. branch from Taunton to Minehead makes another approach to North Devon. The proposed line onwards along the coast of Exmoor has been scotched by strong opposition ; but the journey is continued to Lynmouth over the grand coach drive through Porlock, which may best be spoken of when we come to *Lynton* (p. 204).

Of the high roads from Exeter (40 miles) and from Taunton (50 miles) to Barnstaple, it may be enough to say that they respectively take the same general line as the two railways now to be followed, whose course will make it the cyclist's or pedestrian's own fault if he let himself be tempted too far on circumvagations ; and most of the places on their

way are seen from or stopped at by the trains. Once and for all, we may say that North Devon roads are well provided with guide-posts.

EXETER TO BARNSTAPLE (L. & S.-W. R.)

In our Exeter section (p. 46), we have shown how the L. & S.-W. R. leaves the valley of the Exe to pass up that of the Creedy, then near Crediton, by the little Yeo, reaches **Yeoford Junction** (*Railway Hotel* and small *Refreshment Room*), where the line to Plymouth (p. 175) forks off round the north side of Dartmoor, from the North Devon branch that reaches Barnstaple down the Taw Valley. Usually it is for Plymouth that one has to change; and the express trains to Barnstaple have through carriages for both Torrington and Ilfracombe. From Exeter to Barnstaple is an ordinary journey of between one and two hours, the express service being more frequent in summer. The pleasant country traversed is more populous than it appears, many of its villages lying back out of sight or only to be surmised by a peep of their square church towers. The Taw and its tributaries make this a noted resort of anglers, for whom and for other sportsmen good inn accommodation will be found on the way.

A couple of miles beyond Yeoford Junction the first station is **Copplestone**, whose churchyard, on the right of the line, shows a notable ancient *Cross*, about 12 feet high, and decorated with rude ornamental scrolls. On the other side lies **Bow**, otherwise *Nymet Tracey*, 3 miles west, with an old Church, not the only one said to have been founded by the Devonian murderer of *À Becket*. From this, with the churches of *North Tawton* and *Sampford Courtenay* a little on the right of the road, it is 10 miles west to Okehampton. Eastwards, a few miles' walk would bring us to *Sandford* (p. 47), whence the Creedy Valley makes a guide down to Exeter.

The next station is *Morchard Road*, $1\frac{3}{4}$ mile. **Morchard Bishop** lies 2 miles to the right; and nearer on the left

Down St. Mary's Church shows one of the good screens common in this neighbourhood. Then comes **Lapford** Station, near which *Denridge* and *Pidley*, the Elizabethan seats of the Radford and St. Leger families, have been converted into substantial farmhouses. *Lapford* Church has a good screen and bench carvings. **Coleridge**, 4 miles left, has in its church a fine Perpendicular screen, and the figure of an armed knight, one *John Evans*, d. 1514, keeper of the Royal Park here.

Next we reach **Eggesford** Station (*Fox and Hounds Hotel*), constructed for the convenience of the Earl of Portsmouth's seat (*Eggesford House*), seen on the left. In the Church are monuments of the Chichester family, one of them remarkably elaborate and imposing. The country about here is richly wooded along the course of the Taw, which the railway follows from Lapford.

[Up the Little Dart, 2 miles from Eggesford Station, the small market town **Chulmleigh** stands high, crowned by the tower of its fine Perpendicular church, more than large enough to hold all the population. The neighbourhood is very pleasant, with its old houses, such as *Colleton Barton*, and the quaint Elizabethan mansion, *Leigh House*. The course of the Little Dart might be followed as far as **East Worlington**, by the ruins of *Affeton* or *Afton Castle*, formerly the stately stronghold of the Devonshire Stucleys, restored by Sir George Stucley. There are some noticeable memorials in the Churches both of *East* and *West Worlington*. Among other excursions to be made from Chulmleigh, **Winkleigh** (Inn) should not be missed, where are a fine Church, magnificently restored by private benefaction, and the sites of two very interesting castles.]

It shows how hard-up this line is for names, that its next station, **South Molton Road** (*Fortescue Arms Hotel*), is 9 miles from the little town of South Molton, lying to the north near the Devon and Somerset line (p. 181). The road from South Molton to this distant station opens up a fine hilly country, in which the Mole and the Bray unite their Exmoor streams to mingle with the Taw from Dartmoor, a short way below its confluence with the Little Dart.

The course of the Taw now becomes leafily picturesque, as the rail keeps beside it to the *Portsmouth Arms* Station, and thence to that of *Umberleigh*, named respectively from an inn and a bridge. On a hill, a long mile west of the latter station, is the small village of **Atherington**, with an Early English Church, containing some effigies of the 15th century, good stained glass, and a rood-screen that has been declared the finest and oldest in Devon. The Church of **Chittlehampton**, 2 miles east of Umberleigh Bridge, has one of a group of remarkably fine Perpendicular towers (cf. p. 181).

Continuing along the course of the Taw from Umberleigh, we pass *Chapleton Station*, beyond which, on the left of the line, are the nobly-timbered grounds of **Tawstock Court**. In the Park stands a fine cruciform Church, with a chapel containing tombs of the Bouchiers. Opposite, on the right, the road runs through **Bishop's Tawton**, reputed to have been at one time a seat of the Bishops of Devonshire, whose Church has some old memorials, coloured glass, and a very striking belfry-screen. To the south of it rises the ridge of **Coddon Hill**, whose Beacon (630 feet) is one of the best view-points in the neighbourhood.

Two miles further we reach *Barnstaple Junction*, approaching it with a good view of the town across the river.

TAUNTON TO BARNSTAPLE (G. W. R.)

This pretty but not rapid route leaves the main line at *Norton Fitzwarren Junction*, a little beyond Taunton, where also goes off the branch to *Minehead* (p. 204). The Devon and Somerset Railway, as was its original style, keeps for half the way along the border of the two counties. The first places passed, *Milverton* and *Wivelscombe*, lie in Somerset, to the south of the wild Brendon Hills that make an eastward spur of Exmoor; and for the roads over this high ground towards the coast we must refer to our *Somerset Guide*. Across the valley of the Torre, the next two stations, **Venn Cross** and **Morebath**, are in Devon, the latter within

an hour's walk of *Bampton* (p. 45). Then at *Dulverton*, the line enters another projection of Somerset, taking in the branch up the Exe Valley (p. 62), by which Great Western shareholders might choose to travel from Exeter to Barnstaple without patronising the rival railway.

Dulverton, though in Somerset, must be mentioned as the southern focus of Exmoor travel. *Dulverton Station* (Hotel: *Carnarvon Arms*) stands near the edge of the county, just above the confluence of the Exe and the Barle. Here starts in the summer season a coach to Minehead. The town of *Dulverton* (Hotels: *Red Lion*, *Lamb*, etc.) is 2 miles off up the Barle, at the foot of finely-wooded hills, by which one rises on to Exmoor. By *Winsford Hill* and *Simonsbath*, with beautiful byways about the course of the Barle, goes the road to *Lynton* (26 miles, p. 205), the former coach service on which has been supplanted by the Lynton line from Barnstaple (p. 203). Of the many other beautiful excursions from Dulverton, we can only indicate a pedestrian line to Lynton along the Devon border and the western heights of Exmoor, dotted with tumuli and other monuments of antiquity, by *Hawkridge* to *North Molton Ridge*, then to *Span Head* (over 1600 feet), and on 3 miles north to *Showlsborough Castle*, thence northwards as shown on p. 215.

From the Barle Valley our railway skirts the southern spurs of Exmoor; passing through a finely broken part of Devon, soon re-entered beyond Dulverton. The first station here, on one of Devon's several *Yeo* streams, is for **Bishop's Nympton**, on the left, and **Molland**, on the right of the line, the former distinguished, like its neighbours *Chittlehampton* (p. 180) and *South Molton*, by a remarkably fine church tower, all three said to be the work of one architect, and compared by the sobriquets "Length," "Beauty," and "Strength." The best-known place on this route is **South Molton** (*George Hotel*), from which many excursions may be made to out-of-the-way parishes with interesting churches, and on to the wilds of the moor.

South Molton lies to the south of the line, and as we saw (p. 179) has another station, *South Molton Road*, 9 miles south, on the L. and S.-W. R., with which we are now converging. **North Molton**, also with a notable Church, is on the opposite side of the G. W. R., about 3 miles higher up the course of the Mole, where

we approach the heights forming the western rampart of Exmoor ; and by *Span Head* and *Showlsborough Castle* (see above) might take an almost straight line northwards to Lynton, or turn aside to the high road at Simonsbath.

Filleigh (the village nearly 2 miles south, beyond Lord Fortescue's well-wooded and watered seat *Castle Hill*) and **Swimbridge** are the next stations, in a beautiful country where at *Tordown* was the home of the Rev. John Russell, the clerical Nimrod of Exmoor, who made himself so popular with all classes, unless, perhaps, bishops. His church at *Swimbridge*, 4 miles out of Barnstaple, contains a very fine rood-screen, and among its monuments a curiously professional epitaph upon a 17th-century attorney. Thus our line approaches the valley of the Taw, and reaches Barnstaple on the right side of the river, after passing through scenery which, overshadowed as it is by Exmoor, would alone make the reputation of less-favoured counties for picturesqueness, but seems more familiar to sportsmen than to tourists. The road, here to the south of the rail, goes by **Landkey**, which has a good restored Church with Acland monuments ; then enters Barnstaple by its *Newport* suburb.

BARNSTAPLE

Hotels : *Imperial, Royal and Fortescue, Golden Lion, King's Arms.* Temperance
Hotels : *Victoria, Trevelyan, Thomas',* etc.

Distance : 208 m. from London. Population, 14,000.

There are three Railway Stations here. The *Great Western Station* in Victoria Avenue, half a mile from the centre of the town, is the station for Taunton, Bristol and the North, Bath, and London. *Barnstaple Junction*, on the farther side of the river, is the station for Exeter and the South-Western Line to London in one direction, for Bideford and Torrington in the other. Here, also, the trains leave for Ilfracombe, stopping at the *Town Station* over the bridge, at which start the Lynton trains. By some trains, G. W. R. carriages run through to and from Ilfracombe, over a line connecting the G. W. R. Station with the L. and S.-W. R. Junction.

Barnstaple is the capital of North Devon, a place of considerable antiquity, well situated in the bosom of gentle hills, where the sobered Taw begins to take on itself the style of an estuary. "The finest town we met with in the west of

England," was the Rev. W. Gilpin's opinion of it a century ago, and it has since by no means declined in prosperity or amenity, though it has changed its woollen manufacture for other industries. The population gained a considerable element of Huguenot refugees after the Edict of Nantes, whose transmogrified names still appear on shop fronts. The town takes its name from Braun, Brannock, or *Barum*, an early Irish saint, his last alias being that which may puzzle strangers on the milestones of the district. The castle of "Barum's Market" is said to have been first built by Athelstan, then rebuilt by a Norman baron, who also founded a priory dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene. Of the former nothing remains but the *Keep Mound*, enclosed within the private grounds of a mansion facing the river; the memory of the latter is preserved in *Maudlyn Rock Close*. The Bridge was originally erected in the thirteenth century, to be enlarged and restored in our own time. Beside it the railway bridge cuts but a poor figure.

Barnstaple Fair, in September, is the Saturnalia of North Devon; and any market-day brings a lively gathering of the county folks. Many tourists pass through the town, and some stop, yet hardly long enough. Barnstaple, if they only knew it, makes a capital centre for excursions, both by rail and by the coaches, brakes, and other conveyances that run to favourite points in the season. The distances to some of these are: Ilfracombe, 12 m.; Morthoe, 10 m.; Bideford, 9 m.; Torrington, 13 m.; Lynton, 17 m. When such resorts are crammed with visitors, comfortable quarters might be found at Barnstaple. A peculiarity here is the abundance of Temperance Hotel accommodation. Besides the large new Victoria Hotel in the High Street and the Trevelyan, an old-established house close at hand, there are two or three others of the same kind to supply the place of boarding-houses.

Nearly all the town lying on one side the river, the exploration of it may best begin from the *Town Station*, beside which is *Queen Anne's Walk*, a piazza, rebuilt in 1798, designed as a West Country Exchange. Adorned with a statue of Queen Anne, it makes a striking feature. At this point, *Cross Street* leads by the Post-Office into the lively *High Street* where, turning to the right, we come back to the river, and to the open space called the *Square*, at the end of the Bridge.

Here stands the *Albert Memorial*, a clock tower with drinking fountains. The G. W. R. Station is not far off, lying back from the riverside on the outskirts of the town.

Near the Square will be found a remarkable architectural feature, the *Almshouses* in Litchdon Street, founded by John Penrose, mayor of the town, 1627. They are built in the form of a quadrangle, with a sort of cloister, wooden-roofed, and supported on granite columns, opening out on the road. The chapel, which contains a portrait of the founder by Janssen, is at one end of the cloister, and the council-room at the other.

In Litchdon Street, also, is the Art Pottery, where the so-called Barum ware is made. It somewhat resembles Doulton ware, with figures of birds, flowers, etc., cut into it like Italian Sgraffito. While on the industries of Barnstaple, we should mention the Derby lace factory behind the town, and the large Cabinet-making works, which may be seen beyond the railway bridge.

Half-way up the High Street, in the other direction, not far from handsome Congregational and Wesleyan chapels, we find the *Parish Church*, distinguishable by its quaint steeple that stands not quite straight. But the interior is finer than might be supposed from this feature : it contains many monuments to local worthies, and the chancel dates from the 14th century. In the middle of the churchyard is a still older building, the *Grammar School*, originally a chantry of St. Anne, now rather thrown into shade by a large elementary school built to the side of it. Beyond the school, a small passage called "Paternoster Row" leads into *Boutport Street*, another of the main thoroughfares, which bends round again into the High Street.

Close here are the *Markets*, above which the *Guildhall* contains a show of local portraits, most of them painted by Hudson, Sir Joshua Reynolds' teacher, and it is believed that this great artist himself may have had a 'prentice hand in the work.

The prominent tower, beside the *North Devon Infirmary*, which would be a guide towards the G. W. R. Station, is that of *Holy Trinity Church*, built 1843.

Beyond the Square, on the right of the Dulverton road, going out through Newport suburb, is the *Rock Park*, named after the local benefactor who presented it. On the river bank this is edged by an avenue, which makes a pleasant walk. Above the railway bridge is a spot where the Barnstaple youth make shift to bathe under difficulties in the tidal waters of the Taw, up which one might continue the stroll to *Bishop's Tawton* (p. 180).

At the lower end of the town, from the Town station, another riverside promenade curves round the site of the Castle to the mouth of the Yeo, which here falls into the Taw. This is not the Yeo we crossed beyond Dulverton, but a fresh one coming down from heights to the north, up which its wooded valley would be a guide. The road to Lynton (17 miles), leaving Barnstaple Square, soon strikes this valley, parting from it at *Loxhore Cott.*

Across the Yeo bridge, one comes to **Pilton**, with its suburban park. By the Church, whose tower appears on a height half a mile on, goes out the road to Ilfracombe. Pilton Church is noticeable for an elaborate monument, in the chancel, to Sir R. Chichester (d. 1627), with kneeling figures of his family; for its screen and other relics, including an iron hour-glass for measuring the preacher's discourse; also for the doggerel inscribed on one of its bells—

“Recast by Thomas Taylor and Son,
Who the best prize for Church-bells won
At the Great Ex-hi-bi-ti-on
In London, 1-8-5 and one.”

There are some charming lanes about this village and its prolongation *Bradiford*, through which one might keep along the uplands westward to the tower of **Heanton Punchardon** Church, looking over the Taw estuary.

The low road to *Braunton* (5 miles) goes out below Pilton, down the shore of the estuary, on which is passed *Heanton Court*, an imposing shell, relic of days when the enclosures behind were a great deer park of the Bassett family.

On the opposite side of the river, above the junction, rise

inviting heights, over which passes the road to Torrington (13 miles).

Other excursion points about Barnstaple have been pointed out on the way to it, or will now be shown as we successively follow the railway on to Ilfracombe, then the lines diverging here for Lynton, and for Bideford and Torrington.

BARNSTAPLE TO ILFRACOMBE

The railway journey is three-quarters of an hour, more or less, a steep ridge having to be crossed that catches the breath even of a locomotive. The line at first keeps along the side of the Taw, but at *Wrafton* Station it begins to ascend above a creek that brings masts within sight of **Braunton**, the station for the remarkable stretch of shore between Baggy Point and the mouth of the Taw. Here was the original settlement of St. Braun; and in this pleasant village died Edward Capern, the Devonshire poet-postman. The neighbourhood on both sides deserves to be better known, as it would be if there were an hotel near the station.

Braunton's ancient Church, which contains some good carving, shows its spire to the right of the line, above which a view tower invites exploration of the inland heights. On the other side, towards the sea, is a remarkable feature of landscape in *Braunton Great Field*, said to cover 365 acres with its chessboard of unenclosed plots, a survival of the Anglo-Saxon system of communal land-holding.

[Beyond this lies **Braunton Burrows**, that southwards end at Bideford, and northwards take the name of **Saunton Sands**. This labyrinth of sandhills and burrows, about a mile broad and four or five miles long, said to cover the ruins of a bygone city, has been opened up by a road to the *Saunton Sands Hotel* (3 miles from Braunton Station), to which rising golf links are an attraction. A little further north, the village of **Georgeham**, with its restored church, lies at the base of

Baggy Point, on the south side of which, at **Croyde Bay**, summer lodging-houses have begun to spring up. A path leads out the long projection of Baggy Point, which has a wide view northwards over Woolacombe Sands and Morte Point (p. 198) to Lundy Island and the Welsh coast; then southwards, beyond the estuary of the Taw and the Torridge, to the coast-line of Clovelly and Hartland.]

Over a high upland, seamed by lanes, the railway mounts to its highest point at **Morthoe Station** (*Fortescue Arms Inn*), 2 miles above *Morte Point* and *Woolacombe* (p. 199), which we shall take as dependencies of Ilfracombe. Just short of the station a combe opens down on the left to Woolacombe Sands; then beyond it, another hollow gives a peep on *Lee* (p. 197).

The train now descends, passing the Slade Reservoirs of Ilfracombe, and comes to a stop high above the town, beneath the prominent height of Cairn Top. The cyclist has still some cautious work before him on the long descent to the shore.

The road from Barnstaple to Ilfracombe (a short 12 miles) goes out to the right of Pilton Church, half a mile beyond which it has near its right side *Raleigh House*, on the site of an older home of the Raleighs. Up the course of Bradiford Water it mounts on to *Muddiford* and *Milltown*, then at **Bittadon** reaches its "Half-way House." Nearly 3 miles further, at *Two Pots*, for a little way it coincides with the straighter and rougher old road that, running not far to the left of the new one, might be chosen by pedestrians. The curving new road winds down the wooded *Chambercombe Valley* (p. 194) to enter Ilfracombe by the east end, while the old road drops steeply down to the centre of the town.

Another route is by *Braunton*, which is 2 miles longer, but for its first stage not so hilly; and at the expense of a little further roundabout one might keep the byroads near the coast past *Woolacombe Sands* and *Lee* (pp. 197-199).

ILFRACOMBE

Hotels : *Ilfracombe*, in its own grounds, overlooking the sea ; *Royal Clarence*, in High Street ; *Belgrave*, in Wilder Road, opposite the *Ilfracombe* ; *Queen's*, etc., in High Street.

Boarding-Houses : *Collingwood*, *Runnacleave*, *Imperial*, *Gilbert House*, *Carlton*, *Granville*, *Dudley House*, *Seaview*, *Clifton*, etc., near the sea. *Crescent*, *Montebello*, in the main street, with restaurants.

Post and Telegraph Offices, opposite the *Queen's Hotel*, High Street, with three sub-offices.

Railways : London and South-Western, from Waterloo, *viâ* Exeter ; Great Western, from Paddington, *viâ* Bristol and Taunton. Through carriages by both to the same station.

Steamers : From Bristol, Cardiff, Swansea, etc.

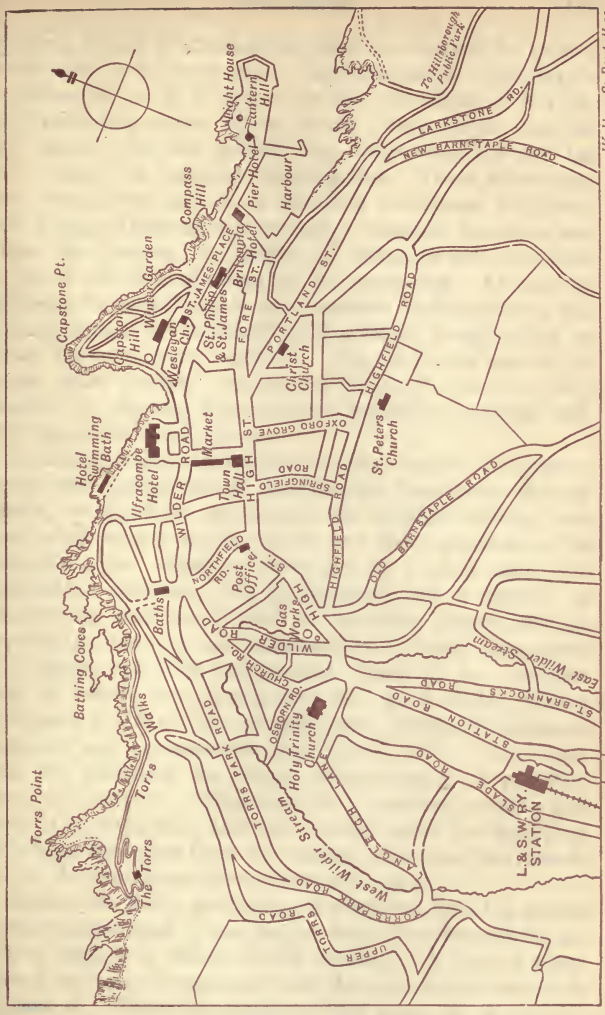
Hackney Carriage Fares : The published tariff is much as usual : two persons, one horse, 1s. the first mile, 2s. 6d. the first hour, etc. ; but the stranger will be lucky who escapes being asked 2s. or even 2s. 6d. for going to and from the station, which is certainly a steep mile, and further from some parts of the town.

Donkey Carriages and Sedan Chairs : 6d. half a mile, 8d. a mile, and 4d. for every half-mile beyond ; 1s. an hour, and 6d. for additional half-hour.

Population : 8557.

Combe, as it is colloquially called, *par excellence*, along this coast of combes, has become the most important resort of North Devon, a distinction it owes to its situation and surroundings, and to its climate, more bracing than that of Torquay and Teignmouth, while hardly less warm when warmth is most wanted. It enjoys a high mean temperature, arrived at rather by general equability than by spells of great heat. In winter its average degree has been stated at 44·9, among the highest on the British mainland, with a lower daily range than at Ventnor or Torquay, and a large share of sunshine. If, indeed, in summer, the air on the shore be found rather too close and steamy, many of the best lodging-houses are on the heights above, climbing

PLAN OF ILFRACOMBE



Walker & Bontall sc.

To Cairn top Pleasure Grounds



upwards in search of refreshing breezes wherever the ground lends itself to building sites. The number of rainy days is considerable, as it is apt to be all over Devon ; but the total rainfall is rather below that of South Devon, and the soil, being light and porous, soon dries after the sky has been using its frequent watering-pot. These advantages have been more and more tempting permanent residents ; and though Ilfracombe is not yet a town of mansions and villas like Torquay, the number of strangers who come here to spend the winter seems to be increasing. At present, however, its popularity is as a summer bathing-place ; and in August and the first half of September it will often be found inconveniently crowded. Yet, as in the case of so many other holiday resorts, the loveliest time is early summer or autumn, when visitors would be received with open arms and best bedrooms.

A characteristic of Ilfracombe is the number of boarding-houses and private hotels that flourish here, as at Bournemouth, crammed in the season by sociable crowds, who have taken care to secure in advance their quarters at the favourite ones. Some of these are on a large scale, like continental pensions ; the Runnacleave has a theatre or concert-hall of its own ; some of the older houses, not less popular in their way, are connected with cheap restaurants. The charges run from two guineas a week or so. Another class of visitors has increased of late, as is shown by the enlargement of the oddly-shaped pier. Steamers discharge crowds of day excursionists from Bristol, from Wales, even from the Midlands, for whom accommodation is provided about the harbour. Then there is a continual coming and going of tourists, who find this a good centre for launching out along the coast from the railway terminus that stands like an Alpine chapel above the lively town.

Ilfracombe has a peculiarity of situation in being almost entirely surrounded by the jagged heights or tors which are such a feature of North Devon scenery. A line of them shuts it in from the shore, so that the town has no sea front to speak of. These fine masses of rock upon the shore have been turned to use as promenades and esplanades ; and the

view from them, landwards and seawards, is one of the main attractions.

Inland rise bold heights shutting in a valley, through which winds the long main street, more or less parallel to the shore. The old part of Ilfracombe is largely overlaid by its modern features. The most important monument of the past is the Church, built in the 12th century and enlarged in the 15th, which stands on the ascent to the station. It was much improved by the Rev. J. M. Chanter, Kingsley's brother-in-law, and vicar here for more than half a century, to whose memory a lych-gate has been dedicated. There are two other churches, besides chapels of several denominations. The road from the station winds down to the *High Street*, that shows its best shops near the Clock Tower, not far from which opens a covered Arcade, where the main thoroughfare mounts to the right to become the Barnstaple and Lynton roads, and to the left slopes meanly towards the harbour. Through the Arcade we pass directly down to the *Wilder Road*, that may be called the Piccadilly of Ilfracombe, below which a green makes its only opening on to the sea.

The harbour lies at the east of the town, in an out-of-the-way corner, above which rises the *Lantern Hill*, crowned by the ancient chapel of *St. Nicholas*, still a beacon to mariners. This is reached from the pier enclosure, which has need of some such extra inducement to give for its toll, being a pier of utility rather than elegance ; but the harbour in its hollow recess is one of the most picturesque corners of the town.

Then comes the *Capstone Parade*, a green hill, well laid out with walks, seats and shelters. One of the sights of the place is, in rough weather, to see the waves breaking on the rocky face round which runs such a fine promenade. From the top of the Capstone, at dusk, there is a striking view of the lights of the town rising opposite : the red lantern of *St. Nicholas* glowing at one end, and the far-off glare of a train at the other, mark the size of Ilfracombe, which from a fishing village has stretched itself for a mile and more, swelling upwards into every available corner.

Beyond the Capstone lies that open green that may be

taken as the centre of the place. On one side of it stands the Ilfracombe Hotel, over the *Wildersmouth Cove*; on the other a winter garden, 200 feet long, called the Victoria Promenade, or more commonly the *Jubilee Shelter*, which has become for Ilfracombe what the Pump Room was in old-fashioned watering-places. A band plays here in the evening, when admission to this miniature Crystal Palace is usually free.

Next rises the steep ridge of *Runnacleave*, now invaded on its land face by houses, under which runs a tunnel leading to the bathing beaches. Behind the Runnacleave is sheltered the newest and most pretentious part of the town.

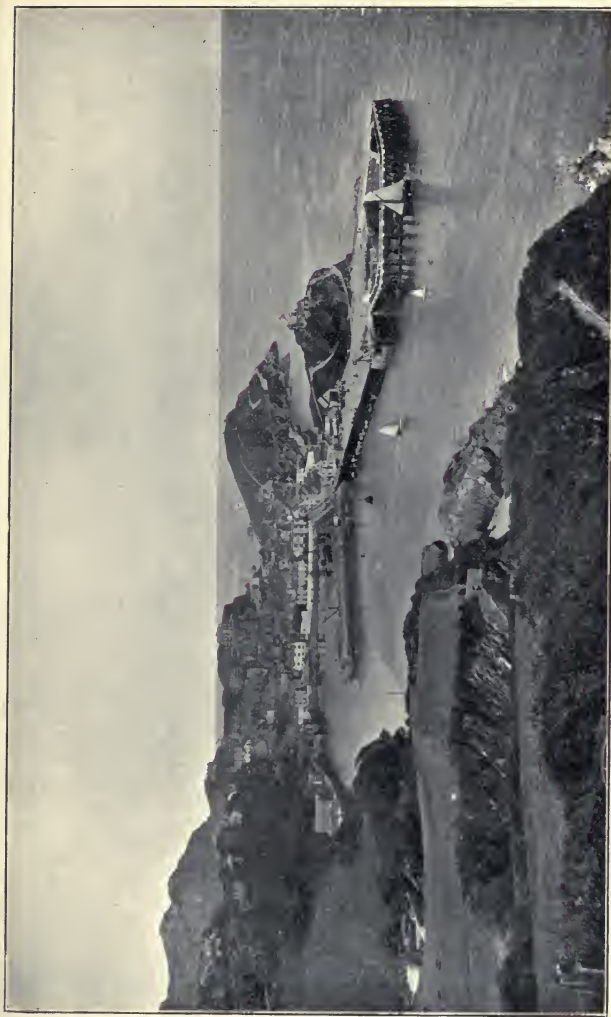
At the west end begins the longer line of heights known as the *Tors*, which are enclosed and laid out on the seaside with very attractive winding walks of a mile or so, a charge of 1d. and 2d. being made for admission. Had one seen those walks "before they were made," one would probably be grateful for them, yet there seems something unworthy of Ilfracombe's dignity in this toll of coppers. The views of the coast are certainly well worth 1d. or even 2d. We may mention, for the information of economical strangers, that though the higher fee may be suggested to them, they can go for 1d. over all the best part of this tamed wilderness, the twopenny stretch being a recent addition. In the season a man is on the watch to examine tickets of admission. At the highest point has been erected a refreshment pavilion, which makes a salient feature in the landscape.

As by the Tors on this side, at the other end, beyond the harbour, Ilfracombe is shut in by the open slopes of **Helesborough** (or Hillsborough). Under 500 feet, its bold sea face and steep top give this a look of greater height; and the view in all directions would repay a much more arduous climb. The path to it is a continuation of *Quayfield Road*, the unpromising entry of which turns up to the right at the bottom of *Fore Street*, but it soon becomes a pleasant walk, overlooking the harbour, then a footway through the fields to *Hele*, branching off at the end of the town to *Rapparee Cove*—the bathing-place also reached by boat from the pier

almost opposite—and a little further on to the top of the hill. Any one leaving Ilfracombe by the Lynton Road will at once see the path winding up the green side of Helesborough. There are some ancient earthworks on the top, but most visitors seem to take more interest in the seats, which on a hot day afford an airy resting-place. On the further side, one can zig-zag down the abrupt slopes to the point below, where a cove and sands invite to bathe. The paths have been improved; and direction-posts tell the stranger how to turn.

What must be said against Ilfracombe is that it hardly excels as a family watering-place, offering rugged cliffs rather than safe sands for children. The bathing, however, is good, pains having been taken to provide suitable arrangements. From the Bath House below the entrance to the Tors' Walks one passes under the Runnacleave by a dark tunnel that casts a shade of serious resolve upon the swimmer's manly purpose, and on the hottest day inspires a shiver premonitory of the coming plunge. This Avernus-like entrance opens out into picturesque coves containing two walled-in bathing-pools for ladies and gentlemen, where one may safely disport oneself on the roughest day, unless when they are covered at high tide. On the other side of the town, a little way beyond the harbour, is Rapparee Cove, where a more open swim can be had, a flag being hoisted on the cliff above to mark certain hours when the machines here are reserved for ladies. Connected with the Ilfracombe Hotel, but open to the public on payment, is a swimming bath, with regulated temperature, in which entertainments are sometimes given.

Boats, large and small, are to be had at the harbour; and there is good sea fishing off the coast, where, however, none but experienced navigators would do well to trust themselves without nautical guidance, which is sure not to be wanting for a consideration. We understand that trout are to be caught in the large reservoirs seen in entering Ilfracombe by rail, which lie high up among the hills, and that permission to angle in these artificial tarns may be had at the Town Hall. There is a lofty golf course at Mullacot, a mile or so out behind the station. Rare bits of flat ground in the Down make lawn-tennis grounds; and football fields have been contrived in the valley leading up to the Cemetery and on the slopes of Helesborough; but a cricket field has had to be found on the heights at Morthoe Station. There are many facilities for excursions by boat, by coach, and by other sociable conveyances advertised to run, in the season, to the chief neighbouring points. The steamers occasionally go as far as the Welsh or the Cornish coast; but most of their local voyages are short



ILFRACOMBE.

Photochrom Co., Ltd.



ones, made while their cargo of trippers from Bristol or South Wales is on shore. Perhaps the favourite adventure by sea is to Clovelly (p. 229), well worth the risk of a rough tossing and of a wetting one may get in landing by boat. Many visitors also take the chance of setting foot on Lundy Island (p. 200), which is full in view—a view not always to be desired, for

‘When Lundy is plain, it will be rain.’

A few of the regular coach or char-a-bancs drives may be quoted, with the price usually charged:—*Lynton*, 5s. ; *Combe Martin*, 2s. 6d. ; *Barnstaple*, 4s. 6d. ; *Wooda Bay* and *Hunter's Inn*, 5s. ; *Woolacombe Sands*, 2s. 6d. ; *Watermouth* and *Berrynarbor*, 2s. ; *Lee*, 2s. or 2s. 6d. But Ilfracombe, like Lynton, is one of those places which cannot be properly enjoyed without the use of one's own legs ; and, like Lynton, it is fortunate in being surrounded by beautiful rambles which do not take one too far from one's temporary home. We propose, then, to mention first the shorter walks, within a few miles round the town, and to conclude by conducting our reader along the sea coast on either hand to the points where we bring him from another radius.

WALKS ABOUT ILFRACOMBE

The first inland point likely to attract the stranger is the *Cairn Top*, above the railway station, distinguished by a flagstaff and by winding walks cut on its rough-grown sides. The most direct way up is by a path from the goods yard of the station. The top is easily reached in half an hour from the centre of the town, on which it looks down so as to give a general view of the features of Ilfracombe. The walk may be extended on the ridge behind, to come down either into the high valley on the right, where are the railway and the reservoirs, or into the deep combe on the other side.

Slade Down (666 feet) between Cairn Top and the sea, though not so prominent or picturesque, is the highest ground of the ring of heights, and may be ascended either by *Langleigh Lane*, beginning near the Church, or from the coast road to *Lee* at the back of the *Tors' Walks*. This

climb may take a little longer, but is quite easy. Holding down into the valley that makes the railway's course, one comes on the chain of Reservoirs by which Morthoe Station can be gained.

Where the Station Road goes up from the Church is the meeting-place of some half-dozen streets and roads leading in all directions. Take the *Braunton* or *St. Brannock's Road*, which leads up the wooded combe winding round Cairn Top. This conducts us to several of the favourite points—to the *Mullacott* Golf course, to the Cemetery, to *Bicclescombe Lane*, to the *Score Woods*, and to *Westdown*. Guide-posts will be found that make farther direction unnecessary, and two or three afternoons may be spent in varying the rambles in and about this beautiful valley.

At the back of the town rises a tableland, on one side of which runs the *Old*, on the other the *New Barnstaple Road*, joining one another a little more than 2 miles out, to separate again after a hundred yards or so. A round of about 5 miles by these two roads will give a good idea of the country behind. The old road being naturally steeper, it might be well to start out by the new one, which, leaving the Lynton road landwards at the end of the town, winds pleasantly above the *Chambercombe Valley* and the fine *Warmcombe Woods* till it falls into the old road, where the telegraph wires lead us back to Ilfracombe. Or, keeping a little way further out the straight old road, one would find a crossway westward to *Mullacott*, and for a 3 miles longer round, might strike southwards across the heights to *Westdown*, a village 4 miles south of the town, *Eastdown* being some miles off as far south of Combe Martin (p. 196).

One of the pleasantest inland strolls of an hour or two is up the *Chambercombe Valley* opening from the village of Hele. Just past a quaint thatched building on the way to Lynton, the "Chambercombe Road" is indicated, which at first may seem not inviting, but soon becomes a truly Devonian lane winding up a charming hollow. Passing

through a farmyard, it dwindles to a rocky path, which mounts to the *Warmcombe Woods* (2 miles). These may be skirted to the open hillside above, from which there is a fine glimpse into the richly-wooded gorge. Onward, then, the adventurous Rambler could make his way in various directions by paths and tracks over half-cultivated downs and combes. But we have said enough to show the main points of the country behind.

One more walk, however, may be suggested as worth spending three or four hours on. From the new Barnstaple Road, a mile or so after its junction, or from the head of the valley just mentioned, we might gain a cross road leading on to *Berry Down*, about 3 miles east, and almost as far back from the sea, thence to descend by the pretty *Sterrage Valley* into **Berrynarbor**, a very Devonian village, birthplace of Bishop Jewell, with a good old church to be seen and a snug little inn (*Globe*) for refreshment. At the bottom of this village, guide-posts give a choice of reaching the coast at *Watermouth* (see below) or of striking over the hill for Hele by a rougher way to Ilfracombe (3 miles), unless we choose the round by Combe Martin while we are about it.

TO COMBE MARTIN AND LYNTON

The road eastwards goes below Helesborough (p. 191), a pleasant byway being the path along its side as far as **Hele**, the village beyond. Hence the road runs in full view of the sea, at several points rising hundreds of feet above the shore with downward peeps into inaccessible rocky coves. In about two miles it reaches **Watermouth**, by *Widmouth Head* and *Burrow Nose*, fern-clad promontories presenting an epitome of the coast scenery. Past *Watermouth Castle*, a modern building in beautiful grounds, on the opposite side of the way opens an access to the *Smallmouth* and *Briary* caves, so highly praised in Gosse's "Ramblings of a Naturalist." These grand natural tunnels, whose seaward opening frames

such a beautiful view, are well worth visiting, and in the season some one will usually be found on the roadside to lead visitors to them.

At Watermouth the road doubles back ; but there is a fenced path along the cliffs that rejoins it higher up, as it goes sweeping round into *Combe Martin Bay*, beyond which projects *Hangman Point*, its base seen hollowed by caves. If we are content with a look down into Combe Martin, near the fourth milestone, a road turns inland for a short mile to *Berrynarbor* (see above), which might also be gained from Combe Martin, a mile or two further on.

Combe Martin (Hotels: *King's Arms*; *Castle*; *Marine*) lies prettily in a well-wooded valley. The village street is more than a mile in length, running inland from the rock-bound harbour. In the middle of the village stands *St. Peter's Church*, built of red stone and Perpendicular in style. It contains a marble monument and effigy to *Dame Hancock*, who died in 1637, and a richly-worked rood-screen. A mine of silver was worked in this neighbourhood during the time of the Plantagenets, and unsuccessful attempts have more than once been made to revive the enterprise.

Lodgings can be had in the village, and visitors in search of quietness may pass a very pleasant time at Combe Martin. There is a good bathing-place in the first cove westwards of the bay. Fine walks will be found in all directions—up the valley of the little river ; westwards along the Ilfracombe Road, and to *Berrynarbor* ; southwards to the top of *Berry Down* ; and over the downs rising on the east side of the village, especially to the heights overlooking the sea on either side of **Hangman Point**—the *Little Hangman*, and *Great Hangman*, that explain their name by the legend of a man carrying a stolen sheep who was justly strangled, its struggles tightening the cord by which it hung round his neck.

Combe Martin is a little over five miles from Ilfracombe. Hence the coach road to Lynton turns inland, winding up to *Parracombe* (p. 203), where we shall come upon it from another

direction. Between this and the coast pedestrians could find steeper byways, or hold along the chain of heights by the sea—the **Great Hangman** (1044 feet), the **Holdstone Barrows** (1146 feet), and **Trentishoe Barrows** (1061 feet), beyond which a road descends to the *Hunter's Inn* (p. 213) a mile above *Heddon's Mouth*, some half-dozen straight miles from Combe Martin, and about as far from Lynton by roads hence leading plainly onwards. To **Trentishoe** with its little church, south of the other heights above mentioned, a road goes out of Combe Martin near the “King's Arms,” rising to *Stoney Corner* by ruined shafts and rubbish heaps of the abandoned silver mines; but this way cannot be recommended to cyclists, who if in no hurry, may keep the high road to Parracombe, and beyond it turn down to *Hunter's Inn* for a beautiful round, described later on (p. 212).

TO MORTHOE AND WOOLACOMBE

As far as **Lee**, a short three miles, this is a walk no Ilfracombe visitor, who can, fails to take. There are three ways to Lee. The driving road has such steep ups and downs that the merciful man will be inclined to walk much of it, though he may have hired a carriage “for the honour of the thing.” The recognised fare is 5s. there and back, with an extra shilling for an hour's waiting. The coast road mounts behind the Tors, by winding turns, some of which may be cut off by steep short cuts; then it becomes fairly level as it passes below Slade Down to keep henceforth near the cliffs. The best way on foot is by the Tors' Walks to the Pavilion, from which we can drop down upon the road just mentioned, bringing us to the steep descent into the finely-wooded opening of *Lee Bay*. At the head of the descent is a path through fields, kindly indicated by advertisers of refreshment. This path takes us down directly into the village, where more modest accommodations are now overshadowed by the *Lee Bay Hotel*, transformed out of the old Manor House.

The valley is very pretty, overhung by the woods of Lee Manor, rising up the sides of the combe which makes such a pretty peep from the railway above. Admission to these woods is charged 2d. On the other side is a public footpath leading up the combe, by which *Morthoe Station* (p. 187) can be reached—a footpath rather hard to find and follow, but so long as one keeps to the stretches of half-wild land, it seems not necessary to take very seriously the warnings exhibited *in terrorem* for trespassers.

For the village of *Morthoe*, we keep on up the further ascent, passing the entrance to Lee Woods. The distance by road is about 3 miles, which will be a good deal lengthened if we hold to the coast, taking the outside of the knoll crowned by a flagstaff, and so on to *Bull Point*. On the road, a post presently shows a lane to the right as footpath to *Morthoe*; and from this soon diverges a path to *Bull Point*. There are direction boards to guide one through fields, but before long a line of telegraph posts welcome us into the driving road from *Morthoe* to **Bull Point**, which will thus be 5 miles or so from Ilfracombe. The Lighthouse here may be visited, and there is a fine view from this point, where now the coast turns southward.

If we have made the digression to the Lighthouse, the road hence to *Morthoe* is about 2 miles, unless we make it longer by keeping round *Rockham Bay* to *Morte Point*. This road comes on the little village of **Morthoe**, standing well back from the sea, a group of weather-worn old houses, beginning to be looked down on by new quarters for summer visitors, including more than one boarding-house. It is 2 miles by road from the station of its name (p. 187); where there is a small inn. The *Morthoe Hotel* is down below on the beach; and there is the *Chichester Arms* in the village, near the little Norman Church, containing a tomb thought to be that of William de Tracey, one of Becket's murderers, who is said to have lived in dreary exile here, "when wind and weather turned against him." The legend also has a feature common in Cornwall: the murderer's doom is eternally to make bundles and wisps of sand. We have seen other churches in Devon handed down

as built by this repentant sinner in expiation of his crime ever since which, according to the proverbial rhyme—

“ The Traceys
Have the wind in their faces.”

Morte Bay (6 miles) seems the very home for gloomy legends. It is enclosed by bold headlands at either extremity; on the north by *Morte Point*, with its black, jagged cliffs, here rising to the height of 800 feet; on the south by *Baggy Point*, a favourite resort of sea-birds, running out “like a huge pier into the sea.” Under the cliffs of Morte Point lies *Barricane Beach*, rich in shells; whilst out to sea the waves dash fiercely over the ill-famed *Morte Stone*, which has a terrible reputation for shipwrecks. Swimmers also must take great care how they breast the tide among these fearsome rocks. Bathing had best be avoided at this end, unless one be quite sure what one is about.

The greater part of the Bay, however, is occupied by a grand stretch of sand, large enough for an army to bathe on, and the more remarkable as being the first extensive sands met with on this coast. Here also has begun to arise a place of bathing quarters, **Woolacombe**, which, in pictures and plans, threatens to extend itself into a second Ilfracombe. As yet it consists of an hotel (*Woolacombe Bay*) and a group of lodging-houses, with a road of their own to Morthoe Station, by a deep crooked combe running up behind Morthoe village.

Woolacombe Sands extend for 2 miles or so, the coast behind them being less bold till we come to the long projection of *Baggy Point*. This is not an easy place to get at, about 5 miles from Morthoe, going along the sands, and making one's own way along the point; but it is worth attaining for the sake of the fine view already mentioned (p. 187), then beyond it the sands of *Saunton* and *Braunton* begin about 11 miles from Ilfracombe.

Our last Excursion from Ilfracombe is one that will not appear in any Cyclists' Guide—to *Lundy Island*.

LUNDY ISLAND

Hartland Point (12 m.) is the nearest land to this dependency of Devon, 15 m. from Clovelly. It is most frequently visited, perhaps, by the excursion steamers from Ilfracombe, which take about two hours, landing their passengers on the beach for a short stay. A sailing boat from *Instow Quay* (23 m.) carries the mails every Thursday (weather permitting), and passengers are taken across at a charge of 5s.—7s. 6d. return. Refreshments and lodgings may be had at a farmhouse near the landing-place.

Lundy, prominent sentry of the Bristol Channel, cannot fail to excite the curiosity of tourists on the mainland. In length, it is 3 miles from north to south; in breadth, from east to west, about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile; and in area 920 acres, almost wholly pasturage. The inhabitants in 1891 numbered about 50. On the coast, the more remarkable points are—the *Hen and Chickens* reef, north, and the isolated rock of the *Constable*; *Lamatry*, and *Rat Island*, south; the *Seals*, *Gannets*, and *Gull Rocks*, east; and on the west the savage chasm of the *Devil's Limekiln*, with the rock of the *Shutter* opposite its seaward mouth, as if designed to block it up.

A family named *Marisco* were long the proprietors of this wild demesne, and one of them having plotted against Henry III., fled hither for safety. For some years he and his comrades led a rude buccaneering life, but were eventually captured by the king's cruisers, and duly executed. The island has also served as a stronghold for Turkish, Scotch, and French privateers; and so late as the 18th century it was in the hands of a local scoundrel named Benson, who turned this fastness to various unlawful accounts. It is now the peaceful possession of the Rev. Mr. Heaven, whose name lends itself to certain well-worn jokes, sure to be passed upon visitors to his tiny kingdom.

Besides remains of some round towers of doubtful origin, the only antiquities are the ruins of *Marisco Castle* at the south end, and traces of a chapel on the highest point (over 500 feet) near the old lighthouse (above the south-western corner), now superseded by lights at either end of the island. The geology of the island is interesting through the junction

of granite and slate seen here ; and along the west side are curious chasms believed to be caused by earthquakes. The precipitous cliffs are the resort of numerous sea-fowl, which Mr. Heaven is laudably anxious to preserve. Rabbits abound on land, as crabs and lobsters in the sea. Rat Island, which shelters the landing-place (at the south end), gets its name from being one of the last refuges of the old British breed of black rat, which, however, is being exterminated by its Hanoverian supplanter. Many plants flourish here hardly now to be found on the mainland ; but only in sheltered nooks can trees hold out against the winds. The fuchsia and hydrangea grow to great size, thanks to the mild climate, which is that of Devonshire, "only more so," with a large share of fog to set off against the rarity of frost and snow.

LYNTON AND LYNMOUTH

We now turn to the north-eastern corner containing the very Devonshire cream of scenery about those famous twin villages, separated by a steep ascent of 500 feet, Lynton clustering on the edge above, Lynmouth lying snug beneath its sheltering cliff. This district has been called the Switzerland of England, but can well afford to refuse all such comparisons. It joins together, as in a bouquet, the moors of Scotland, the downs of Surrey, the sweet ravines of Wales, the ragged gorges of sub-Alpine heights, all richly clad in the leafage of Devon, with rare blendings of form and colour, which make it like nothing but itself. Perhaps the most peculiar feature is that so much wealth of scenery should be poured out at the very edge of the sea. Southey spoke of Lynmouth as the "finest spot, except Cintra and Arrabida," he ever saw. The lake poets had nearly settled in this neighbourhood, whose popularity could not have failed, in that case, to come half a century sooner. Shelley also spent some time at Lynmouth in 1812. But the author who has done most for the district is the late Mr. Blackmore, whose "Lorna Doone" is religiously read by visitors, to send them on trips over Exmoor to the wild scenery it celebrated.

For long the freshness of this corner of Devon was protected by the rugged country around, which does not lend itself to railway-making. By twenty miles of picturesque but trying road, crowded coaches arrived in the season from the four nearest stations—Ilfracombe, Minehead, Barnstaple, and Dulverton. But now a light railway is open from Barnstaple, and a regular pier is in view to supplant the

small jetty, where steamers from Bristol and Swansea put out their passengers by small boats, weather permitting. The coaches still ply in either direction along the coast, from Easter to October, but those running inland have been given up.

BARNSTAPLE TO LYNTON

The railway which has made this corner more accessible is of narrow gauge, requiring a change of carriage at the Town Station, Barnstaple. There are through bookings with the L. & S.-W. R., but not with the G. W. R. Unfortunately, this line does not seem to be a financial success, and its service, out of the season at least, is not a very liberal one.

The line at first keeps up the winding course of the Yeo, with *Pilton* church tower (p. 185) on the left, and that of **Goodleigh** presently, on the right, marking a side valley, up which, a couple of miles to *Stoke Rivers*, then turning over the heights south-westward by *Goodleigh*, one might have an alluring ramble back to Barnstaple from the first station. This is **Chelfham** (pron. *Chellam*), reached by a fine viaduct over the tributary stream. Soon afterwards the rail leaves the Yeo, mounting eastward up the Bratton Valley to *Bratton* Station, near the lofty village of **Bratton Fleming**, where a good deal of building is in evidence. The next station is **Blackmoor** (900 feet), lying under the tumuli of **Kentisbury Down** to the left, whence one might descend on foot to Lynton and Lynmouth (7 miles) or Ilfracombe (10 miles) from the cross roads at *Blackmoor Gate*. The railway has next to wind around the deep hollow in which lies **Parracombe** (*Fox and Geese Inn*), where, near the stopping platform, can be seen the tower of the old church, another of those said to have been built in expiation of Thomas à Becket's murder. Hence flows the Heddon Water, which one might follow down its beautiful course by the *Hunter's Inn* (p. 213). The cyclist will find a way diverging from the main road a little beyond Parracombe. At the last station, *Wooda Bay*, two miles behind this place and its

neighbour *Trentishoe*, the line has reached a highest point of about 1000 feet. Beyond this, it crooks down the valley of the West Lyn (best glimpses on right hand), coming to a stop some half-mile behind Lynton, and more than a mile by the zigzag road from Lynmouth.

The road (17 miles) keeps pretty near the course of the railway, except in its central stage, where it strikes a mile further north to *Loxhore*, before leaving the valley of the Yeo, then rejoins the railway at *Blackmoor*.

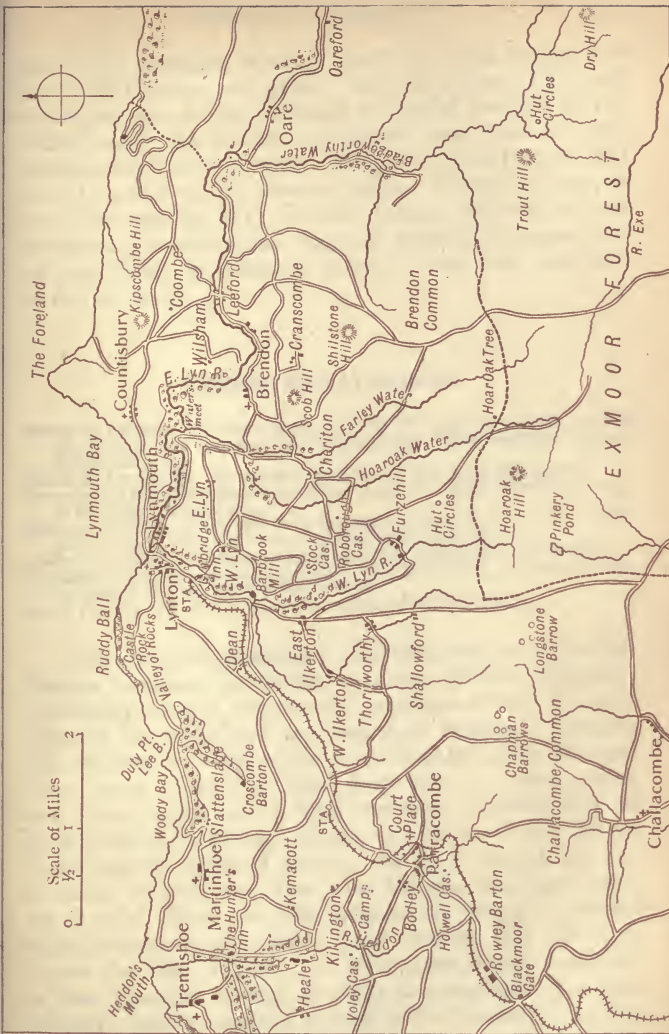
Another way, preferred for a better cycling surface and not much longer, is on the right side of the Yeo, turning off the Ilfracombe road about a mile beyond *Pilton*, then by the rich combe of **Arlington** and up to *Kentisbury Ford*, whence, a short 2 miles eastward, one gains the *Blackmoor Gate* cross roads.

MINEHEAD TO LYNMOUTH (18 miles)

This is one of the famous coach drives of England, continuing the G. W. railway route to Minehead. The first stage is fairly level between the North Hill of Minehead, and the Exmoor heights rising to Dunkery Beacon; but at *Porlock* begins the ascent of the highest English coast-line by a series of zigzags ascending Porlock Hill, a proverb for steepness in the west country, up which all passengers who can are expected to walk.

Near the highest point (a little over 4 miles) comes in a new road that, opening through a white gate beyond the Ship Hotel, takes the ascent in a series of gentler but rather longer curves. This latter, open to cyclists, is recommended in the C.T.C. Road Book; but its lately published "Companion" does not agree with the preference, very truly remarking that neither way is rideable, up or down, while the old road gives the more open views. Pedestrians have a path above the shore, by *Glenthorne* (p. 214).

Almost at the highest point (about 1400 feet), is *Oare Post*, where a road turns off on the left for Oare. The high road runs, still at a lofty eminence, along heathery moors, seamed by water-courses, dotted by tumuli, and here and





there by a straggling wood, or lined by beech hedges that show bright among the pines. On the seaward side, over the broken and wooded cliff-edge is a grand prospect of the Welsh coast. On the left are hidden away Oare and the Badgeworthy Valley (p. 215). From the top of Porlock Hill down to Lynmouth is about 8 miles. Nearly half-way, at the *County Gate* (p. 214), we enter Devon, and hold on past Countisbury down another long and formidable descent into the Lyn Valley, its charms of wood, hill and water well seen on this approach.

LYNTON AND LYNMOUTH

Hotels at Lynton: *The Royal Castle*, and *The Valley of Rocks*, both in their own grounds and commanding beautiful views; *Cottage, Imperial, Queen's, Crown, Globe*, etc.

Hotels at Lynmouth: *The Lyndale, Tors, Lyn Valley, Bath, Rising Sun*.

Several small **Boarding-Houses** have been opened. Lodgings are hard to get in the height of the season.

Railway: Narrow gauge line from Barnstaple; station 10 minutes' walk above Lynton: shortest way up by *Globe* and *Crown* Inns.

Coach from Minehead in summer; and excursion vehicles from Ilfracombe.

Steamers to Ilfracombe from Bristol, etc., land passengers, weather allowing, by small boats, till the new Pier is built.

A Lift running every few minutes (4d.) connects the two villages.

“Unpaintable **Lynmouth**! Charming contrast of civilised English landscape gardening,” exclaims Charles Kingsley; “strangely and yet harmoniously confronted with the mad chaos of the rocks and the mountain streams.” Southey tells us how “two rivers join at Lynmouth”—the East and West Lys. “Each of these flows down a combe, rolling over huge stones like a long waterfall; immediately at their junction they enter the sea, and the river and the sea make but one sound of uproar. Of these combes, the one is richly wooded, the other runs between two high, bare, stony hills. From the hill between the two is a prospect most magnificent—on either hand combes, and the river before the little village. . . . This alone would constitute a view beautiful enough to repay the weariness of a long journey; but to complete it there is the blue and boundless sea.” The houses of the village cluster round the little

bridges spanning the Lyns, and line the west side of the harbour, such as it is, formed by their mouth, where these mountain torrents calm down together for a short career on the level, to enter the sea past a little quay, dignified by a venerable-looking tower that marks the channel among the black boulders of the beach. The place has naturally a somewhat motley aspect, the new hotels and lodging-houses contrasting with the homes of herring-fishers and smugglers who once had Lynmouth to themselves; but still it is not unworthy of its picturesque surroundings. The new Pier now to be provided is looked on by many as a doubtful advantage, likely to flood the place with a class of excursionists for whom there is little accommodation, and on whom for the most part its characteristic beauties might be thrown away. The "Lift" railway itself for many years has been cursed by conservative and artistic souls, blessed by unwieldy bodies and rheumatic limbs; and there are those who prophesy that the line from Barnstaple will ruin the charm of the place, as well as its shareholders.

Closely overlooking Lynmouth, and more than 400 feet above it, stands **Lynton**, on a platform of high ground. The road mounts to it from the bottom of the valley by a series of zigzags carried up the side of the hill; and there is a more toilsome climb by most delightful paths. On reaching the top by the "Lift," the stranger finds himself in the centre of Lynton, beside the pretty Church and churchyard. The Post-Office and most of the shops lie opposite, where a steep lane descends to the hollow containing a quaint entanglement of narrow up-and-down streets. The Parish Church at Lynton has a Perpendicular tower; the nave is of later date, whilst the chancel is modern. There is a new Church at Lynmouth, Early English in style. Near the upper station of the Lift, a *Public Hall* has been presented to the place by Sir G. Newnes, whose conspicuous mansion, a display of architectural "Tit-bits," stands on Holiday Hill high above Lynton, and to whom it largely owes the communications and developments which have lately gone so far to alter the character of this once secluded resort.

Though Lynton and Lynmouth are advanced enough to have electric lighting, the ordinary distractions of a seaside resort must by no means be looked for here. Entertainments are exceptional; if there be a band it is a novelty; and the little bit of Esplanade formed on the rough shore seems merely an impertinence. The bathing is bad, and not very safe. At Lynmouth men have to take their chance of the tide upon a rough and rocky beach to the right. To the left of the harbour there is some kind of accommodation for ladies, but they are not much to be envied. Swimmers find it best to take a boat; and the boatmen have an open eye to profit in this Arcadian nook. More than a mile to the right there is a good bathing-place on *Sillery Sands*, reached by a very rough path from the beach. On the other side, beyond the Valley of Rocks, a dip may also be had when the spot is not occupied by lovers of the beautiful. Caution is always necessary with an outgoing tide. Trout-fishing is permitted by tickets obtainable at the hotels or the Lynmouth Post-Office. The Exmoor stag-hounds meet within easy reach, and cub-hunting begins early in a country that gives unusual advantage to pedestrian Nimrods. Cyclists had better seek less breakneck roads, though no few of them are seen daring the steepes of North Devon. Cricket has found an area in the Valley of Rocks. But the great amusement here is simply rambling through the lovely scenery that lies around in all directions, seen at its best when robed in the tender green of spring or the glorious tints of autumn, yet not wholly obscured by the shadow of a commonly mild winter.

Before entering on a description of those rambles, we may say a word as to the comparative advantage of taking up one's quarters at Lynton or at Lynmouth, "so near and yet so far." Each has its partisans. Both proclaim an exceedingly low death-rate; though it may be that their growth will destroy the freedom from zymotic diseases they now enjoy. Lynmouth, in its sheltered position, is naturally milder, or, as its adversaries might say, more relaxing. Lynton is more open and airy. The great lion of Lynton is the Valley of Rocks; of Lynmouth, the Watersmeet among wooded glens through which the sister Lyns make such a short and merry life of it, tumbling their eager way to the sea in a succession of cascades. The Lift saves one the steep climb up and down, which in either case would else add to the fatigue of an excursion. As a practical point, it may be suggested that the chief hotels above are rather more expensive than those below. The rest is a matter of taste. If bracing breezes please you rather, with airy prospects and rugged cliff scrambles, you will find yourself more at home in Lynton. Lynmouth will better suit if your choice be to saunter through a wilderness of deep greenery, mounting at ease the streams that guide to the bleak uplands of Exmoor. But from either hill or valley you will soon be drawn on to the charms of the other; and, wander where you will, you

cannot go wrong for well-nigh a surfeit of varied loveliness, whether in the morning you seek the dewy banks of clear, brown pools, and creaming eddies, and foaming swirls round moss-grown boulders, and pebbly ripple-reaches beneath the chequered shade; or at noonday tramp waist-high among gorse and fern on the purple moors; or at evening watch the cliffs, bathed for miles in a deepening flush of sunset, till their red ribs and green shoulders grow together into one sombre brown, and dusk hides solemn outlines as well as bewitching tints.

WALKS AROUND

We cannot undertake to show strangers all the lovely walks which they are sure to find out for themselves if they stay long enough at Lynton or Lynmouth; but we must indicate the points to which they should first turn, giving also some hints for extension of these rambles; then will come an account of the favourite excursions on either hand. Not the least beautiful spots lie close at hand or within an hour's stroll of either village.

Footpaths between Lynton and Lynmouth.—Besides the regular road between Lynton and Lynmouth, two footpaths connect the villages, both charming, twisting steeply up the wooded hillside, for the most part within sight of the sea. They give, from different points, lovely views of Lynmouth, with its stream and harbour lying below, of the bay bounded by the huge Foreland, and of the rich West Lyn valley. In several parts the banks on either side are literally covered with the hart's-tongue fern. Both are reached from Lynton by the lane between the Church and the Valley of Rocks Hotel, which leads to the North Walk. In a hundred yards or so the first path turns out of this to the right, rapidly descending the hill by a series of zigzags. It joins the main road a hundred yards from the bottom, just before the bridge is reached crossing the West Lyn. The other, perhaps the more picturesque of the two, leaves the first a short distance after its commencement, turning sharply to the left, and keeping close above the sea in its descent. It comes out at the entrance to the harbour, passing the pretty row of cottages by the quayside, and terminating at the pier.

The **West Lyn Glen** opens just behind the village in the grounds of *West Lyn*, the lodge gates of which are opposite

the bridge. A small charge is made for admission, the money collected going to the poor of the place. The way leads up an avenue to rocky paths running beside the stream, where a whole afternoon may be spent in admiring its numerous cascades and rapids, along with beautiful nooks and points of view that make one envy the owner of such a scene. Visitors should respect his liberality by avoiding the side paths that lead to the house and its more private grounds. At the top of the glen is a grand waterfall, to be seen at its best after rain. The distance is not much over half a mile, in which the river falls several hundred feet.

Summerhouse Hill or **Lyn Cleave** is the rocky height dividing the East and West Lyn Valleys, its open top raised over the harbour of Lynmouth and the two glens, thus giving one a prospect of the scenes to be explored. The zigzag path is indicated by a sign near the Lyndale Hotel. Above, one can range eastward along the heights overlooking the Watersmeet, or turn down in the other direction, through a wood, into a road up the valley of the West Lyn. The latter path (see below) is the easier way up, and the best from *Lynton*.

To **Barbrook Mill**, up the West Lyn, is half an hour's walk by the Barnstaple road from Lynmouth. If one leave Lynton by the road descending to Lynmouth, this should be quitted at the angle of the first zigzag, to keep the road which holds up the richly-wooded stream.

Three-quarters of a mile up, a hundred yards above a pretty mill, a small stone bridge to the left crosses the stream, carrying the road to Brendon (p. 210). Just over this bridge a footpath strikes off through the woods to the left, leading to Summerhouse Hill (see above). When *Barbrook Mill* is reached, one can again strike off eastwards over the heights towards *Brendon*, in 2 miles crossing the Hoarock Water (p. 210), down which is soon reached the Watersmeet. The high road mounts on to *Parracombe* (p. 203) for Barnstaple; and from it one could presently turn right to *Lee* (p. 211). The West Lyn would be our guide southwards on to the moors, dotted here with tumuli and traces of hut circles.

The **Watersmeet** (2 miles) is famous as one of the most romantic spots in Devon. To the right past the Lyndale Hotel, the road is followed by the side of the East Lyn, above which it soon mounts to a considerable height, carried terrace-wise along the side of the valley, with charming views of the winding wooded gorge and rapid tumbling river below. The pedestrian, for one way at least, should follow the waterside by crossing the Lyn at the first bridge, an ornamental wooden one, after leaving Lynmouth, and keeping a footpath which winds along through the woods close to the stream with its rapid rushes, creamy brown pools, and foaming swirls to move the heart alike of artist and angler.

This path leads to *Watersmeet House*, a haven of refreshment, beside the deep gulf filled with greenery that is the confluence of the East Lyn and the Hoarock Water. There are bridges over both streams, by which one can mount to the road above.

The road goes on up the Hoarock Water, coming down from our right as we ascend its course, and presently dividing as two streams. At the gate of *Combe Park* there is a parting of ways.

That to the left, over both streams, crosses the hill to the Church of *Brendon* and the *Rockford Inn* (to be gained also by a rough path up the *East Lyn*). In about two miles this road leads on to the village of *Brendon*, from which there is a road home by *Countisbury* (p. 214). Up the course of *Farley Water* (the right branch), one could reach the heights of *Brendon Common*, where, to the south of *Brendon*, the ground rises over 1300 feet.

The road between the two streams also leads on to wild heights, and up the *Hoarock Water* (the left branch) could be gained, about 2 miles back, that called *Roborough Castle*, a name repeated in this vicinity. To the west of this a lane leads back northwards over the heights between the two Lyns.

Just short of *Combe Park*, a way turned up hill to *Barbrook* in the West Lyn Valley (p. 209). A short way home is, at the first turn of this road, to take a grassy lane mounting to an open down, from which there is a grand prospect over glens and uplands. The lane goes through two farms, beyond the second making a crook to the left, which is an easier way than trying to keep the rough edge; and thus we get over *Summerhouse Hill* (p. 209).

Countisbury is the village and church $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile up the height ascended by the Porlock road. A little more than a

ile from Lynmouth, and some half-mile short of Countisbury, a cart-road will be noticed quitting the road at a sharp angle to the right. This, after passing through an interesting camp on the top of the hill, with ditch and rampart still quite distinguishable, leads by a pleasant grass path down the slope to Lynmouth, keeping 200 feet or so above the high road, and joining it again a quarter of a mile before the Lyn ridge is reached. This walk keeps the sea in view the whole way. By continuing along the high road 200 or 300 yards beyond the turning leading to the camp, towards Countisbury, an excellent view also will be obtained on the right, up the deep valley of the East Lyn to Watersmeet.

The Foreland.—By a walk along the cliffs, or by a turning off from the road beyond Countisbury Church, then by tracks over the turfy down, we gain this boldly-projecting point, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the east of Lynmouth. The view here is very extensive, and there is a lovely valley to be scrambled into for a sight of its waterfall over the cliff. The Foreland point is pierced by several caves, which can be visited, with due precaution, at low tides. They are reached from the bay known as *Sillery Sands*, above which runs the cliff path. A lighthouse is being built on the Foreland; and the Coast-guard Station here makes a far-seen landmark.

Lee Abbey, Valley of Rocks, etc. — *The North Walk* is the terrace-way of more than a mile, cut along the steep and rocky seaward slope of the hill forming the west side of Lynmouth Bay. It opens from Lynton by the turning to the right between the churchyard-wall and the Valley of Rocks Hotel; from Lynmouth it may be reached, without passing through Lynton, by either of the two footpaths which connect the two villages. Before long the walk brings us past a fantastic mass of rocks, known as *Ragged Jack*. To this group has been attached the often-repeated legend of people turned into stone for misconducting themselves on Sunday. Further on comes a conspicuous conical crag, the *Castle Rock*, which may be ascended by steps. Past the Castle Rock, there is a charming little rock-

bound cove, reached by a path which zigzags down the cliffs to the beach. By entering Lee Abbey Park beyond, through which there is a right of way, and adding a short half-mile to the walk, *Lee Abbey*, with its picturesque gateway-tower and ivy-clad walls, can be seen.

The way home may be taken on the other side of the heights, by the **Valley of Rocks**, that famous arena, though some think it overpraised, shut in between the Castle Rock and the Devil's Cheesewring, which will be remembered as one of the scenes in "*Lorna Doone*." The view of its weird shadows by moonlight is much admired, and at any time there are fine rambles over the rough slopes separating it from the North Walk. The valley is traversed by the road to *Wooda Bay* (see below), which leaves Lynton past the Valley of Rocks Hotel.

At Lee goes off to the left a road that makes a favourite driving round over *Coffin's Down* to the Barnstaple road.

TO WOODA BAY, HEDDON'S MOUTH, ETC.

Of longer excursions, one of the choicest is that along the coast to Heddon's Mouth, which may be extended to Combe Martin, where it falls in with the coach road to Ilfracombe. It is certainly the way to be preferred in walking eastward, the first part of the coach road turning inland. The distance is about the same, some 12 miles to Combe Martin, and the roads are fair, though steep. The start from Lynton is made through the Valley of Rocks and past Lee Abbey, whence the way lies along beautifully embowered terraces into the snug bay opening an hour's walk beyond Lynton.

Wooda Bay or Woody Bay (*Glen Hotel*) is a lovely nook, which in our last edition we could speak of as a budding resort, with two hotels, golf links, pier, eligible building sites, and a station 2 miles away. These hopes have been blighted by a strange vicissitude of fortune, which this is not the place to record. The proprietor now in power has set his face against the developments fostered by his pre-



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LYNTON—VALLEY OF ROCKS.



decessor ; and Lynton sojourners may thank him for wishing to preserve this nook in its natural beauty. The pier has gone to ruin ; one of the hotels has been closed ; and little more than a group of villas remains as the tombstones of an ambitious design.

Onward from Wooda Bay the old road strikes inland over the height where perches the village of **Martinshoe** with its tiny church, then it descends to the Heddon Valley at the Hunter's Inn (under 2 miles). It is little further to walk round by the cliffs, one path going past the Glen Hotel, to be joined by another from the lower part of the bay ; there is also a new road taking the same line over the lofty Beacon topping the sea edge. At *High Veer Point*, the path turns into a gorge, and from its height looks grandly down upon **Heddon's Mouth**, the rock-strewn beach where the Heddon or Parracombe Water reaches the sea, between steep banks of striated turf and scree, a scene judged by Mr. Blackmore far finer than the better-known Valley of Rocks. The path drops down to the stream, at the mouth of which comes a footbridge ; then up either bank it is a charming mile's walk to the **Hunter's Inn**, that red-roofed hostelry that in its new pretensions shows a pride aping humility in keeping to its old name.

Hence the road climbing the wooded height westward leads in a mile or so to *Trentishoe*, by which is the shortest way to Combe Martin (p. 197). The road up the valley leads in about 2 miles to the Lynton-Barnstaple high road, near Parracombe (p. 203). This might be gained at more than one point nearer Lynton by taking the hill road eastward and avoiding its descents on the left to Wooda Bay.

THE SOMERSET SIDE

Before leaving this corner of Devon, we are bound to say something of favourite excursions which would take us into the neighbouring county and on to Exmoor. The road by which we came from *Minehead* (p. 204) is renowned for its

lofty prospects; and one has the help of the coach in taking it over the steep 12 miles to **Porlock**, an ancient village in a bay sheltered by wooded hills, within a few miles' reach of which is the ascent of *Dunkery Beacon* (1709 feet), the highest point on Exmoor. A good walker might take the road to Porlock and return by the cliff path.

Without going so far, there are two notable points lying on either side of the **County Gate**, represented by a cottage between 4 and 5 miles out, on the long ascent of *Oare Hill*. This point itself is over 1000 feet above the sea.

Glenthorne, on the shore below, is a mansion celebrated for its beautiful grounds and woods, which by the proprietor's liberality have long been open to visitors, though the house is not shown. The entrance is by a white gate on the main road near the county boundary, for carriages, and a black gate, not far off, for pedestrians. So steep is the descent of less than a mile that the drive makes 3 miles of bending, to be halved by a footpath cutting off the zigzags, above which rises the bold camp of *Oldbarrow*, overlooking a noble prospect.

One can take a longer way back, walking round the cliffs by the *Foreland* (p. 211), where the distance is reduced to about 7 miles by cutting across the back of this point, to join the high road at *Countisbury Church*, or regain the cliff path above the *Sillery Sands*.

Below the County Gate, on the inland side, lies **Malmsmead Bridge**, across the Badgeworthy Water (locally Badgery), forming the border of Devon and Somerset, and here falling into the East Lyn, which above becomes known as the Oare Water. A rather longer way is up the East Lyn, by the road passing the Watersmeet to *Brendon* (p. 210), or so far one might trace on foot the windings of the river. The nucleus of Brendon is **Millslade** with its *Staghunter's Inn*; and this much-visited valley again affords refreshment at Malmsmead Bridge, 2 miles further on. More than one charming byway connects the winding valley road with the Porlock high road above. In Somerset, across the bridge, a

short mile of road leads to **Oare**, with its little church in a wood, celebrated by the experiences of "John Ridd." The Snowe family mentioned in the novel and commemorated in the church still flourishes here, as it has done from almost immemorial days, and Mr. Blackmore seems to have had their house in his eye for the giant hero's.

"Lorna Doone" would not be such a charming story but for its author's imagination; some of its incidents, however, have a foundation in fact. The feats of "great John Ridd" are vaguely traditional in the district; and in the grounds of Oare House are the lower limbs of an ash tree said to have been bent down by his strength. The Doones were a family of reckless outlaws who from this Adullam infested Exmoor about two centuries ago, and were not got rid of till, by a peculiarly barbarous murder at Exford, they drove the country-folk to exasperation. Another sinister hero of this wild region, also figuring, rather too favourably, we fear, in "Lorna Doone," was Tom Faggus, the highwayman, who still lives dimly in popular memory as a kind of cross between Dick Turpin and Robin Hood.

The **Doone Valley** on Badgeworthy Water is often sought out by visitors, who are apt to be disappointed by what they find here, after the heightened picture of the romance. It lies under Badgeworthy Hill, an hour's walk above Malmsmead Bridge, on the left side of the stream. A refreshment house on the way is called *Lorna's Bower*. One keeps up the stream to a wood of oak trees, beside which a tributary tumbles down a glen over a series of tiny falls. This is John Ridd's "Waterslide," which can be more easily tracked upwards than in his case. Crossing it by a bridge the path leads on for about a mile; then one turns on the right by another brook into a side combe where a single cottage looks down on the *Doone Houses*, or rather hovels, that at no time can have been anything but the roughest dwellings, and are now little more than a trace of ruined enclosures. It is quite easy to get out upon the moor beyond, where by a tale-teller's license Mr. Blackmore has made the difficulty of egress and ingress worthy of a hero. To find one's way back to the East Lyn over Brendon Common is more difficult; and those who cannot trust to map and compass had better return to the safe course of the Badgeworthy Water.

Exmoor.—Most of this wild upland, a smaller Dartmoor of some 20,000 acres, lies in Somerset, and we can only afford space for glimpses of it on the first stage of the highway crossing it to Dulverton (26 miles). This again is the road

up the East Lyn by the Watersmeet, but beyond, turning south to mount by *Brendon Barton* and *Farley Hill*. In about 6 miles, at *Brendon Two Gates*, it enters Somerset, and runs high over the wildest part of Exmoor. Three or four miles further, in the Barle valley, comes what may be called the capital of this huge parish, **Simonsbath** (*Rufus Hotel*), a pleasantly and loftily situated village, well known to anglers, and a good centre for exploring Exmoor.

The name is said to come from an outlaw, some prehistoric Tom Faggus, who is supposed to have swum in the deep pool above the bridge of the Barle; but a more recondite derivation connects it with Sigmund the dragon-slayer. The place has less dim memories of Tom Faggus himself, the dubious hero of the district. Among its lines of beech-trees reared against the moorland blasts, it makes an oasis of shade and green, testifying to efforts at improvement made by the Knight family, former proprietors of Exmoor; but their unfinished mansion, which is the principal building, hints at a confession of failure. The Church is a modern one, built by this family, who bought the whole moor nearly a hundred years ago, and spent large sums in trying to reclaim it, seldom even with such success as appears about this village. It now belongs to the Fortescue family.

The blunt swellings of the Somerset wilderness seldom rise to picturesque points like the Tors of Dartmoor; yet Exmoor too has impressive features, and beautiful spots in the deepening course of its streams. North-westward from Simonsbath extends the boggy tract known as the **Chains**, from which drain the sources of the Exe and the Barle. To the north-west of its central barrow, *Pinkery Pond*, an artificial piece of water, is notable as the only thing like a lake on Exmoor. A little west of this, presently turning along the north side of the Chains, runs the fence called the County Wall, making a right angle by which one might regain the high road at *Two Gates*, about a mile to the west of which is the source known as Exe Head. Outside of the angle, a little to the west of the County Wall, are reached **Chapman Barrows** (about 1600 feet) in the Devonshire corner of the moor, here dotted with tumuli and other signs of antiquity, such as the *Longstone*, a pillar 9 feet high, whose history is unknown. Beyond, one could come down to Parracombe, on the Lynton-Barnstaple road (p. 203).

West from Simonsbath a road leads in about 4 miles to the County Wall, then nearly 2 miles south-west is **Showlsborough Castle** (1528 feet), a Roman camp, guarding this side of the moor, with another fine view over Devonshire, whose first village, *Challacombe*, lies beyond. Showlsborough is one point of a ridge along this side of the moor, by which one may steer an arduous course

north to Lynton, 7 or 8 miles in a straight line. From the angle of the County Wall, a pretty direct way goes down to the West Lyn Valley at *Barbrook Mill* (p. 209).

If the wary pedestrian followed the County Wall eastward from the high road, in about 3 miles he would strike the head streams of the Badgeworthy Water (p. 214) to guide him down to the East Lyn.

The Exe and the Barle flowing south-eastward in roughly parallel courses till they converge below Dulverton, are lines over Exmoor to the Devon and Somerset railway on its south side (p. 181).

BIDEFORD AND TORRINGTON

BARNSTAPLE TO BIDEFORD

Another branch of the L. & S.-W. R. runs on from Barnstaple Junction through Bideford to Torrington, at present its terminus, though a connection with the Plymouth line across the Torridge country has been talked of for long. The best road (9 miles), if not quite the shortest, to Bideford, keeps near the railway, beside the estuary of the Taw river ; and after passing Instow, ascends the bank of the Torridge to Bideford Bridge. These broad and winding tidal rivers, surrounded by gently undulating hills and rich woods, make a pretty picture at high tide ; but the railway time-tables are naturally not arranged to show them always in their best aspect. At *Fremington* (3 miles from Barnstaple) the Taw gets clear of its sandbanks, and deepens into an arm of the sea. Three miles further comes **Instow**, and, just beyond, *Instow Quay*, at the meeting-point of the two rivers, the Taw and the Torridge. There are stations both at Fremington and Instow Quay. The latter is a small watering-place (*Marine Hotel*), with lodging-houses and good sands for children.

Across the water, at Fremington, appear *Heanton Court* (p. 185) and the tower of *Heanton Punchardon Church*, beyond which is the point covered by *Braunton Burrows* (p. 186). Opposite Instow, the two little towns looking at each other with white-washed faces, lies the quaint old seaport of *Appledore* (p. 224), on the point of land jutting out into the broad estuary of the Taw, above the Bar which mariners have here to reckon with. There



BIDEFORD.

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is a ferry between Appledore and Instow Quay. The prominent tower beyond Appledore is not any historical monument, but a "Folly." Further back in the country will be seen a more romantic-looking ruin, which is only a dilapidated windmill, left there as a sea-mark, serving also to call attention to *Bloody Corner*, not far from it, where King Alfred defeated the Danes under Hubba.

From Instow to Bideford is 3 miles up the bank of the Torridge, below rising ground on which stands the village of *Westleigh*.

On the opposite bank, a glimpse of its ship-repairing hamlet *Cleavehouses*, warns us that we are approaching Bideford.

BIDEFORD

Hotels: *Royal*, at the station; *The New Inn*, above the town; *Tanton's*, *Kingsley Temperance*, etc.

By-the-Ford, with its present population of some 9000, was once a wealthy and important seaport town; and in the reign of Queen Bess none were more forward, even amongst the intrepid men of Devon, than they of Bideford, in voyages of discovery and adventure. After a period of decadence, it now takes on a fresh air of prosperity, not a little of which it owes to Charles Kingsley's famous novel attracting so many tourists.

"Westward Ho!" is read here as religiously as "Lorna Doone" at Lynton; and what Scott was to Perthshire, Kingsley is to this side of Devon. It may, then, seem superfluous to quote his account of "the little white town of Bideford, sloping upwards from its broad tide-river, paved with yellow sands, and many-arched old bridge, where salmon wait for autumn floods, toward the pleasant upland on the west. Above the town the hills close in, cushioned with deep oak woods, through which juts here and there a crag of fern-fringed slate; below they lower, and open more and more in softly-rounded knolls and fertile squares of red and green, till they sink into the wide expanse of hazy flats, rich salt marshes, and rolling sand-hills, where Torridge joins her sister Taw, and both together flow quietly toward the broad surges of the bar, and the everlasting thunder of the long Atlantic's swell."

"Westward Ho!" was in part written in what is now the Royal Hotel, adjoining the station, the owner of which possessed a collection of rare works consulted both by Kingsley and the late Mr. Froude. This is one of the most interesting houses in Bideford, incorporating portions of the original structure, which belonged to a tobacco merchant of the 17th century. More than one of the rooms have fine ceilings ornamented with fruit, foliage, etc., in relief, the Italian workmanship of which is well worth inspection. Visitors who can afford to pay for such accommodation may occupy the lordly chamber in which the novelist wrote. The old oak staircase leads up from a covered courtyard in continental style; and the billiard room opens on to the platform of the station, so that here the 17th and the 19th centuries are closely joined.

From the suburb about the station, known as "East the Water," we look over the long bridge, with its twenty-four arches, upon the *Quay* that makes the face of the town, its streets sloping steeply upwards. The "Old Ship" tavern here claims to be the original hostelry in which was founded that "Brotherhood of the Rose." The *Castle Inn* occupies the site of Sir Richard Grenville's town house. The most striking structure is the *Bridge Hall*, built by the Bridge Trust, whose endowments have made it such an important corporation. This contains the School of Science and Art and the Free Library, in which are displayed two autograph letters of Charles Kingsley. The *Town Hall* opposite is not an old building, but a good imitation of one.

Rather hidden away behind this we find the *Church*, which dates from early in the 14th century, but was rebuilt in 1865, with the exception of the tower, 70 feet high. It contains a circular Norman font, and the tomb and figure of Sir Thomas Graunfyld (died 1513), also a brass erected by one of his descendants to the gallant Sir Richard Grenville, and some fine modern glass, notably the window in the south aisle to the memory of Sir George Stucley's wife. Another noticeable monument is to John Strange, a 17th-century worthy of Bideford, who died fighting the plague—a worse enemy than the Spaniard. The old oak carvings have almost all disappeared. The churchyard is rich in curious epitaphs.

The other streets have not much architectural pretension.

The *High Street*, where the Post-Office and the best shops are, leads up from the Quay, a little below the bridge. *Mill Street*, another main thoroughfare, rather narrow and crooked, runs parallel to the Quay, going out as the road to Westward Ho. The Quay is continued as a pleasant walk along the riverside, past a little park where in summer Bideford provides music for its visitors. The old guns kept on the riverside are believed to be possibly relics of the Spanish Armada.

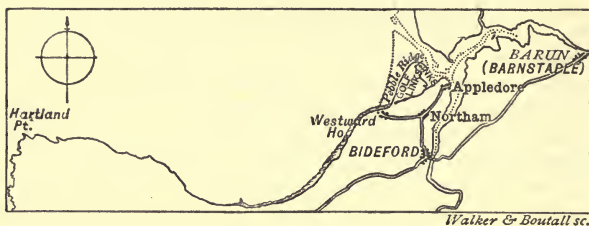
Above the bridge the town soon comes to an end, where the winding river, enclosed between wooded banks, might at high water be taken for a landlocked lake. Boating is to be had here by studying the tide, for at low water the channel shrinks between wide flats of sand or mud. With the tide boats can go up the *Yeo*, a tributary falling into the left bank of the Torridge, some 2 miles above Bideford.

A fine view of the river is commanded on the other side from *Chudleigh Fort*, the remains of an entrenchment of the Civil War time, overlooking the town above the railway, and reached by a private road from the station. In this direction one might hold on some three miles to the ancient Church of *Horwood*, which lies a little off the right of the shorter inland road to Barnstaple.

There are good views also from the heights on the west side. An excuse for a walk here would be a visit to *Littleham* (2 m.), which is reached by different ways, the most simple perhaps being to take the road past the cemetery indicated by a guide-post; but a finer walk is by the third turning up from the high road skirting the left bank of the river upwards, on to heights that widely overlook the estuary; or for part of the way one may go through Sir George Stucley's drive. The attraction at Littleham is a splendid Church, recently restored and sumptuously adorned. The carved oak screen is a reproduction of the original one. Another striking ornament is the marble altar-tomb to General Crealock.

The excursion least likely to be missed here is that to *Westward Ho*, which might be called a suburb or dependency of Bideford, facing the open sea on the other side of the point ended by Northam Burrows. From the lower end of the Quay, a short railway now runs to *Northam* by *Westward Ho*. There are also omnibuses from Bideford Station. By road the distance is over 3 miles, but a pleasanter footway reduces it one-third.

Leaving the town by Mill Street, as soon as the Northam Road has crossed a pretty valley, shut in by wooded heights, we find a road turn up to the left with a direction-post for Westward Ho.



Plan of Westward Ho, showing the position of the Golf Links on the Burrows, and the relative positions of Northam, Bideford, and Barnstaple.

About 100 yards up this road, where the telegraph wire also goes off, the pedestrian should take a path to the right that in ten minutes will bring him through fields to a road, along which a short turn to the right puts him once more under charge of a guide-post. Further up the road there is another guide-post, but he is now in sight of the first houses of *Buckleigh*, the upper part of Westward Ho, built on a cliff, from which he soon looks down on the rest of the place scattered along the sloping shore as far as the edge of the golf links that have made its fortune.

WESTWARD HO

Hotels: *Royal, Pebble Ridge, Fosketh's Private Hotel, Torridge House, etc.*

This resort, which had the happy thought of christening itself from the novel, is a watering-place of quite unique character, inhabited mainly by retired "captains and colonels and knights-at-arms," Anglo-Indians, grass and grey widows of gentility, and other persons connected with the Services, who find here congenial society and healthful retreat. The nucleus of the place is the *United Service College*, at first limited to officers' sons, but afterwards opened to laymen at rather higher rates. The main interest, apart from education, is golf, which, besides reigning supreme at its own clubhouse on the links, is accused of too much invading the other

social *cercle* also. You can live at Westward Ho without playing golf, but you might as well stay away without a proper introduction into its society. The best passport is membership of the golf club; and any military or naval family who have the least acquaintance here will quickly be received with open arms. In summer there are some temporary visitors, but for them the accommodation of lodging- and boarding-houses is rather scanty, and much run upon by the golfers.

Among the lines and groups of villas inhabited by this colony several buildings are prominent. The first reached by the road to Northam is the *College*, built to be a terrace before it was turned into a school. Beyond are the buildings of a more unfortunate institution—the *Kingsley Memorial College*—which stands with broken windows, a memorial of failure, sadly at a loss what to do with itself, though various projects have been set on foot for turning it to account. Then comes the *Royal* (formerly *Westward Ho*) Hotel, beyond which, on the shore, a curious-looking building, ended by a low tower, is the *Nassau Swimming Bath*.

Hence, turning back eastwards along the shore, we come to another building known as the *Ladies' Baths*, which serves chiefly as refreshment rooms for excursion parties. A little further along begins the famous **Pebble Ridge**, 2 miles or more long, which forms the bulwark of Northam Burrows, recalling in the size and smoothness of its stones the no-less-famous Chesil Beach at Portland. Not even such a bulwark can defy the seas which sometimes roll against it; the Ridge has been altered in shape and position within our own day, and is said to have been thrown back several yards in one night. Beyond it lies buried a submerged forest, petrified remains from which may be seen at the Athenæum of Barnstaple. Behind extend the Golf Links, the club-house now built well inland, after having been once driven back by the invading waves. This fine course rivals that of St. Andrews, and has mainly been the making of Westward Ho. The hazards chiefly consist of big bunkers, tall rushes, and small water-channels, dry in summer. One advantage the Westward Ho Links certainly have over other Devonian ones, in lying low

and requiring no preliminary toil of climbing on the part of eager but elderly players.

From Westward Ho, if a longer walk were desired, one could pleasantly return to Bideford by turning south to *Cornborough* and *Abbotsham Cliffs*, thence inland by **Abbotsham**, where there is a church worth seeing: this would be a round of about 5 miles. But the opportunity might as well be taken to visit *Northam* and *Appledore* in the other direction, about a mile lying between each of these places. From Westward Ho, the straightest way to Appledore is across Northam Burrows; but after running the gauntlet of golf balls, one comes into a marshy tract more fit for the geese of the Northam "pot-wallopers." We can go through Northam by two roads, one leading under, the other above the cliff.

Northam, to which parish Westward Ho belongs, is chiefly interesting to us as the imaginary home of Amyas Leigh and burial-place of Salvation Yeo. The Church has been rebuilt since their day, and so has *Burrough House*, a little way out towards the estuary. In the village a grass mound is said to mark the burial-place of the slain in a great battle between Saxon and Dane; and on the way to Appledore is *Bloody Corner*, where Alfred did defeat the Danes under Hubba, unless Stogursey in Somerset can make good its claim to be the scene of this event. A pillar marks the spot, not far from that ruined mill already mentioned as a landmark. On the shore is a rock known as the *Hubbastone*, where Devonshire men believe that the Danish chieftain landed to find a tomb.

Appledore, so lovingly dwelt on by the author of "Westward Ho!" is a quaint old home of sea-dogs, with narrow cobbled streets and alleys running down to the water edge, where the place has a very nautical air, not to speak of the smells. It strikes one as being now, on a smaller scale, what Bideford may have been in its palmy days. The smart, fresh look old Appledore presents from the opposite bank hardly bears closer examination, but is resolved into another form of picturesqueness, while the new parts are

clean and commonplace enough. A good deal of ship-building and repairing go on here, but there is little to interest the mere landsman except the views from above.

We may hence cross to *Instow Quay* by the ferry (p. 218) and walk up the other side of the river to Bideford Station (3 miles), or else return by the road through *Northam*, about the same distance, with the chance of an omnibus on the way. Any one who has the bump of locality will have little difficulty in leaving the road to find his way by paths nearer the water, leading through fields to the hamlet of *Cleavehouses*, beyond which begins the river walk from the Quay. Yet the road, rather shut in as it is, may prove the shorter cut in the end.

TORRINGTON

Globe Hotel ; Halsdon Private Hotel, etc.

This is another place which no one should fail to visit from Bideford. It is seven miles up the river, the terminus of the railway, which gives only tantalising glimpses of those lovely banks. There is a choice of roads ; the one to be recommended being that along the left bank, which presently crosses the mouth of the Yeo to strike up a hill, but in general runs fairly level between the wooded heights and the river whose windings it follows more or less faithfully. The return from Torrington might be made either on the right side, or by a slight circuit on the heights above the left bank so as to pass the ruins of **Frithelstock**, an Augustinian Priory, then **Monkleigh** with its prominent church tower, and so down through *Landcross* to the river.

The Yeo bridge, then the village of **Landcross**, supposed birthplace of General Monk, left behind on the river road, through the trees above there is a glimpse of *Annery*, one of the mansions celebrated in "Westward Ho !" then half-way to Torrington comes a fine view of **Wear Gifford** on the further bank, to be reached by a toll bridge, or from the old Torrington Road running behind it. From our road opposite, the grey ivied pile of the Hall, the Church, and the

Rectory make a very striking group. The interior of the house is not shown to the public, but the tourist would be fortunate who could come by a sight of its tapestried chambers and the elaborately carved roof of the hall. The Strawberry Gardens of Wear Gifford are open to him.

Three miles more bring us to the station of **Great Torrington**, as its full style is, *Little Torrington* lying to the south. A short cut is made by taking the last mile or so along the line; but we are not quite sure how far the L. & S.-W. R. Co. consent to this convenience. The station stands a good part of a mile short of the town (*omnibus*), which lies on the further slope, and we must mount to it over a Common. We make its first acquaintance by two remarkable features: on the left a cemetery that suggests a nobleman's grounds; on the right an unusually picturesque Union with pretty garden and chapel. In returning to the station, a pleasant detour could be made by keeping down the cemetery wall, and striking through a fern-clad valley.

The first street entered beyond the cemetery is hardly up to the promise of this introduction, so we advise the stranger to hold by the edge of the Common, round the Union wall, where he will look over a fine bend of the Torridge. Coming down into the town this way, he soon sees the Fountain and Clock Tower in the Market Place, at the edge of which a nook of green guides him into the Churchyard. The old Church was blown up in the Civil War, but its successor is not unworthy of the place; it contains a fine reredos. Close at hand he will find the small remains of the Castle, then on Castle Hill an Obelisk set up as a Waterloo monument. From the Castle Bowling Green there is a celebrated view, which has caused Torrington to be likened to Jerusalem. Bowling has always been held in special esteem at Torrington, which is to this game almost what St. Andrews is to golfing; but here there are also golf links on the Common. The industry that keeps this town of three to four thousand inhabitants so prosperous is glove-making, as Bideford has for its staple the idyllic manufacture of collars and cuffs.

Another enterprise of the district is the *North Devon Clay Works* at **Marland** (5 miles), to which a beautifully wooded

walk might be taken by the light railway built to bring the clay to Torrington Station.

The **Torridge**.—Besides bowling, fishing is a great pastime at Torrington, and one need not be a very ardent devotee of Izaak Walton to take any excuse for visiting the lovely course of the Torridge. We regret that space does not allow us to go much further into a country little visited by tourists, where an independent explorer would find it well worth his while to wander by villages mostly perched high over the wooded valley.

Such a lofty village is **Beaford**—some half-dozen miles by road—overlooking from the right bank sinuous curves of the river, which above Torrington receives another of Devon's many Yeo streams, their confluence a charming scene. Above Beaford, **Yew Bridge** is one of the finest spots, over which stands **Dolton**, with its pretty church, containing an ancient font. On the left side, a little higher up, **Meath Church** is an example of the fast-disappearing style of galleried and whitewashed architecture. Here the river may usually be crossed by stones at the ford; then soon one comes to the junction of the *Okement*, which one might follow up to the purlieus of Dartmoor. A little above the confluence is *Hele Bridge*, a couple of miles from *Hatherleigh* (p. 175). The distance so far is about ten miles from Torrington as the crow flies; but one would have to do with devious roads, and would often be tempted to turn aside to the winding Torridge, two or three bends of which may be seen from one point.

The vigorous pedestrian would do well in keeping with this crooked river towards its sources on the Cornish border, close to the head of the Tamar, following it at all events to **Black Torrington** (inn), then perhaps striking across to *Halwill Junction*. Several miles higher up, at **Woodford Bridge** (inn), he would cross the road by which it is 7 miles to *Holsworthy Junction*, and only about as far back to *Torrington*. So great is the bend taken by this river that as he approaches its source, one who has tracked it up from Torrington comes nearer its mouth than he has been on most of a long day's meandering course.

This is no cyclists' paradise, but for their guidance we may mention some distances from Torrington.

To *Okehampton* (p. 168) by Little Torrington, Hele Bridge, and Hatherleigh, 25 miles.

To *Holsworthy* (p. 174) by Frithelstock, 15 miles.

To *Hartland Point* (p. 231) by the Yeo Valley, about 20 miles.

To *Umberleigh Station* (p. 180), 9 miles.

To *Barnstaple* (p. 182), 13 miles.

CLOVELLY AND HARTLAND

We have left to the last the most famous excursion in these parts, which will bring us to the boundary of Devon. Everybody has heard of Clovelly, that quaint village hanging in a cliff-cleft, so steep that the thoroughfare seems a ladder rather than a street, and so narrow as to be impassable for any carriage larger than a wheelbarrow, the whole embedded in rich woods and the rare blooms flourishing here like weeds. Bideford is the nearest town (11 miles) to this romantic nook. Besides excursion parties frequently made up at Bideford, coaches run both morning and afternoon in summer; and all the year the mail carriage leaving Bideford Post-Office early in the morning will take passengers who have booked places the night before. Parties of not less than eight, reaching Bideford with through tickets by early morning train, can have a special conveyance provided on previous notice to the stationmaster. By boat, also, Clovelly is visited from Instow or Appledore. But the safest and most satisfactory way of going there is on one's own legs, especially as the last 3 miles, to be fully enjoyed, should in any case be so done.

By taking advantage of any of the public conveyances one way, as far as the Hobby Drive, the tourist who shrinks from a 25-mile walk might keep himself fresh for walking back along the coast, so as to visit **Buckish** (*or Bucks*) **Mill**, a cove 2 or 3 miles east, which some think as fine as Clovelly itself. At low tide one can walk along the shore, else it will be necessary to take the road from the Hobby Drive till the lane for Buckish is reached. As another way back to Bideford, instead of keeping the high road, we may strike off at *Horne's Cross* to gain the coast again at the wild rocks of *Peppercombe*, and thence return by Abbotsham or by Westward Ho (p. 222). The walk along the beach from Peppercombe to Westward Ho, however, is rather fatiguing.

The coach road goes up the steep streets of Bideford to follow pleasant heights some little way back from the sea. Outside of the town there are views of the finely timbered grounds of *Moreton*, then in about 3 miles is passed *Portledge House*, seat of the Coffin family for many centuries. *The*

Hoops Inn is half-way to Clovelly ; and here we might descend to reach those other points of the coast already mentioned. At *Clovelly Cross*, more than a mile from the village, the coach running on to Bude must be left, a wagonette being provided, which vehicle again does not carry passengers quite into the village, where donkeys are the only means of transport. But those who can walk at all should by all means have left the coach 8 miles from Bideford, at the entrance to the famous "Hobby" Drive, constructed by a former owner of the great house of the neighbourhood, *Clovelly Court*. A charge of 4d. is made for admission ; 1s. for carriages. This way winds through lovely woods overhanging the sea for nearly 3 miles, and finally opens into the village street about the middle, a quarter of a mile above the harbour.

Clovelly still retains its unsophisticated charms, though so much visited, and rising not only as a show place but as a resort with lovers of the beautiful. In summer its contracted and unconventional accommodations are much run upon. Its chief hostelries are the *New Inn*, half-way up, and the *Red Lion*, down below on the harbour, both in keeping with the place. On fine days these inns are apt to be invaded by steamboat excursionists from Ilfracombe.

The name Clovelly is understood to mean "a shut-in valley," which but tamely describes the situation of this place. The slope in parts is almost precipitous, and has every here and there to be overcome by steps. The only patch of level is a sort of landing in the street-staircase, two-thirds of the way down, commanding a view of the harbour, which forms a village-centre and eyrie for the local mariners. Pretty cottages line the street on either side, here two or three together, there standing apart, almost all with gardens, perched on every coign of vantage, and turned at any angle to the winding thoroughfare. At one point the village seems to end abruptly, till the stranger discovers that the road is literally carried through a house, which blocks the way, by means of an archway. A little below, the tiny harbour is reached, with its quaint little rustic pier, sheltering red-sailed fishing-boats, while the whole of this

fishermen's Arcadia is embowered and half-hidden in trees which come down to meet the odours of tar, fish, and brine, rising to suggest one side of its mingled characteristics.

The *Church* contains many monuments of the Carys, and a brass to the memory of Charles Kingsley, who has brought so many strangers to this "strip of semi-tropic paradise," which he judges unsurpassed in England. His father was rector of Clovelly, and thus both the sons came by their enthusiastic admiration of this country. Clovelly seems to have sat in part for the picture of "Ravenshoe" in Henry Kingsley's novel; it is believed also to have furnished some features for "Aberalva" in his brother's *Two Years Ago*. But indeed it has been often described, notably in Dickens's *Message from the Sea*.

Besides the *Hobby Drive*, the following are the chief points to be visited about Clovelly.

Clovelly Dikes. Where the village road joins the main Bideford and Hartland Road will be found the extensive circular British Camp, known as *Ditchen Hills*, otherwise *Clovelly Dikes*, occupying a lofty position a little way back from the sea. The three trenches vary from 18 to 20 feet in depth; the diameter of the outer trench is 1300 feet, the inner one forms a parallelogram of about 360 by 300 feet. There is a wide view from the top of the Dikes, where the rich loveliness of Clovelly may be seen set in relief against the bleak moorlands behind. A return might be made by the Hobby Drive. The pedestrian should turn to the left from the Dikes eastwards along the Bideford Road; and again to the left at right angles at the second turning on that side, by a lane which joins the Hobby Drive a mile out of Clovelly. This lengthens the whole walk to nearly 4 miles.

Clovelly Court is half a mile to the west of the village. The mansion close to the church is a modern one, the old home of the Carys having been burned down at the end of last century. The grounds are open to visitors by favour of the owner every day but Tuesday and Saturday, a small charge being made, which goes to charities: admission by the *Yellery Gate*. They are of great beauty, the paths winding by lichen-covered rocks and through leafy glens and ferny combs opening suddenly upon the sea. The show of rhododendrons early in the season is very fine.

Gallantry Bower, strange name for such a stern scene, is a sheer cliff (380 feet) which overlooks a glorious panorama of sea on the one side and richly-wooded country on the other. The name is probably a corruption of an old Cornish word, but it has prompted a version of the well-worn legend of a Lover's Leap. It stands

about a mile, as the crow flies, westwards along the coast from Clovelly Harbour. To reach it the way is through the grounds of Clovelly Court, then striking down to the coast, and for the last half-mile keeping the ridge of the cliffs.

Mouth Mill, a pretty combe, where two streams unite, opening to the sea, is reached by continuing along the same track half a mile further. Off the headland forming the eastern boundary of the little bay are the curious detached *Black Church Rocks*, worn by the Atlantic waves into large natural arches, through which a boat may safely pass in calm weather. The pools here make a rich hunting-ground for naturalists. From Mouth Mill the return may be varied by following the cart-road up the western branch of the combe for half a mile, then taking the first turning to the left, which mounts the hillside and rejoins the Gallantry Bower route near Clovelly Court, returning past it again to Clovelly. This round altogether makes about 4 miles.

Beyond Clovelly comes the huge and wild parish of **Hartland**, a bare upland country of rounded tops, between which nestle rich hollows. The mail-cart from Bideford goes on to *Hartland* town, returning in the afternoon. From the cross-roads at Clovelly Dikes to Hartland (*King's Arms Hotel*) is $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles further along the Bideford Road, or over 5 from Clovelly. The village lies at the base of Hartland Point, traversed by winding lanes, on which it is not hard to lose one's way, soon to be brought up by approach to the coast on either hand. *Hartland Quay*, a rock-bound harbour and pier, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles beyond Hartland, terminates the main road from Bideford, being 16 miles distant from that town.

Between Hartland and Hartland Quay is passed the stately mansion of **Hartland Abbey**, a seat of the old family of Stucley, reposing amid luxuriant woods on a green and pleasant valley-slope. Of the ancient monastery—founded by the Countess Elgitha in grateful commemoration of the escape of her husband, Earl Godwin, from shipwreck—the present mansion embodies the Decorated arched cloister, built by Abbot John of Exeter. Near this, on a height, stands the fine old church of **Stoke St. Nectan**, with its ornate rood-screen and other relics, among them a *replica* of that curious epitaph, "Here lie I at the chancel door," etc., which we saw at Kingsbridge (p. 90).

By a path from Stoke Churchyard, or along the coast from Hartland Quay it is some 3 miles' walk to the Lighthouse on **Hartland Point**, a grand headland of dark rock (350 feet) jutting out into the Atlantic towards Lundy Island. Hence one can return to Clovelly by rough coast paths.

Into **Cornwall**.—Southward, some half-a-dozen miles along the coast from Hartland Quay, or by lanes from Hartland and Stoke St. Nectan, one could reach the picturesque village of **Welcombe**, with another old church of St. Nectan, lying close to the Cornish border, a good mile inland from the little bay of *Welcombe Mouth*. Some quarter of a mile further, on the actual border-line of Cornwall,—the brook that here enters the sea dividing the counties—is **Marsland Mouth**, scene of the interview in “Westward Ho !” between the fair “Rose of Torridge” and the “White Witch”; and Kingsley is not the only novelist who has taken impressive scenery from this iron-bound, storm-lashed coast, broken by the characteristic combes, each with “its black field of jagged shark’s-tooth rock, which paves the cove from side to side, streaked with here and there a pink line of shell sand, and laced with white foam from the eternal surge, stretching in parallel lines out to the westward, in strata set upright on edge or tilted towards each other at strange angles by primeval earthquakes:—such is the ‘Mouth’—as those coves are called. To landward, all richness, softness, and peace; to seaward, a waste and howling wilderness of rock and roller, barren to the fisherman, and hopeless to the shipwrecked mariner.”

But now we have strayed into the limits of our Cornwall Guide. Some 2 miles over the border is the first Cornish village, *Morwenstow*, standing on the wild cliffs famed by its former vicar, R. S. Hawker, the poet. Further south, 16 miles from Hartland by road, comes *Bude*, terminus of the short L. and S.-W. R. branch line from *Holsworthy* (p. 174), 10 miles away, on the western edge of Devon.

CYCLING ITINERARY OF DEVON

(The figures given as round numbers, fractions neglected ; and, in doubt, the longer distance usually preferred)

ROADS FROM EXETER

I	
EXETER TO LYME REGIS	
(by the Coast)	39 Miles.
	Miles.
Topsham (p. 39)	4
Lympstone (p. 39)	5
Exmouth (p. 40)	2
Budleigh Salterton (p. 21)	5
Otterton (p. 20)	3
Sidmouth (p. 17)	3
[left to <i>Honiton</i> (p. 11) 9 miles]	
Seaton (p. 7)	9
[left to <i>Axminster</i> (p. 5) 7 miles]	
Lyme Regis (p. 6)	8
Total	39

The direct road from Exeter to Lyme Regis, keeping farther back from the coast, is 28 miles. This diverges right from No. II. 2 miles out of Exeter. Exeter to Sidmouth direct by *Clyst St. Mary* (p. 39) and *Newton Poppleford* (p. 20) 15 miles.

II	
EXETER TO CHARD	
(London Road)	30 Miles.
	Miles.
<i>Honiton Clyst</i> (p. 14)	4
<i>Honiton</i> (p. 11)	13
[right to <i>Axminster</i> (p. 5) 9 miles]	
(3 miles on, left to <i>Taunton</i> 14 miles)	
Chard (p. 5)	13
Total	30
(Chard to London 138 miles)	

III	
EXETER TO TAUNTON	
	32 Miles.
	Miles.
Pinhoe (p. 14)	3
Broadclyst (p. 14)	2
Cullompton (p. 3)	8
Wellington (p. 2)	12
Taunton (p. 2)	7
Total	32
(Taunton on to Bristol 44 miles)	

IV	
EXETER TO DULVERTON	
	27 Miles.
	Miles.
Stoke Canon (p. 4)	4
Bickleigh (p. 42)	7
Tiverton (p. 43)	4
Exe Bridge (near Dulverton Station, p. 45)	10
(Road forward to <i>Minehead</i> 18 miles.)	
Dulverton Town (left) (pp. 45, 181)	2
Total	27
(Dulverton Town to Lynmouth 24 miles.)	

V	
EXETER TO BARNSTAPLE	
	40 Miles.
	Miles.
Crediton (p. 46)	8
Copplestone (p. 178)	4
Eggesford (p. 179)	9

	Miles.
Portsmouth Arms (p. 180)	7
Umberleigh Bridge (p. 180)	4
[left to Torrington , right to South Molton , each about 8 miles]	
Bishops Tawton (p. 180)	6
Barnstaple (p. 182)	2
Total	40
Barnstaple to Bideford	9
to Ilfracombe	11
to Lynton	17

VI

EXETER TO OKEHAMPTON

22 Miles.

Taphouse	7
Crockernwell	4
Sticklepath (p. 167)	8
Okehampton (p. 168)	3
Total	22
Okehampton to Torrington	25
to Launceston	19
to Tavistock	16
to Plymouth by Tavistock	30

VII

EXETER TO PLYMOUTH

(over Dartmoor) 42 Miles.

Pocombe Bridge (p. 68)	1
Moreton Hampstead (p. 68)	11
Two Bridges (p. 69)	13
[right to Tavistock 9 miles]	
[left to Ashburton 12 miles]	
Princetown (p. 146)	2
Roborough (p. 131)	9
Plymouth (p. 103)	6
Total	42

VIII

EXETER TO TORQUAY

(by Haldon) 23 Miles.

Alphington (p. 48)	1
Chudleigh (p. 50)	9
Newton Abbot (p. 62)	6
[right to Moreton Hampstead (p. 163) 12 miles]	
[left to Teignmouth (p. 58) 6 miles]	
Torquay (p. 65)	7
Total	23

IX

EXETER TO TORQUAY

(by the Coast) 23 Miles.

Alphington (p. 48)	1
Exminster (p. 53)	3
Starcross (p. 53)	4
Dawlish (p. 54)	4
Teignmouth (p. 58)	3
[right to Newton Abbot (p. 62) 6 miles]	
Torquay (p. 65)	8
Total	23

X

EXETER TO PLYMOUTH

(by Torquay) 55 Miles.

Torquay (VIII. IX.)	23
Totnes (p. 83)	9
Avonwick (p. 89)	6
Ivybridge (p. 98)	7
Plymouth (p. 103)	10
Total	55

XI

EXETER TO PLYMOUTH

(by Ashburton) 43 Miles.

Chudleigh (p. 50)	10
Ashburton (p. 67)	10
South Brent (p. 89)	8
Ivybridge (p. 98)	5
Plymouth (p. 103)	10
Total	43

XII

EXETER TO KINGSBRIDGE

(by the Coast) 48 Miles.

Torquay (VIII. IX.)	23
Dartmouth (Ferry, p. 81)	10
Tor Cross (p. 88)	8
Kingsbridge (p. 89)	7
Total	48

XIII

EXETER TO KINGSBRIDGE

(by Totnes) 36 Miles.

Newton Abbot (p. 62)	16
Totnes (p. 83)	8
Halwell	5
[left to Dartmouth 8 miles]	
Kingsbridge (p. 89)	7
Total	36

ROADS FROM PLYMOUTH

For Plymouth to Exeter see above Routes, VII. X. XI.

I	
PLYMOUTH TO KINGSBRIDGE	
20 Miles.	
Miles.	
Brixton (p. 127)	5
Yealmpton (p. 127)	2
Modbury (p. 99)	5
Kingsbridge (p. 89)	8
—	—
Total 20	
(Kingsbridge to Dartmouth by Torcross 15 miles—Torquay 25 miles)	

II	
PLYMOUTH TO TORQUAY	
32 Miles.	
Ivybridge (p. 98)	11
Avonwick (p. 89)	6
Totnes (p. 83)	6
Paignton (p. 75)	6
Torquay (p. 65)	3
—	—
Total 32	

III	
PLYMOUTH TO ASHBURTON	
24 Miles.	
Ivybridge (p. 98)	11
Buckfastleigh (p. 155)	10
Ashburton (p. 156)	3
—	—
Total 24	

(Ashburton to Two Bridges 12 miles, Tavistock 21 miles)

IV	
PLYMOUTH TO OKEHAMPTON	
31 Miles.	
Roborough (p. 131)	5
Horrabridge Sta. (p. 133)	5
Tavistock (p. 134)	5
Lydford (on left of road, p. 170)	6
Okehampton (p. 168)	10
—	—
Total 31	
(Okehampton to Exeter 22 miles —to Launceston 18 miles)	

V	
PLYMOUTH TO BARNSTAPLE	
66 Miles.	
Miles.	
Saltash (p. 121)	4
Callington	10
Launceston	10
Holsworthy (p. 174)	14
Woodford Bridge (p. 227)	7
Frithelstock (p. 225)	6
[right to <i>Torrington</i> 2 miles]	
Landcross (p. 225)	4
Bideford (p. 219)	2
Instow (p. 218)	3
Barnstaple (p. 182)	6
—	—
Total 66	

VI	
PLYMOUTH TO LISKEARD	
19 Miles.	
Torpoint Ferry	2
Polbathick	9
Liskeard	8
—	—
Total 19	

(Liskeard to Bodmin 12 miles —to Truro 33 miles)

VII	
PLYMOUTH TO FOWEY	
29 Miles.	
Polbathick (VI.)	11
Pelynt	13
Fowey	5
—	—
Total 29	

VIII	
CIRCULAR RUN FROM PLYMOUTH	
(over Dartmoor) 53 Miles.	
Ashburton (III. p. 156)	24
Two Bridges (p. 149)	12
Roborough (p. 131)	11
Plymouth	6
—	—
Total 53	

ROADS IN NORTH DEVON

I
TAUNTON TO BARNSTAPLE

50 Miles.	Miles.
Wivelscombe (p. 180)	11
Venn Cross (p. 180)	4
Bampton (p. 45)	6
Stuckeridge Bridge	2
[right to <i>Minehead</i> (p. 204) 21 miles]	
South Molton (p. 181)	16
[a mile beyond <i>South Molton</i> , right to <i>Blackmoor Cross</i> (p. 203), for <i>Lynton</i> 19 miles, and <i>Ilfracombe</i> 22 miles]	
Swimbridge (p. 182)	7
Barnstaple (p. 182)	4
Total	50

II
MINEHEAD TO BARNSTAPLE

36 Miles.	
Porlock (p. 204)	6
County Gate (p. 205)	8
Lynmouth (p. 202)	4
Parracombe (p. 203)	5
Blackmoor Gate (p. 203)	2
[right to <i>Ilfracombe</i> (p. 188) 10 miles]	
Loxhore (p. 204)	4
Chelfham (p. 203)	2
Barnstaple (p. 182)	5
Total	36

III
BARNSTAPLE TO LYNTON OR
LYNMOUTH (p. 202)

17 Miles.
As II.—reversed

IV
BARNSTAPLE TO ILFRACOMBE

11 Miles.	
Milltown (p. 187)	4
Bittadon (p. 187) †	2
Ilfracombe (p. 188),	5
Total	11

V
BARNSTAPLE TO HARTLAND

22 Miles.	Miles.
Bideford (p. 219)	9
Hobby Gate (p. 229)	8
Clovelly Cross (p. 229)	2
Hartland (p. 231)	3
Total	22

VI
OKEHAMPTON TO BIDEFORD

30 Miles.	
Hatherleigh (p. 175)	9
Meath (p. 227)	3
Torrington Station (p. 226)	12
Bideford (p. 219)	6
Total	30

VII
DULVERTON STATION TO
LYNMOUTH

26 Miles.	
Dulverton Town (p. 181)	2
Winsford Hill (p. 181)	6
Simonsbath (p. 216)	8
Lynmouth (p. 202)	10
Total	26

VIII
BIDEFORD TO LAND'S END

106 Miles. ¹	
Clovelly Cross (p. 229)	10
Kilhampton	10
Camelford	21
Wadebridge	11
St. Columb Major	8
[right to <i>New Quay</i> 8 miles]	
Mitchell	7
[left to <i>Truro</i> 7 miles]	
Redruth	13
[left to <i>Falmouth</i> 10 miles]	
Camborne	3
[left to the <i>Lizard</i> 21 miles]	
St. Erth	7
[right to <i>St. Ives</i> 4 miles]	
Penzance	6
Land's End	10
Total	106

¹ For further detail, see our *Guide to Cornwall*.

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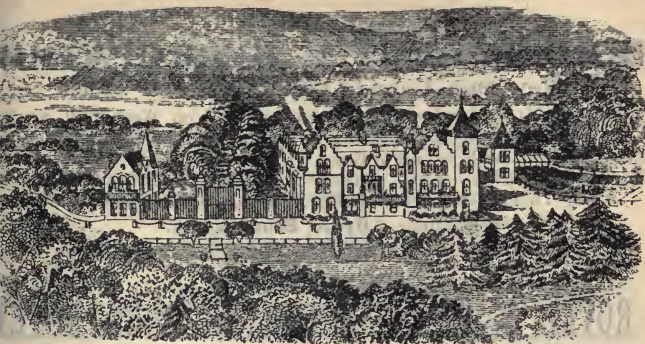
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Tariff Moderate.

Postal Address—

Buttermere, Cockermouth.

Telegraphic Address—

Buttermere Hotel.

JAMES EDMONDSON, *Proprietor.***BUXTON HYDROPATHIC,
BUXTON, DERBYSHIRE.**

H. LOMAS, Managing Director.

Telegraphic Address—

"Comfortable, Buxton."

National Telephone—

No. 5.

260 ROOMS.**ELECTRIC LIGHT. ELEVATORS.****BATHS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.**

Cinderella Dance each Saturday throughout
the year.

BUXTON, DERBYSHIRE.

PENDENNIS BOARDING HOUSE.

Finest Situation, near Baths. Excellent Table, Large Library,
Perfect Sanitation, Heated throughout during Winter.

Moderate Terms. National Telephone, 109.

MRS. MARTLAND NEWTON.

**CRESCENT HOTEL, BUXTON,
DERBYSHIRE.**

FIRST-CLASS for Families and Gentlemen. Best Situation. Forms wing of the Crescent. Due South aspect. Close to Railway Stations. Covered Colonnade to Baths, Wells, and Gardens. Dining, Drawing, Billiard, Smoking, and Reading Rooms. The Dining Saloon is acknowledged to be one of the finest rooms in the kingdom. Suites of apartments for Families. Rooms on ground floor level if required.

Electric Light in all Rooms.

Table d'Hôte at Separate Tables. Excellent Cuisine.
Choice Wines. Billiards.

TELEGRAMS "CRESCENT HOTEL, BUXTON."

NATIONAL TELEPHONE, No. 20.

JOHN SMILTER, *Proprietor.*

BUXTON.

SAVOY HOTEL.

ADJOINING Public Gardens, Entirely Re-decorated. American Elevator. Electric Light.

Excellent Cuisine. Choice Wines.

JAMES BAXTER, *Manager.*

CALLANDER.

DUNCAN'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL.

Longest Established and only First-Class
Temperance Hotel.

PARTIES BOARDED BY DAY OR WEEK. TERMS MODERATE.

BOOTHS ATTENDS ALL TRAINS.

MRS. G. DUNCAN, *Proprietrix.*

CALLANDER.

CALEDONIAN TEMPERANCE HOTEL.*is the only First-Class Temperance Hotel in Callander.*

Large Dining Room, Public Drawing Room, also Ladies' Drawing Room, Private Sitting Rooms.

HOT & COLD BATHS.

BILLIARD ROOM.

*Tickets for Trossachs Coaches to be had at this Hotel.***W. A. BIGGS, Owner and Manager.**

Telegraphic Address—"BIGGS, CALLANDER."

CAPEL CURIG.

ROYAL HOTEL.**First-Class Family and Posting House.**

THIS old-established and favourite Hotel is beautifully situated within five miles of Snowdon, and commands some of the most beautiful Scenery in Wales. Owing to the yearly increase in the number of Visitors the Hotel has recently been considerably enlarged and fitted up with every regard to comfort and convenience. Excellent Fishing to be had in all the Lakes and Rivers in the neighbourhood. Boats to Visitors staying in the Hotel kept on the Capel Curig, Ogwen, and Idwal Lakes, this Hotel being the nearest to the Lakes. First-Class Stabling Accommodation. A Coach leaves the Hotel—during the Season—three times daily to and from Bettws-y-Coed Station.

Telegraphic Address—"ROYAL, CAPEL CURIG."

CARRIGART, CO. DONEGAL.

ROSAPENNA HOTEL**(THE IRISH NORWAY).**

Unequalled as a Seaside Resort and Tourist Centre.

THIS WELL-APPOINTED HOTEL contains 65 BED-ROOMS, Spacious PUBLIC ROOMS, DRAWING, SMOKING, BILLIARD ROOMS.

THE GOLF LINKS, 18 Holes, encircle the Hotel in a circuit of 3½ miles. Lake and River Fishing. Sea Bathing. Boxes provided. Lawn Tennis Court. Boating. Cycle Store Room.

WEEKLY INCLUSIVE TERMS and Illustrated Brochure on application to

THE MANAGER.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

HOTEL BEL-AIR, SERK.

THE above Hotel, which is now under new management, has been thoroughly done up and improved, and all drainage put on the best modern sanitary system.

The Hotel stands 300 feet above sea-level, with private Gardens and full-sized Croquet Lawn.

Spacious Dining Room (with separate tables), Smoking and Drawing Rooms; and numerous Bedrooms commanding extensive sea views.

TERMS FROM 7s. 6d.

N.B.—The Serk steamer leaves Guernsey at 10 a.m. daily (Saturdays at 11 a.m.) during the summer months. Passage about one hour.

Carriages and Porter from the Hotel meet the Steamer.

CHESTER.**THE GROSVENOR HOTEL.**

FIRST-CLASS. Situated in the centre of the City, close to the CATHEDRAL "Row" and other objects of interest.

Large Coffee and Reading Rooms; Ladies' Drawing Room for the convenience of Ladies and Families; Smoking and Billiard Rooms. Electric Light and Elevator.

Open and close Carriages, and Posting in all its Branches.

Omnibuses for the use of Visitors to the Hotel, and also the Hotel Porters attend the Trains. A Night Porter in attendance. Tariff to be had on application.

Apply to Manager.

CHESTER.**QUEEN RAILWAY HOTEL.**

CONNECTED WITH THE STATION BY A COVERED WALK.

STANDS in its own Grounds. Hotel Porters (in Scarlet Livery) have the exclusive privilege of meeting all Trains on the Platform, and are in attendance day and night. Within a few minutes' walk of the Cathedral, Telegraph Office in the Hotel open day and night. Lift to all Floors. Hotel Mews adjoining.

Telegrams—"QUEEN, CHESTER." Telephone No. 27.

W. H. BURLEIGH, Manager.

CHIRK HAND HOTEL.**Family and Commercial Hotel**

SIX minutes' walk from Chirk Station; one and a half mile from Chirk Castle, which is open to visitors on Mondays and Thursdays; situated on Offa's Dyke at base of Ceiriog Glen; surrounded by some of the most interesting scenery in North Wales.

POSTING IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

Fishing Tickets for the River Ceiriog free for Visitors staying at the Hotel.

Cricket Ground within 200 yards.

MRS. E. GRIFFITH, Proprietress.

CHRISTCHURCH.

NEWLYN'S FAMILY HOTEL.

Facing the Old Priory Church, Castle, and Norman Ruins. Views from Balcony of the Isle of Wight and Needles. One and a half miles from sea. Fishing free. Visitors staying in Hotel. Three miles to New Forest. Five miles from Bourne-mouth. Billiards, Boating, Tennis, and Bowls.

TELEPHONE, 09. TELEGRAMS, "Whaley Hotel, Christchurch."

Proprietor—A. WHALEY.

En Pension.—For a Lengthened Stay arrangements can be made during the months October and March at moderate inclusive rates.

CLIFTON, BRISTOL.

THE QUEEN'S HOTEL

For Families and Gentlemen.

THIS old-established Family Hotel has recently undergone complete alterations, is really comfortable, and is admirably situated. It is near the Victoria Rooms, New Theatre, Downs, and Suspension Bridge. Mailing and Posting. The Trams from the Station and from the City Law-Bridge pass the door every ten minutes.

All communications please address

CLARA NUNNEY, *Proprietress.*

COMRIE.

ROYAL HOTEL.

THIS old-established Hotel is pleasantly situated on the main road between Crieff and Lochearnhead. The Hotel is replete with every comfort for Families and Artists, who can be boarded on the most moderate terms by the week or month.

Carrriages for Hire.

Golf Course within Five Minutes' walk.

Hotel Bus waits all Trains.

D. HAMILTON, *Proprietor.*

COVERACK, CORNWALL.

COVERACK HEADLAND HOTEL.

COVERACK, ST. KEVERNE (via HELSTON, G.W.R.).

This First-Class Hotel is delightfully situated on the Headland, commanding magnificent coast views, including the famous Pinnacles and Needle Rocks. Fine Bathing, Boating, and Fishing. Lit with Electric Light throughout.

Apply MANAGERESS.

CRAIGELLACHIE.



BEAUTIFULLY
SITUATED ON THE
BANKS
OF THE SPEY.

CRAIGELLACHIE HOTEL.

CRAIGELLACHIE, STRATHSPEY, N.B.

Under new management. Open all the year round. Lawn Tennis.

Excellent Cuisine. Moderate charges.

Salmon and Trout Fishing.

JAMES EDGAR, *Proprietor*. (Late of the Gordon Arms Hotel, Elgin.)

Also Manager of the Station Hotel, Elgin.

CRIEFF.

DRUMMOND ARMS HOTEL

AND

POSTING ESTABLISHMENT.

FIRST-CLASS FAMILY AND TOURIST HOTEL.

W. C. S. SCOTT, PROPRIETOR.

CRINAN, N.B.

CRINAN HOTEL.

MOST suitable place for breaking journey to or from Oban. Finest and Healthiest Situation in the West Highlands. Nineteen acres of ground. Splendid Walks. Good Fishing and Boating.

Particulars from HENRY GRUNEWALD, *Proprietor*.

CROMER.

ABBÉVILLE BOARDING ESTABLISHMENT,

Cabbell Road, West Cliff.

Comfortable Refined Home. Liberal Table. Good Position.

Address—MISS KERSEY, Proprietress.

CROMER.

IMPERIAL HOTEL

AND BOARDING ESTABLISHMENT.

Under entirely New Management.

Refurnished and Redecorated Throughout.

SEA VIEW TO MOST ROOMS.

TERMS MODERATE. TELEPHONE No. 5.

Resident Proprietor—R. W. CLARKE.

CRUDEN BAY.

A Popular Seaside and Golfing Resort,*30 Miles from Aberdeen,*

ON THE

GREAT NORTH OF SCOTLAND RAILWAY.

splendid Beach—2 miles long. Sea Bathing. Boating. Fishing.

Healthy and Invigorating Climate.

Golf Course of 18 holes, laid out by the Railway Company, is pronounced by
distinguished Players to be one of the best in the Kingdom.

Ladies' Course of 9 holes.

CRUDEN BAY HOTEL,

OWNED BY

THE GREAT NORTH OF SCOTLAND RAILWAY COMPANY,OCCUPIES a Charming Site, overlooking the Bay of Cruden. Every Modern
Accommodation. Electric Light. Lift. Bowling Greens. Tennis Courts.
Lawn Tennis. Electric Tramway between Station and Hotel.For further inquiries to the **Manager, Cruden Bay Hotel, Port Erroll, N.B.****W. MOFFATT, General Manager.**

See PALACE HOTEL Advertisement, page 2.

DUBLIN.

Charming situation, overlooking Stephen's Green Park.

Central Position.

Moderate Charges.

SHELBOURNE

HOTEL, DUBLIN

Electric Light. Hydraulic Passenger Elevator

Telephone in Hotel

DUBLIN.

TELEGRAMS: "ABBOTSFORD HOTEL, DUBLIN."

THE ABBOTSFORD HOTEL.

72 HARCOURT STREET.

FIRST CLASS. CENTRAL. MODERATE

SELECT. PRIVATE.

MRS. HOME, Proprietor.

DUBLIN.

LARGE FIRST-CLASS RESIDENTIAL ESTABLISHMENT, best position, opposite magnificent new buildings of National Museum, School of Art, Science, Picture Gallery and Ornamental Gardens, Leinster House Gardens, two Public Parks and principal places of amusements.

MAPLE'S HOTEL.

fashionable central part of City. Numerous Suites Private and Public Apartments (Replete with every home comfort could be desired.) Charges Moderate. Extensively patronised by English and American Tourists. Hotel Coupons accepted.

FREDERICK MAPLE, Proprietor.

DUGORT.

SLIEVEMORE HOTEL, DUGORT, ACHILL ISLAND

Balfour's new Railway now runs through to Achill, and the Island is joined to the mainland by a beautiful Iron Swivel Bridge. There is ample accommodation for any number of visitors, and the Hotel has been more than trebled. The Island has a fine line of sea-cliffs and three mountains—Slievemore, Minaun, and Slieve Crouagh. The latter is the highest marine cliff in Europe, and is not surpassed by any other in the world: Golden Eagles still breed on these cliffs. Long Car meets Train at Achill Station. All letters addressed to the Proprietor—

JOHN R. SHERIDAN, "Slievemore Hotel," Dugort, Achill.

NOTE.—Good White and Brown Trout Fishing can be had in the Lakes, which are in close proximity to the Hotel.

DUMFRIES.

WOODBANK MANSION HOTEL.

RELETE with every refined luxury, built and designed for private use. Facing the River Nith. Lovely Aspects. Fully Licensed.

Charming Lawns and Gardens, with Conservatories, surround.

THREE MINUTES FROM STATION. PRIVATE APPROACH.

Terms extremely moderate.

For Terms apply MANAGER.

DUNBLANE.

STIRLING ARMS HOTEL.

RECEMENTLY enlarged, and having all the latest improvements. Beautifully situated on the River Allan, fishing free. Near to Cathedral and Railway Station. Charges strictly moderate. Posting in all its branches.

TELEPHONE AND GOLF COURSE.

MRS. MARSHALL, *Proprietress.*

DUNOON.

MCCOLL'S HOTEL,

NEAR STEAMBOAT PIER

ADJOINING CASTLE HILL), WEST BAY, DUNOON.

THE principal and only first-class Hotel in Dunoon, standing in its own pleasure grounds. Large additions recently completed, including Dining and Billiard Rooms, Lawn Tennis. Celebrated for comfort and moderate charges. With all the latest sanitary improvements in perfect working order.

HUGH MCKINNON, *Proprietor.*

Telephone No. 5.

Telegraphic Address—"Luxury, Dunoon."

EDINBURGH.

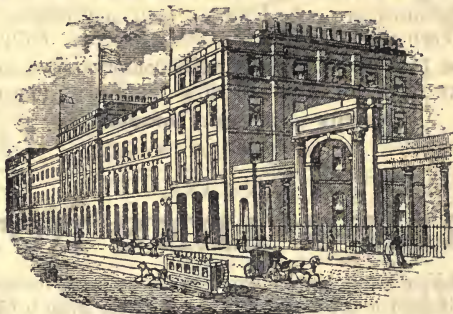
THE PALACE HOTEL,

PRINCES STREET.

THE finest site in Edinburgh, immediately opposite The Castle, overlooking the Public Gardens. First-Class House. Sanitation perfect. Elegance and Comfort, combined with Moderate Charges. American Standard Elevator by Otis Brothers, New York, to Every floor. Telephone, etc. Personal Management.

JOHN FERGUSON, *Proprietor.*

EDINBURGH.

DARLING'S REGENT HOTEL,**20 WATERLOO PLACE.****FIRST-CLASS TEMPERANCE HOTEL.**

Under personal management of Miss DARLING.

Address for Telegrams—"Darling's Hotel, Edinburgh."

EDINBURGH.

ESTABLISHED OVER HALF A CENTURY.

CRANSTON'S WAVERLEY TEMPERANCE HOTELS.**OLD WAVERLEY, 43 PRINCES STREET.**—Telegrams, "Waverley, Edinburgh."

ACCOMMODATION FOR 200 VISITORS. PASSENGER ELEVATOR. ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Recommended by *Bradshaw's Tourist Guide* as "the cheapest and best Temperance Hotel they had ever seen."**NEW WAVERLEY, WATERLOO PLACE.**—Telegrams, "Ivanhoe, Edinburgh."

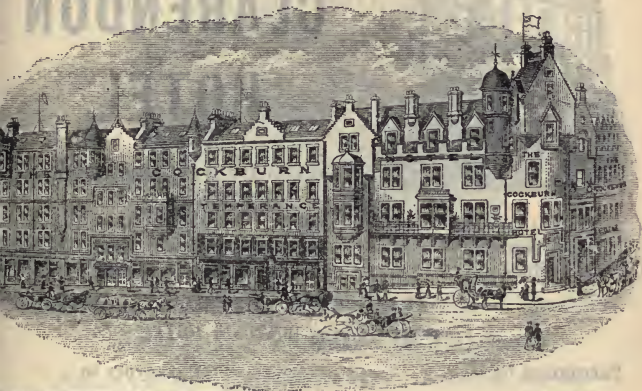
First-class Commercial House. Well-lighted Stock-Rooms on ground floor from 2s. upwards.

CHARGES.—Breakfast or Tea, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 2s. Public Dinner, 2s. Bedroom and Attendance, 3s. Private Parlours from 3s. 6d.

EDINBURGH.

SAINT ANDREW HOTEL,**10 SOUTH SAINT ANDREW STREET***(Adjoining Princes Street and 2 minutes from Waverley Station).***FIRST-CLASS TEMPERANCE.****40 ROOMS, ELECTRIC LIGHT. ELECTRIC ELEVATOR.****TERMS MODERATE.**MRS. ROBERT STEELE, *Proprietrix.*

EDINBURGH.



THE COCKBURN HOTEL,

Adjoining the Station and overlooking the Gardens.

NO INTOXICATING LIQUORS.

JOHN MACPHERSON, PROPRIETOR.

Passenger Elevator.

Electric Light.

EDINBURGH CAFE COMPANY,
70 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

High-Class Restaurant for Ladies and Gentlemen.

BREAKFASTS, LUNCHEONS, DINNERS, TEA, COFFEE, &c.

ELEGANT SALOON FOR LADIES. CLOAK-ROOMS,

SMOKE-ROOMS, &c.

Table d'Hôte (5 Courses), 2/6 per head.



EDINBURGH.

CLARENDON HOTEL,

104 to 106 PRINCES STREET.

CENTRAL Position facing The Castle. Sanitation Certified. Electric Light throughout. Electric Elevators. Billiard Room. Excellent Cuisine. Moderate Charges. Under Personal Management.

HUNTER & CO.,*Proprietors also of WINDSOR HOTEL.*

Patronised by
Royalty.

Purveyors to
H.M. Lord High Commissioner.

THE BRAID HILLS HOTEL, MORNINGSIDE, EDINBURGH.

THIS charmingly situated Hotel is open for residence. 450 feet above sea-level. Popular home for invalids. Mountain air. Most completely appointed. Every modern luxury. Splendid Billiard, Reading, and Smoking Rooms. Uninterrupted Views of the City, the Braid and Pentland Hills, with the Firth of Forth and the Highland Hills in the distance. Unrivalled as a Golfing Centre. Splendid Public Course adjoining Hotel. Seventeen Golf Courses within a radius of 14 miles. Beautiful Walks and Drives in the neighbourhood. Terms from £2:12:6. Moderate Tariffs from Friday or Saturday to Monday. Dinners, Luncheons, Wines, etc. Attractive to Golfers, and economical and convenient for Visitors. The Home of Golf.

Train and Tram from Hotel to all parts of City.

For descriptive Brochure apply to Manager.

EDINBURGH.

ROXBURCHE HOTEL,

CHARLOTTE SQUARE, EDINBURGH.

FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL.

J. CHRISTIE, *Proprietor.*

EDINBURGH HYDROPATHIC

SLATEFORD, MIDLOTHIAN.

LIFT TO
EVERY
FLOOR.



TERMS
FROM
£2:12:6.

IMMEDIATELY beyond the Western Boundary of the City. Fine
Bracing Air off Pentland Hills, equal to that of Braemar.

Recognised Centre for Tennis, Croquet, and Bowling—7 fine Courts.

Cycle Course in Grounds, half-a-mile.

Motor Car and Railway to city (20 minutes), 3d.

Apply to the MANAGER.

EXETER.

POPLE'S

NEW LONDON HOTEL.

*Patronised by H.M. The King when Prince of Wales, and
T.R.H. The Duke and Duchess of York.*

THIS FIRST-CLASS HOTEL is near the CATHEDRAL and
STATIONS, and adjoining NORTHERNHAY PARK.

Charming Old English Courtyard (with Fernery and Fountain
in centre and lighted by Electricity) as Lounge.

ABLE D'HOTE (EXCELLENT CUISINE). NIGHT PORTER.

Moderate Charges.

HOTEL OMNIBUSES AND CABS MEET EVERY TRAIN.

POSTING ESTABLISHMENT.

Telegrams—"Pople, Exeter."

RESIDENT PROPRIETOR.

EXETER.

**ROYAL CLARENCE HOTEL,**

FACING GRAND OLD CATHEDRAL.

FIRST-CLASS FAMILY.

TABLE D'HOTE, 7 O'CLOCK.

Lighted with Electric Light.

Quiet and Comfort of Country Mansion. Moderate Tariff.

Telephone 244.

J. HEADON STANBURY, *Proprietor.**Also GRAND HOTEL, PLYMOUTH.*

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GREEN BANK HOTEL.

IS beautifully situated, with charming views of the Harbour, Pendennis and St. Mawes' Castles; and is replete with every Homely Accommodation for Families and Gentlemen. Hot and Cold Baths. Ladies' Drawing Room. Billiard Room. Posting in all its branches. High-class Hotel with Moderate Tariff. Visitors taken *en pension* during Winter Months. Hotel Bus meets all Trains and Steamers.

M. MITCHELL, *Proprietress.*

FALMOUTH.

"THE ENGLISH RIVIERA."1° cooler
in Summer.

SUMMER OR WINTER.

2° warmer
in Winter.

Paying Guests received in a Private House, in own well-sheltered Grounds, near Railway Station and Beaches. Rooms large and lofty. Bathrooms, hot and cold, on each floor. Smoking Room. Sanitation modern and perfect. Bathing, Boating, and Sea Fishing. *Address—Mrs. Mackenzie, Penwenack, Falmouth.*

FESTINIOG, NORTH WALES.

PENGWERN ARMS HOTEL.

SPACIOUS Coffee Room and Good Private Rooms. Wines and Spirits of Superior Quality. Posting in all its Branches. A 9-hole Golf Course is now opened.

E. JONES, *Proprietress.*

FOLKESTONE.

HAYERSTOCK HOUSE.

CLAREMONT ROAD.

ELECT BOARDING ESTABLISHMENT (or APARTMENTS).

Conducted on Christian and Temperance Principles. Established
 1. Terms according to Season. Cycles housed. Near Turkish
 Medical Baths. Strengthening non-alcoholic wines kept in stock.
 mp. Telegrams "Comfort." Central Station.

Proprietress—MISS WOODWARD, M.R.B.N.A.

FORT-AUGUSTUS.

CHISHOLM'S HOTEL.*Electric Light throughout.*

Every Comfort for Tourists and Others, with Moderate Charges.

TABLE D'HOTE DINNER on arrival of Evening Boat.

Salmon and Trout Fishing Free on Loch Ness.

MRS. CHISHOLM, *Lessee.*

FORT-WILLIAM.

THE ALEXANDRA HOTEL,
 PARADE, FORT-WILLIAM.

Moderate Charges. MRS. DOIG, *Proprietrix*

FORT-WILLIAM—FOWEY.

FORT-WILLIAM.

WAVERLEY TEMPERANCE HOTEL.

Under New Management.

Directly above Station and Steamboat Pier. ∴ Tariff Moderate.

SPECIAL TERMS FOR WEEK-END.

M. CAMPBELL.

FORT-WILLIAM.

WEST-END HOTEL.

FIRST-CLASS FAMILY AND COMMERCIAL.

WITHIN a few minutes of Station and Steamboat Pier. Overlooking Beautiful Bay. Recently Enlarged, Decorated, and Furnished on Modern Lines. Good Bath-Room Accommodation. Under the personal superintendence of the Proprietor,

DONALD M'INTOSH.

The Only Hotel in Fort-William from which the Top of Ben Nevis can be seen.

FORT-WILLIAM.

STATION HOTEL**(WEST HIGHLAND).**

THIS magnificent and sumptuously furnished Hotel, recently erected on an elevated and commanding site, overlooking an extensive panorama of the grandest Loch and Mountain Scenery in the Highlands, Loch Linnhe, Loch Eil, The Great Glen of Caledonia and Ben Nevis. Pleasure Grounds extending over Three Acres. Terraced Walks, Tennis Courts, Golf Course, Boating, Fishing. Ponies and Guides for Ben Nevis, etc. Over 100 Apartments. Every Room commanding a Magnificent View, absolutely unsurpassed in the Highlands. Electric lighting throughout. Sanitary arrangements on the most modern principles. Posting—Moderate charges. The hotel porters and omnibuses meet all trains and steamers. In connection with the Station Hotel, Brora, Sutherland shire.

GEORGE SINCLAIR, Proprietor.

FOWEY, CORNWALL.

ST. CATHERINE'S HOUSE.

FIRST-CLASS PRIVATE HOTEL.

ON the Esplanade, facing the Beautiful Harbour of Fowey and the English Channel. Recently erected, contains Commodious Dining, Drawing, and Bed Rooms, with most Modern Conveniences. Offers exceptional advantages to Families and Tourists. As a Tourist Centre owns many attractions, and as a Winter Resort is recommended by the leading Medical Practitioners. Within five minutes' walk of Church and Post Office. Boating, good River and Sea Fishing. Golf. Frequent Service of Trains per G.W.R.

TERMS MODERATE.**Telegrams: BROKENSHAW, FOWEY.**

Telephone: No. 4 FOWEY.

Apply Mrs. G. BROKENSHAW, Proprietress.

GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

*Tourists visiting the Giant's Causeway look out for***KANE'S ROYAL HOTEL.**

DIFF.—Tea—Bread and Butter, 6d. Do., with Preserves and Cheese, 9d. Do., with Boiled Eggs or Cold Meat, 1s. Luncheon, 1s., 1s. 6d., 2s. Dinners, 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d. Bedroom for one person from Do., for two occupying one Bed, from 3s. Posting in all its branches, and at Lowest Rates. Traps every kind to Fair Head, Ballycastle, and Carrick-a-Rede. As the tram is in connection with the Causeway Hotel, and arrives in its grounds, the Royal is looked upon as opposition, and is not allowed to represent it at Tram Depot. But a Porter attends on the public road, which is nearest way to Kane's Causeway. Pay attention to his call, and don't mind Tram touters. Coast Conveyance in connection with Through Coach to Larne arrives at and departs from this Hotel. Tourists truthfully informed about the same.
Weekly Terms on application.

GLASGOW.

THE CITY COMMERCIAL RESTAURANT

(WADDELL'S).

CENTRAL AND COMMODIOUS.

Within Three Minutes' Walk of the Principal Railway Stations.

*Proprietors—***THE CITY COMMERCIAL RESTAURANT CO., LIMITED,**

60 UNION STREET, GLASGOW.

GLASGOW.

Established over Half a Century.

CRANSTON'S WAVERLEY TEMPERANCE HOTEL.

72 SAUCHIEHALL STREET.

Telegrams: "Waverley Hotel, Glasgow."

THIS Hotel is allowed to be unsurpassed for situation, for comfort, and for catering, and is under the personal management of Mrs. MASON, daughter of the late J. Cranston.

Charges:—Breakfast or Tea, 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d., 2s.; Bedroom and Attendance, 3s.

CAUTION.—See that you are taken to "Cranston's Waverley."



THE BATH HOTEL,

152 BATH STREET, GLASGOW.

The most comfortable First-class Hotel in Glasgow. Very Moderate Charges.

P. ROBERTSON, PROPRIETOR.

GLENELG.

THE SPORTING HOTEL OF THE NORTH.

THE GLENELG HOTEL.

THIS HOTEL, which has been rebuilt, is situated in one of the most beautiful parts of the West Coast of Scotland. It is easy of access by daily Steamer from Oban and is quite near the Island of Skye. The scenery in all directions is magnificent.

The Hotel is one of the most comfortable in the North of Scotland, and is under the personal superintendence of the lessee. The Bedrooms are large, airy, and comfortable, and the Coffee Room affords excellent accommodation. The cooking is good and the Wines and Spirits have been selected with great care.

Gentlemen staying at the GLENELG HOTEL have the privilege of **Salmon and Sea-Trout Fishing Free** on the Glenelg River; also **Grouse, Black Game, and Hare Shooting** by the week or month, at a Moderate Charge.

The Sea-Fishing is about the best on the West Coast, and good Boats and Boatmen are provided for guests.

BILLIARD ROOM. HOT, COLD, AND SHOWER BATHS.

Among places of interest near are the Pictish Towers of Glenbeg, Cup-Marked Stones, Glenbeg Waterfalls, Loch Duich, Loch Hourn, Glenshiel, Falls of Glomach Shiel Hotel, etc.

A SPLENDID GOLF COURSE NEAR THE HOTEL.

RABBIT SHOOTING FREE OF CHARGE.

Telegrams should be addressed—"GLENELG."

Letters addressed—"GLENELG HOTEL, STROME FERRY."

DONALD MACDONALD MACINTOSH, Lessee.

GLENGARIFF, CO. CORK.

THE ECCLES HOTEL.

(FACING THE BAY).

FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL.

MODERATE TERMS.

THE ECCLES GLENGARIFF HOTEL CO.,
LIMITED.

GOLSPIE.

SUTHERLAND ARMS HOTEL.

BEAUTIFULLY situated within a mile of Dunrobin Castle, the Grounds of which are open to the Public. Free Trout Fishing on Loch Brora parties staying at the Hotel. Five minutes' walk from sea-shore. Dining in all its Branches. Newly furnished throughout, and under management. An Omnibus meets Trains. Charges moderate. Bathing and Golf.

ALEXANDER HARRISON, *Proprietor.*

GRAVESEND.

CLARENDON ROYAL HOTEL.

UNDER entirely New Management. Re-furnished and re-decorated throughout. Beautifully situated. Lawns to water's edge, and opposite the anchorage of all Ocean Steamers. Public and Private Dining Rooms.

Speciality—Fish Dinners and Whitebait Teas.

Telephone, No. 050.

COSH & CO., *Proprietors.*

GRINDLEFORD BRIDGE—DERBYSHIRE.

THE MAYNARD ARMS HOTEL

FIRST-CLASS Family and Tourist. Built, decorated, and fitted throughout a modern Hotel, on up-to-date lines. Five minutes from Station—Dore and Chinley Line. Situated in midst of most picturesque and romantic surrounding with 28 acres of rustic pleasure ground, divided by Burbage Brook. Furnish luxuriously in old English style. Most comfortable, refined residence for Families, Sportsmen, and Tourists. Fishing, Cycling, Driving. Golf Links, 2 miles—5 minutes by Train. First-class Cuisine. Chef. Separate Tables. Table d'Hôte meals, or à carte. Moderate Tariff. Good Stabling.

Lessee and Manager.—H. ELLIOTT.

GUERNSEY.

GARDNER'S ROYAL HOTEL

ESPLANADE.

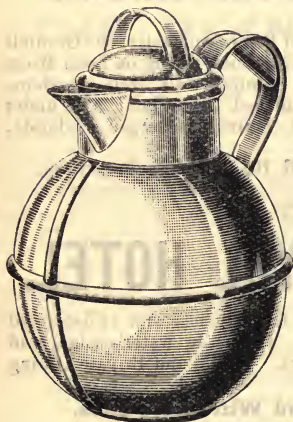
Patronised by H.I.H. PRINCESS STEPHANIE.

THIS Hotel, which occupies the finest position in Guernsey, has had extensive additions and improvements; it will now be found most complete, with every modern requisite conducive to the comfort of Visitors. The public rooms consist of Dining Room (the largest and best appointed in the Channel Islands), Drawing Room, Reading and Writing, and Smoking Rooms; there is also a magnificent Billiard Room, and large and pleasant Gardens in the rear.

Table d'Hôte, separate Tables.

Telegraphic Address—"ROYAL, GUERNSEY."

"YE OLDE GUERNSEY MILK-CAN."



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*Made in all Sizes in Gold, Silver, Electro-plated
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Silver-plated $\frac{1}{2}$ -pint Cream Jug	5s.
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FACING THE STRAY.

THIS First-Class Hotel stands in its own extensive grounds, and is beautifully situated in the best part of Harrogate. Great alterations have lately been made to the House, and Visitors will find in it every convenience. Carriages to the Wells and back every morning free of charge. Ten minutes' walk from the Station. For particulars, apply
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Carriages on Hire.

Electric Light.

Elevator to all Floors.

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NEW MODERN SANITARY ARRANGEMENTS, LAVATORIES, and SMOKING ROOM, BILLIARDS. GOOD COOKING. Every Comfort, combined with MODERATE CHARGES. BOARDING TERMS. TELEPHONE.

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For Tariff apply Manageress.

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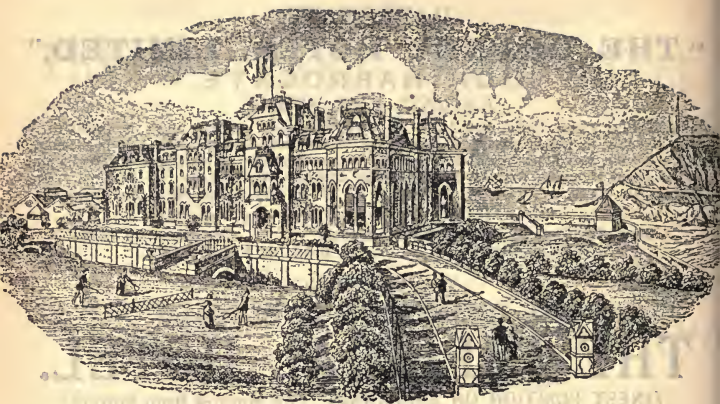
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Elegant Salle à Manger. Drawing, Reading, Smoking, and
Billiard Rooms. Sumptuous Lounge Hall.

Passenger Lift. Moderate Tariff. Terms "en pension."

There is attached to the Hotel one of the Largest
Sea Water Swimming Baths in the United Kingdom (the
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Hot and Cold Sea and Fresh Water Baths, Douche, Shower, &c.

H. RUSSELL GROVER, *Manager,*

To whom all communications should be addressed.

THE ILFRACOMBE HOTEL CO., LTD.

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(The famous old Coaching House).

Fifty well-appointed Rooms. The Hotel bears a high character for its Comfort, Cleanliness, and Cuisinerie.

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THIS First-Class Family Hotel stands in its own extensive grounds, on the banks of the picturesque River Wharfe, six miles from the famous Bolton Woods. Spacious Dining, Drawing, and Coffee Rooms. Billiard and Smoke Rooms. Suites of Apartments, etc. This is the only Hotel in Ilkley near the Ilkley Golf Club—18-hole course.

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CASTLE MONA TERRACE, CENTRAL PROMENADE.

Beautifully situated on the margin of the Bay, commanding uninterrupted views of both Headlands. Close to Golf Links, Tennis, and Bathing Ground, and all places of amusement. *Telegraphic Address—Lace, Windsor House, Douglas, Man.***Terms from 5/6 to 6/6 per day, inclusive.**

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PERFECTLY sheltered, standing in its own extensive grounds. Charming terraces, commanding a view of 40 miles of land and sea. Perfect quiet. Good bathing. Excellent winter quarters, the temperature comparing favourably with the South of Europe, without its extremes. Excursion cars leave the door. Write for Illustrated Descriptive Tariff. **Terms en pension, 8s. 6d. to 10s. 6d.**

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THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED

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Grand Position facing both Sea and Harbours.

REBUILT AND REFURNISHED.**OVER 120 ROOMS.****'BUSES MEET ALL BOATS.**

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For further particulars address *THE MANAGER*, who will be pleased send a descriptive *Tariff*.

"If you want health for the body, rest for the mind, pure air and splendid scenery, all of God's gifts which go to make a terrestrial Paradise, I emphatically advise you to go to Jersey."

—SIR BENJAMIN BRODIE.

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"Beauty-Spot.—Holiday-Ground.—Health-Restorer."

THE STEAMSHIP COMMUNICATION between the Mother-Country and this "BEAUTEOUS ISLE OF SUNSHINE, FRUIT, AND FLOWERS" is simply admirable, *via* either Southampton (L. & S.W.R.) or Weymouth (G.W.R.); and Jersey is, moreover, a most convenient centre for Continental trips, *via* St. Malo, Granville, or Cartaret.

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The annual reports of the Meteorological Council conclusively show Jersey to be the **Sunniest Spot in the United Kingdom**, hence the best haven for health-seekers and holiday-makers alike. This favoured isle in 1900 AGAIN HEADED THE LIST with a total of 2,003·2 hours of bright sunshine for the year.

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"I have been round the World; I know America, Africa, Australia, New Zealand; I know Europe fairly well. I do not remember having ever spent a fortnight more agreeably than in the pretty, picturesque, and interesting little Island of Jersey."—MAX O'RELL,

"THE ELDORADO OF THE EARTH."—Max O'Rell.

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CHARMINGLY situated on sea-shore. Recently enlarged.
 Tariff on application. The only Hotel in Channel
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Mrs. LANOTRY says: "I think your Eau-de-Cologne perfect. It is so fragrant and refreshing, and I like it better than any I have hitherto used."

Handsome case of two 4-oz. Bottles (decorated with photo-views of Jersey) for 3/6, post and duty free to any part of the United Kingdom. Large Cases at 5/-, 9/6, and 21/-, all duty and post free.

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OVERLOOKING PUBLIC TENNIS COURTS AND MOORE'S BAY.

ON direct line between Killarney and Connemara *via* Tarbert, Kilrush, and Moyasta Junction.

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UNSURPASSED HEALTH RESORT.

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Highly recommended for its Superior Comfort.

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TELEGRAMS—"LAKE HOTEL, KILLARNEY."



THE MOST MODERN AND COMFORTABLE IN THE DISTRICT.

Conveniently Situated. Superior Cuisine and Wines.

PERFECT SANITATION.

ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT.

Spacious Accommodation.

Moderate Tariff.

Patronised by His Most Gracious Majesty The King.

The only Hotel in the District situated directly on the Lake Shore.

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THIS FIRST-CLASS HOUSE has been specially constructed with a view to the comfort and convenience of the Travelling Public. The Accommodation consists of COFFEE and COMMERCIAL ROOMS, PRIVATE PARLOURS and LADIES' DRAWING ROOM, BILLIARD, SMOKING, and STOCK ROOMS. LIGHT and AIRY BEDROOMS. Elegantly Furnished throughout (by some of the best Houses in the Trade). The Sanitary arrangements are the Latest and most approved. Hot, Cold, and Salt Water Baths. Lavatories and Closets on each floor. There are also rooms *en suite* for Families and Private Parties.

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See p. 85. Send for Tariff and Coach Guide to WM. DOUGLAS, B.G., *Proprietor.*

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POSTING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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FIRST-CLASS for Families and Gentlemen. Surrounded by its most magnificently
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ROYAL GEORGE HOTEL.

FIRST-Class Family and Commercial, most Central in City,
has undergone extensive alterations, newly refurnished—also
fifteen newly furnished unsurpassed Bedrooms added; Hot and Cold
Baths. Splendid Billiard Room. Sanitary arrangements perfect.

Cook's and Gaze's Coupons accepted. **'Bus meets all Trains.**

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THE GLENTWORTH HOTEL.

THIS elegant and centrally situated Hotel has been prepared with great care and at considerable expense for the accommodation of ladies and gentlemen visiting Limerick, and possesses the freshness, neatness, and general comfort which distinguish the best English and Continental establishments.

The GLENTWORTH is the leading Hotel in Limerick, and claims the support of the general public for the

Superiority of its Arrangements in every Department.

Including splendid Coffee Room, Commercial Room (Writing Room attached), Sitting Rooms, Bedrooms, Bathrooms (hot and cold water), &c., &c. 21 new Bedrooms added to Hotel.

Commercial gentlemen will find our STOCK ROOMS all that can be desired.

It is the nearest Hotel in the city to the Railway Station, Banks, Steamboat Offices, Telegraph and Post Office, and to all places of Amusement.

P. KENNA, Proprietor.

Omnibuses and Staff meet all Trains and Steamers.

Gaze's and Cook's Coupons accepted.

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SHAFTESBURY HOTEL.

MOUNT PLEASANT, LIVERPOOL.

A few Minutes' walk from Central and Lime Street Stations and Landing Stage. If desired, a Porter in uniform will meet any train.

Electric Light throughout Hotel.

NO ALCOHOLIC DRINKS SUPPLIED.

Electric Cars from Landing Stage and Castle Street, near L. and Y. Station pass every few Minutes.



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EXCHANGE STATION HOTEL

(Under the Management of the Company).

Telegraphic Address: Station Hotel, Liverpool. Telephone: No. 1173. In close proximity to the Town Hall, Landing Stage, Exchange, and Principal Centres of Business. Lighted throughout by Electricity.

The Hotel offers every accommodation for Visitors and Families at moderate charges. Rooms may be telegraphed for, free of charge, from any principal station on the Railway, on application to the Stationmaster or Telegraph Clerk. Further particulars can be had on application to THE MANAGER.

Refreshment Rooms at the following Stations are under the management of the Company:—

Accrington, Ashton, Bolton, Blackburn, Blackpool T. Rd., Bradford, Fleetwood, Halifax, Liverpool, Manchester, Rochdale, Salford, Southport, Sowerby Bridge, Wakefield, and Wigan.

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COMMERCIAL & FAMILY TEMPERANCE HOTEL,

CLAYTON SQUARE

(Within Three Minutes' walk of Lime Street and Central Stations, and the Chief Objects of Interest in the Town).

CONTAINS upwards of One Hundred Rooms, including Coffee Room, Private Sitting Rooms, Billiard and Smoke Rooms, Large and Well-Lighted Stock Rooms.

HEADQUARTERS CYCLISTS' TOURING CLUB.

Telephone No. 1557.

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THE LIZARD HOTEL.

THE oldest established and most central Family Hotel in the district: is the nearest hotel to the celebrated Kynance Cove, being within 15 minutes' walk. It is situated on the Lizard promontory, and is the most Southern Hotel in England, recently enlarged and entirely renovated. Postal and Telegraph Office adjoining. Dairy Farm in connection with the Hotel. *Table d'Hôte*, 7 P.M. daily. Delicious atmosphere. Close to new Golf Links. Boating, Fishing, and Bathing. Terms moderate—Pension.

Telegrams: HILL'S LIZARD HOTEL, LIZARD.

JAMES A. HILL, *Proprietor.*

LIZARD, CORNWALL.

HOUSEL BAY HOTEL.

SPLENDID BRACING CLIMATE.

THIS First-Class Hotel commands Magnificent Views of the famous Lizard Head, and is the only Hotel situated close to the Sea and beautiful Housel Bay Beach. Golf, Bathing, Boating, Fishing, Billiards. Special Coach to and from Helston Station (G.W.R.)

Tariff on application to Manager.

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IMPERIAL HOTEL.

Most Centrally situated on the Promenade, facing Sea.

130 WELL-APPOINTED SITTING AND BED ROOMS.

Lounges. Passenger Lift. Electric Light in every room.

GOLF LINKS.

Night Porter. Private Omnibus. Stabling.

For Moderate Tariff and other particulars apply

JOHN CHANTREY, *Proprietor.*

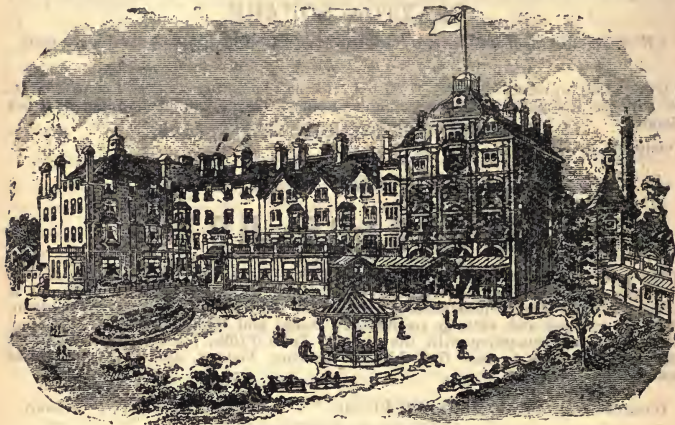
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90 minutes from
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PUMP HOUSE HOTEL.

(With its renowned Saline and Sulphur Springs, used medicinally for upwards of 200 years.
ESTABLISHED 1696. REBUILT AND REFURNISHED 1888 AND 1900.



WEST VIEW OF HOTEL.

THIS Old-Established Hotel, standing in its own Ornamental Grounds of upwards of 100 acres, adjoins the Old Pump Room and Baths, has an unrivalled position in this Fashionable health resort, and with the new wing just added contains 150 Rooms, which comprise Handsome Table d'Hôte Dining Room, and Elegantly Furnished Drawing Room, Private Sitting, Bed, and Dressing Rooms *en suite*. Coffee, Smoking, and Billiard Rooms on Ground Floor. Large Reading and Writing Room adapted for Dancing. Bath Rooms, Lavatory, and all modern Conveniences. A Private Band plays in the Hotel Grounds at intervals during the day. Recent extensions include a magnificent Pump Room, an elegantly appointed Lounge, and other luxurious Public Rooms. The Hotel, the largest in the principality and one of the most comfortable in Europe, is Electrically Lighted throughout, and has a Passenger Elevator, Hotel Mineral Springs, Hotel Sulphur Baths, Hotel Heat Baths, etc. Within 100 yards of the Hotel is an Ornamental Lake, with a large supply of Boats, and adjacent are Golf Links, Lawn Tennis Courts, Bowling Green, etc. Fishing in Preserved Waters. Horses, Carriages, etc.

LLANGOLLEN.

ROYAL HOTEL.

THE above first-class Hotel is now under the Proprietorship of JAMES S. SHAW (several years with Mr. MEHL, at Queen's Hotel, Manchester, and at County Hotel, Carlisle). The extensive alteration and enlargement which have been recently carried through make it one of the most convenient and best appointed Hotels in North Wales, while its Cuisine, comfort, and situation are unsurpassed.

Telephone No. 2.

HOTEL OMNIBUS MEETS ALL TRAINS.

THE LOCH AWE AND DALMALLY HOTELS, ARGYLLSHIRE.

The extensive additions to the Loch Awe Hotel are now completed.

Large alterations have been done at Dalmally Hotel.

THE scenery round these well-known Hotels is certainly the finest in the Highlands. Situations unsurpassed. The great centres for tourists. Numerous delightful Excursions by coach, rail, and steamer.

Capital Salmon and Trout Fishing, Boating, Tennis, Billiards, etc.

Splendid Steam Launch "Mona," for towing Boats to best Fishing-Ground, and for Hire with Excursion Parties.

The centre of numerous Daily Excursions to Places of Great Beauty and Historical Interest.

N.B.—Parties holding through tickets are permitted to break the journey at either Loch Awe or Dalmally.

DUNCAN FRASER, *Proprietor.*

LOCH AWE.

PORTSONACHAN HOTEL.

THIS Hotel has superior advantages, being away from the noise and bustle incidental to railroad Hotels, and easy of access, only half an hour's journey from Lochawe Station (Callander and Oban Railway), where the Hotel steamer *Caledonia* makes connection with the principal trains during the season. Letters delivered twice, and despatched three times daily. Postal, Telegraph, and Money Order Office in Hotel buildings. Presbyterian and Episcopalian Churches within easy walking distance of Hotel. Tennis court, beautiful drives, first-class boats, experienced boatmen. Posting and Coaching. Charges moderate. Thomas Cameron, Proprietor, Originator of the Oban, Lochawe, and Glenant circular tour. Telegraphic address,

CAMERON, PORTSONACHAN.

LOCH EARN HEAD (PERTHSHIRE)

LOCH EARN HEAD HOTEL.

(Under Royal Patronage. Twice visited by Queen Victoria.)

THIS Hotel, which has been long established, has excellent accommodation for Families and Tourists, with every comfort and quiet, lies high and dry, and charmingly sheltered at the foot of the Wild Glen Ogle (the Kyber Pass). It commands fine views of the surrounding Hills and Loch, the old Castle of Glenample, the scenery of the Legend of Montrose, in the neighbourhood of Ben Voirlich, Rob Roy's Grave, Loch Voil, Loch Doine, and Loch Lubnaig, with many fine drives and walks. Posting, Billiards, Golf. Boats for Fishing and Rowing free. Hotel 'Bus meets principal trains at Loch Earn Head, and Caledonian Coaches at St. Fillans, during Summer. An Episcopal Church. Ladies' Golf Course adjoins Hotel.

EDWIN MAISEY, *Proprietor.*

ARDLUI HOTEL.

HEAD OF LOCH LOMOND.

Three minutes' walk from Steamboat Pier and Ardlui Station, West Highland Railway.

THIS Hotel is beautifully situated amidst unrivalled scenery, and commands a magnificent view of the Loch. The Hotel has been remodelled and refurnished, and additions have been made; the sanitary arrangements are new, and have been carried out on the most improved principles. Visitors staying at this house will find every comfort and attendance, with boats and fishing free. Delightful daily tours can be arranged to Loch Katrine, Loch Awe, Loch Tay, Loch Long, etc. Passengers travelling South by West Highland Railway change here for Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine. Parties boarded by week. Special week-end terms, except in August.

Telegrams: "DODDS, ARDLUI."

D. M. DODDS, *Proprietor.*

N.B.—Grand Circular Tour by Rail, Coach and Steamer daily from Edinburgh and Glasgow. Further particulars can be obtained at Crianlarich and Ardlui Hotels, also from the North British and Caledonian Railway Companies' Tourist Guides.

LOCHGAIR HOTEL.

THIS Hotel is beautifully situated at the Head of Lochgair (an arm of Loch Fyne), and on the public road to Inveraray. It has many advantages, being within easy access of Ardrishaig, where the Hotel coach makes connection with the Steamers "Columba" and "Iona," also with the "Lord of the Isles" at Crarae, seven miles distance.

TENNIS COURT in front of Hotel, also **GOLF COURSE.**

EXCELLENT TROUT FISHING

in preserved Loch, which has been stocked with Loch Leven Trout, and excellent baskets can be had. Good baskets of Whittings, Cod, and Lythe, etc., can be had at all times in Lochgair or Loch Fyne. There has been constructed a good canal and slip for the convenience of yachts' people and visitors boating—accessible at all states of the tide.

Post and Telegraph Office One Minute from Hotel.

HIRING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES AT MODERATE CHARGES.

ARCHD. BROWN, Proprietor.

Telegraphic Address—"BROWN, LOCHGAIR"

LOCH LOMOND.

INVERSNDAID HOTEL.

THIS Hotel is centrally situated in the Scottish Lake District amidst unrivalled scenery. In the neighbourhood are many places of interest, such as Rob Roy's Cave, the islands on Loch Lomond, on some of which are the remains of feudal strongholds, and within a few yards of the Hotel, Inversnaid Falls, rendered famous by Wordsworth in his poem "To a Highland Girl."

Coaches to and from Loch Katrine in connection with all the sailings of the steamer there to and from the Trossachs.

LAWN TENNIS. BOATS. BILLIARDS, &c.

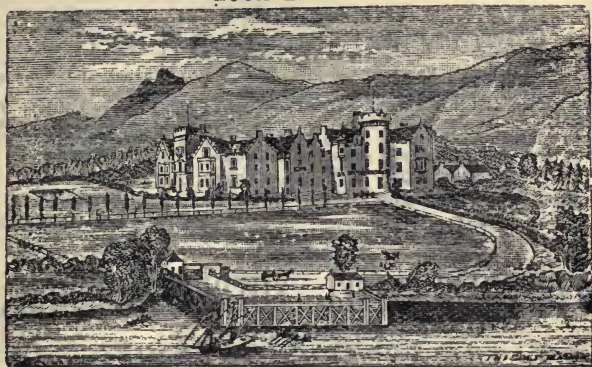
TROUT FISHING ON THE LOCH FREE.

Parties Boarded by Week or Month, except in August.

Post and Telegraph Office in the Hotel.

ROBERT BLAIR, Proprietor.

LOCH LOMOND.



THE TARBET HOTEL, LOCH LOMOND.

THIS Hotel has lately undergone considerable alterations with extensive additions, comprising Billiard Room, Sitting Rooms, Ladies' Drawing Rooms and Bedrooms, &c. Fishing. Croquet. Lawn Tennis. Posting in all its branches. Parties boarded moderate terms. Cycle House.

Post and Telegraph—HOTEL, TARBET, LOCH LOMOND.

LOCH MAREE, ROSS-SHIRE, N.B.

KENLOCHWE HOTEL

The Hotel is situated near the head of Loch Maree and ten miles from Auchnasheen Station, where a public coach awaits conveyance of passengers; private carriages can be obtained by wiring "Hotel," Kenlochewe. Boats for fishing free on Loch Maree. Fine drives in different directions. The drive to Loch Torridon, past Loch Clare and through Glen Torridon, being one of the finest in Scotland. Ben Nevis (3216 feet) is easily reached from the Hotel. A Steamer plies up and down the Loch daily, lying at this end over night. It starts every morning at 8.30 and in the afternoon at 2.30. Families boarded by week or month.

Lunch always ready for passengers arriving by Steamer *en route* for Auchnasheen Station.

Carriages and horses for Hire. Wines, Spirits, etc., of the finest quality.

Letters and Telegrams carefully attended to.

MRS. MACDONALD, *Proprietrix*.

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ROSS-SHIRE.

Lately Her Majesty's West Highland Residence.

THIS Hotel, beautifully situated in the centre of the Loch Maree District, and overlooking the Loch, is now leased by Mr. T. S. M'ALLISTER, Inverness, and under his Management.

N.B.—A Coach awaits the arrival of MacBrayne's Steamers at Gairloch, if wired for, during the Season to convey Passengers to Loch Maree Hotel direct, eight miles distant.

Visitors can have Salmon and Trout Fishing Free, over 20 sq. m. of Loch.

Boats and Tackle supplied from the Hotel.

POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE ADJOINS THE HOTEL,
POSTING. | CHARGES MODERATE.

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(Under New Management.)

FOYERS HOTEL,

NEAR the Celebrated FALLS OF FOYERS. Beautifully situated, and commanding
Finest Views of LOCH NESS and the GREAT GLEN. Redecorated and most Com-
fortably Refurnished throughout. Salmon and Trout Fishing Free to Visitors. Foyers
is the best place for Passengers down the Caledonian Canal to break their journey, as
Steamers from Inverness arrive about 5.15 P.M., leaving Foyers about 9 A.M. next
morning, thus avoiding the early start from Inverness. **Electric Light.**

POSTING.

Telegrams—HOTEL, FOYERS.

Post and Telegraph Office. Charges Strictly Moderate.S. TILSTON, *Proprietor.*

LOCH SHIN.

OVERSCAIG HOTEL, SUTHERLANDSHIRE,

Via LAIRG, N.B.

THE ANGLERS' PARADISE.

For Trout and Ferox Fishing on Loch Shin, Loch Merkland, Loch Grian, Loch Gorm, and other Waters.

Angling on Garvie and Merkland Rivers for Salmon and Grilse.

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Write for Illustrated
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Charges Moderate,

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These large and well-appointed TEMPERANCE HOTELS have
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Inclusive charge for Bedroom, Attendance, Table d'Hôte Breakfast
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LONDON.

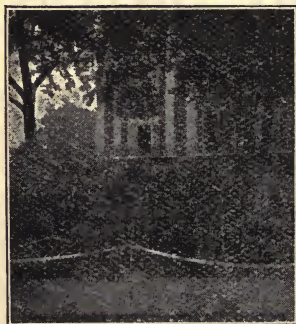
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In the centre of the City. Exceptional advantages to persons visiting London on business. CHARGES—Breakfast or Tea, 1/8, 1/6, 2/. Bedroom and attendance, 3/.

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VISITORS to London will find this one of the most central positions from which, whether by Rail, Omnibus, or Tram, they can reach all parts. The Hotel is fitted with every modern improvement. The Public Rooms and Private Sitting Rooms are handsomely furnished, and the Bedrooms will be found most comfortable. Liberal arrangements made with those staying a lengthened period.

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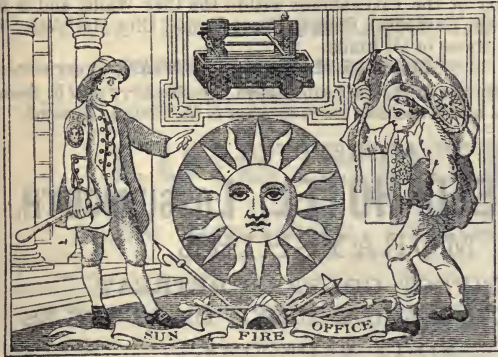
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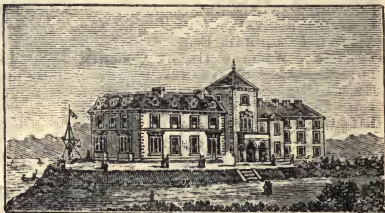
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First-Class for Families and Tourists. Facing the Bristol Channel, two minutes' walk from the Beach, and overlooking the River Lynn. Fitted with Electric Light and modern improvements. Good Smoking and New Billiard Rooms. Shooting, Salmon and Trout Fishing Free. All charges strictly moderate. Write for Tariff.

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Largest and Principal Hotel in the District.

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TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS—HOLMAN, LYNTON.

TERMS EN PENSION.

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Telegrams—COTTAGE, LYNTON.

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Inclusive terms during Winter months.*Perfect Sanitary Arrangements.***MISS SCHNEIDER, Manageress.**

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"THE first time we visited Malvern, when shown into an upper chamber in the 'FOLEY ARMS,' we were literally taken aback. We can hardly say more than that the prospect struck us as far finer than from the terrace over the Thames at Richmond, etc., etc."—*Extract from article in "Blackwood," August 1884.*

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*Telegraphic Address—"WHITE HART."**Telephone No. 44.*

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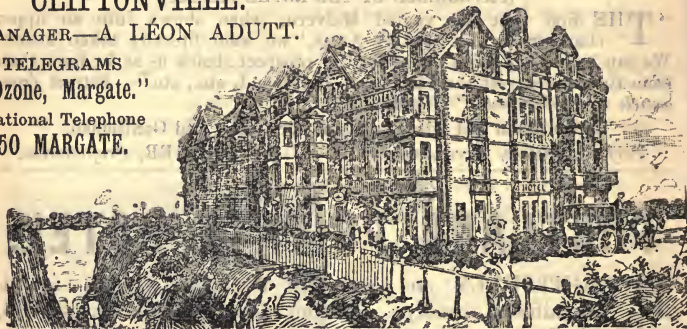
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When hoastin' and coughin',
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Or the wee deevils blue—

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And come down to Cuilfail
Wi' yer friens leal and true.

First-Class Trout Fishing Free on several Lochs. Excellent Sea Trout and Salmon Loch added. Season—1st April to 30th September.

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Boats and Boatmen for Anglers.

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CHARGES STRICTLY MODERATE, AND EVERY HOME COMFORT.

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Genuine handmade Scotch goods from the Shetland and Faroe Isles.
Beautiful Tweeds and Homespuns, and all the Clan and Family Tartans
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Outside Warehouse designed Tartan and Tartan ensign.

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IN close proximity to Railway Station, Landing Pier, and Post Office, overlooking
the Bay. Fishing, Boating, Golf, Bowling. *Special Feature, Low Charges.*—Bed-
rooms, 1s. 6d. and 2s. Teas and Breakfasts, 1s. 6d. and 2s. Dinners, *Table d'Hôte* and *à
la carte*, 2s. 9d. Baths—Hot and Cold.

Registered Telegraphic Address: "McLACHLAN, Oban."

TEL. 019. OULTON BROAD, NEAR LOWESTOFT.

WHERRY HOTEL

ENTIRELY rebuilt, facing the Broad, and replete with every
accommodation for Visitors. Private and Public Dining
Rooms. Terms on application to—

T. HORNE, Late of Great Eastern Hotel, Lowestoft.

Headquarters of the Waverley Sailing Club. Also Headquarters of the
O. B. Cycle Club.

SAILING AND ROWING BOATS ON HIRE.

BOWLING GREEN.

OBAN.

S TATION HOTEL.

The Hotel is nearest to the Pier and Railway Station, and occupies the best site.

It contains over 100 Rooms, and is sumptuously furnished.

High-Class Cuisine and Wines.

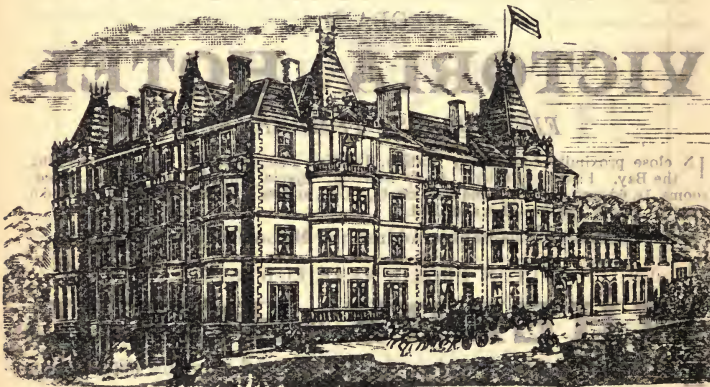
J. G. FLEISCHMANN, *Manager.*

C. CAMPBELL, *Proprietor.*

OXFORD.

THE MITRE HOTEL,

SITUATED in the centre of the finest Street in Europe, is one of the most **ECONOMICAL** First-Class Hotels in the Kingdom. Billiard Rooms, Electric Light, and Good Stabling.



PENMAENMAWR, NORTH WALES.

THE PENMAENMAWR HOTEL.

THIS high-class Hotel is beautifully situated in its own grounds, overlooking the Sea, quite sheltered from easterly winds; charming marine and mountain walks, healthful and recuperating. A good centre for North Wales Excursions.

The Hotel is close to the Railway Station, and within a few minutes' walk of the seashore. It is fitted up regardless of expense, and with the recent extensive alterations is now the largest Hotel in North Wales. Hot and Cold Sea Water Baths, Billiard Room, etc. Carriages and luggage carts from Hotel Livery Stables meet principal Trains. 30 minutes' drive to Golf Links. *Tariff on application.*

THE ONLY HOTEL IN PERTH WHOLLY LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY.

SALUTATION HOTEL, PERTH.

Commercial, Family, & Tourist Headquarters, etc.

New & Spacious Stockrooms.

Billiards.

W. G. MOWAT, Proprietor.

(Late of Central Hotel, Glasgow.)

ESTABLISHED 1699.

TELEPHONE, No. 120.

PERTH.

PERTH STATION HOTEL.

THE above Hotel is under the control of the Caledonian, Highland, and North British Railway Companies, and will be found by Visitors to be a first-class Hotel, replete with all modern improvements. The Hotel contains handsome Coffee, Drawing, Reading, Smoking, and Billiard Rooms, also Suites of Apartments. All lighted by Electricity.

The well-appointed REFRESHMENT ROOMS, situated on the Station Platform, are under the same control, where are served daily Breakfasts, Luncheons, and Dinners, in connection with the Train Service from and to London.

ALFRED TUKE, Manager.

PITLOCHRY.

MACDONALD'S, ATHOLL,

Is the ORIGINAL and very much the Largest
HYDROPATHIC in the District.

BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED on a knoll, high above the valley and village, surrounded by 36 acres of ORNAMENTAL GROUNDS, well wooded, and containing 5 miles of private walks and drives. 500 feet above sea-level. Pure dry bracing air.

Passenger Elevator.

Cuisine a Speciality.

Every window commands a view of the most magnificent scenery in Scotland.

Tennis, Croquet, Golf, Archery, Fishing, Cycling.

Inclusive Terms for May and June, from £2:16s. to £3:6s. each per Week.

To prevent disappointment communications should be carefully addressed to

The ATHOLL HYDROPATHIC, Pitlochry.

Telegraphic Address—"ATHOLL," Pitlochry.



PITLOCHRY.

FISHER'S HOTEL.

FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL AND POSTING ESTABLISHMENT.

PARTIES wishing to see the magnificent scenery in this part of the Scottish Highlands will find this Hotel (to which large additions have been made) most convenient, for in one drive they can visit the Falls of Tummel; the Queen's View of Loch Tummel; the far-famed Pass of Killiecrankie; Glen Tilt; the Falls of Bruar, etc.

Pitlochry is on the direct route to Balmoral Castle, by Spital of Glen-shee and Braemar; and to Kinloch-Rannoch, by Tummel Bridge and Braemar.

Good Salmon and Trout Fishing on 4 miles of the River Tay and 2 miles of the Tummel.

EXCURSION COACHES leave the Hotel daily during the summer season for Pass of Killiecrankie, Falls of Bruar, Queen's View of Loch Tummel, Kinloch-Rannoch, Glen Tilt, etc., and to Rannoch Station, West Highland Railway, by Loch Tummel and Loch Rannoch. Seats secured at the Hotel. Fares moderate. *A Four-in-hand Coach* leaves Pitlochry for Braemar every alternate day.

Job and Post Horses and Carriages of every kind, by the Day, Week, or Month.

Orders by Telegraph for Rooms, Carriages, or Coach Seats, punctually attended to. Address Manageress.

THE PITLOCHRY HYDROPATHIC.

Highlands of Perthshire. The Largest, Finest, and Leading Hydropathic.

FINEST BRACING MOUNTAIN AIR in SCOTLAND

Says late Sir **ANDREW CLARK, M.D.**

IN the Hydro high extensive ornamental Grounds, being the highest house, and has by far the most commanding view of the grand and unsurpassed scenery all round, it is due South and in front of the Mountain Ben-y-Vrackie, which is 2750 feet high. Coaching, Tennis, etc. Every comfort for Families and Tourists making a stay. Baths—Turkish, etc. Ten minutes from Railway and Churches. Inclusive Terms, with large superior Rooms, from £2: 16s. each, or 9s. per day. Stabling for Horses and Carriages. Cycle accommodation.

Send for Prospectus.

Note Address—**ROBERTSON'S, Pitlochry Hydropathic, Pitlochry.**

PITLOCHRY, N.B.

A. & J. MACNAUGHTON, Woollen Manufacturers.

ESTABLISHED IN THE REIGN OF WILLIAM IV.

INTERNATIONAL AWARDS.

THE SILVER MEDAL, PARIS 1900.

HIGHEST AWARD, CHICAGO 1893.

THE ONLY GOLD MEDAL,

EDINBURGH 1890.

PRIZE MEDAL, EDINBURGH 1886.

"BALMORAL."

"The Queen is very much pleased with the rugs."

"OSBORNE."

"Please send to Osborne, for Her Majesty's approval, a number of Rugs, Wraps, and Shawls, such as you sent to Balmoral."

"OSBORNE."

"Her Majesty has kept Fourteen Rugs. You sent a nice selection."

Visitors to Scotland, and especially to the Highlands, will find it to their advantage to defer placing orders for **Scotch Woollens** until they have reached **Pitlochry**, which is famed for the choicest manufactures. All are invited and recommended to write for Patterns which are promptly sent, Post Free.

Ladies' Tailor-Made Gowns, 70s. Ladies' Athole Capes, from 21s.

Gentlemen's Tweed Suits, 70s. Refined Styles. Perfection of Finish.

Accurate Fitting by Distinguished City Cutters. Travelling Rugs from 12s. 6d.

PLAIDS, SHAWLS, WRAPS, AND SCOTCH HOSIERY.

Parcels Carriage Paid.

PLYMOUTH.

DUKE OF CORNWALL HOTEL.

SPACIOUS COFFEE AND DRAWING ROOMS.

HOT AND COLD BATHS. BILLIARD AND SMOKING ROOMS.

OTIS PASSENGER & LUGGAGE LIFTS. TELEPHONE 135.

Recently redecorated, latest sanitary improvements. Electric Light.

Table d'Hôte daily.

N.B.—This Hotel is the most commodious and convenient in Plymouth. It is distant only five minutes' walk from the SEA, and from the business centre of the Town. Opposite the G.W.R. Station, Millbay.

Telegraphic Address—"DUKOTEL, PLYMOUTH."

PLYMOUTH.

THE GRAND HOTEL.

THE FINEST POSITION IN EUROPE. Climate equally Good for Winter or Summer. Suites of Rooms. Three Balconies. **REVISED TARIFF.**

Table d'Hôte 6.30 to 8 o'clock.

Telephone No. 148.

Passengers' Lift.

Lighted by Electricity.

Buses meet Trains.

Also ROYAL CLARENCE HOTEL, EXETER.

J. HEADON STANBURY, Proprietor.

PORTHCAWL, SOUTH WALES.

**ESPLANADE HOTEL.**

100 Rooms. Electric Light. First-class Chef. Table d'Hôte at Separate tables. Splendid Golf Links along coast; turf firm and dry in winter.

Porthcawl is open to the Atlantic. Mean temperature same as Bournemouth, but climate peculiarly invigorating. Most favourable for invalids and children, and especially suitable for consumptive patients in winter and summer. Dry sandy soil on limestone. Safe bathing. Sea fishing. Boating. Good drainage and first-rate water supply, certified by Sir E. Frankland, Analyst to the Local Government Board, as being of "*high organic purity and excellent for dietetic purposes.*" Inclusive terms from 10s. 6d. per day. 13-roomed houses in beautiful situation on Esplanade to be let, unfurnished, on moderate terms.

LOUGH SWILLY, CO. DONEGAL.

PORTSALON HOTEL.

THIS excellent Hotel, which affords first-class accommodation and every comfort to Families, Golfers, and other Tourists, is magnificently situated, with southern aspect, and commands sea and mountain views of matchless beauty. The Golf Links (18 holes) are the most sporting and picturesque in the country. Good lake and sea fishing. Boating, Bathing, Tennis, Croquet, Billiards, Cycle Store, Dark Room for Photography, etc. Route *via* Londonderry and Rathmullen; thence by Coach daily on arrival of mid-day Steamer. Telegrams—"Hotel, Portsalon."

For particulars apply MANAGER.

PRINCETOWN, DARTMOOR.

DUCHY HOTEL

(In the very Centre of Dartmoor.)

This First-Class Hotel is one of the highest situated Hotels in the Country, being about 1400 feet above sea-level. Excellent Trout and Salmon Fishing.

DUCHY HOUSE PRIVATE HOTEL AND BOARDING HOUSE

(Annexe), contains the most modern improvements. Good Posting. Excellent Dairy

Telegrams—"DUCHY, PRINCETOWN."

AARON ROWE, Proprietor.

RIPON, FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

UNICORN HOTEL AND POSTING HOUSE.

PATRONISED BY H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE largest, best appointed, and most liberally managed Hotel in the City. Carriages of every description. Wines and Spirits.

Telegrams: UNICORN, RIPON.

Telephone: No. 4.

MRS. BERNARD EVANS, *Proprietress.*

ROSS ON WYE.

“THE RHINE OF ENGLAND.”

Ross, Herefordshire, is the gate of the “Wye” (The Rhine of England) and the

ROYAL HOTEL,

situated in its own beautiful grounds, commands extensive views of the “Wye” and its enchanting scenery.

Every Comfort. Moderate Charges.

ROTHESAY.

BUTE ARMS HOTEL.

Opposite the Pier.

FIRST-CLASS HOTEL. MODERATE TARIFF. EXCELLENT CUISINE.

The Sanitary Arrangements are entirely new throughout the House.

Table d'Hôte, 6.30.

Billiard Room.

Telephone No. 31.

ROBERT SMITH, *Proprietor.*

ROTHESAY.

QUEEN'S HOTEL.

A FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL.

ENTIRELY REFURNISHED AND REDECORATED.

ADJOINING ROYAL NORTHERN YACHT CLUB.

MODERATE CHARGES.

Miss THOMPSON, *Proprietress.*

ROTHESAY. ROYAL HOTEL.

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.

FIRST-CLASS. OPPOSITE THE PIER.

MODERATE TARIFF.

Telegrams—"Royal Hotel."

JOHN MACKAY, *Proprietor.*

ROYBRIDGE.

ROYBRIDGE HOTEL, N.B.

TELEGRAMS: "HOTEL."

MRS. FRASER, *Lessee.*

THIS Country Hotel will be found replete with all requirements and conveniences to suit the demand of all Tourists and Families. Visitors can have Free Fishing by staying in the Hotel.

Starting point for the famous parallel roads of Glenroy. Carriages from Hotel Stables. Rail from Glasgow, four hours. Five minutes' walk from Railway Station. G.P.O. at Hotel.

ST. ANDREWS, N.B.

ELDER'S PRIVATE HOTEL.

FIRST-CLASS PRIVATE HOTEL

Close to Station and Links.

TABLE D'HOTE, SEPARATE TABLES. LARGE DRAWING ROOM, AND PRIVATE SITTING ROOMS.

Sanitary arrangements complete.

Moderate Charges.

DAVID ELDER, *Lessee.*

(Late Foyers Hotel, Loch Ness.)

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA.

High-class Boarding Establishment. Facing
the Sea. Centre of Promenade.
Charming Winter Resi-
dence, sheltered.

SUSSEX HOUSE

8 EVERSFIELD PLACE.

Highly
Recommended.

GOOD CUISINE.

Electric Light throughout. Bath. Liberal Table.
Large and Lofty Rooms. Moderate Inclusive Tariff.
Under the personal supervision of the PROPRIETRESS.

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA.

FIFE PRIVATE HOTEL, EVERSFIELD MANSIONS.

VISITORS will find every home comfort in this Establishment, facing
the Sea in the most enviable position of St. Leonards, and within
easy access of the Turkish and Swimming Baths. Terms for Board and
Residence 1½ to 3 Guineas, or 6s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. per day. Saturday to
Monday, 15s. 6d. Warrior Square Station.

Miss BRIDIE, Proprietress.

SALISBURY.



THE WHITE HART HOTEL.

The Largest and Principal Hotel in the City.

AN old-established and well-known first-class Family Hotel,
nearly opposite Salisbury Cathedral, and within a pleasant
drive of Stonehenge. This Hotel is acknowledged to be one of
the most comfortable in England. Table d'Hôte Meals at
separate Tables two hours each meal daily. Electric Light in
all Public Rooms.

A Ladies' Coffee Room, a Coffee Room for Gentlemen, and
first-class Billiard and Smoking Rooms.

Carriages and Horses of every description for Stonehenge
and other places of interest at fixed inclusive charges. Excellent
Stabling. Loose Boxes, etc.

Posting-Master to Her Late Majesty.

Tariff on application to ERNEST BOWES, *Manager.*

SCARBOROUGH.

W. ROWNTREE & SONS,**HOUSE & ESTATE AGENTS.****Best Furnished and Unfurnished Houses.****REMOVAL & STORAGE CONTRACTORS.**

Close to Railway Station.

ST. MARY'S, SCILLY.

HOLGATE'S

FIRST-CLASS

FAMILY HOTEL.

Every Modern Convenience. Hotel Bus meets every Steamer.

Telegrams—"Holgate's, Scilly."

E. N. MUMFORD, *Proprietor.***TREGARTHEN'S HOTEL.**

ST. MARY'S, ISLES OF SCILLY.

THE Oldest Established Hotel in the Islands, standing in its own Grounds (within three minutes' walk of the landing pier). New Wings just completed and furnished in modern style. Every home comfort. Good Reading and Smoking Rooms for Gentlemen. Ladies' Drawing Room. Hot and Cold Fresh and Salt-water Baths. Electric Light throughout. The Rooms command a beautiful Panoramic View of the adjacent Islands. Hotel Porter meets all Steamers. Tariff on application to the **MANAGERESS.**

CLOUSTA HOTEL,

BIXTER, SHETLAND.

SITUATED at the head of the beautiful landlocked Voe of Clousta, on the West Coast of Shetland. Fishing is first-class for brown trout in twenty lochs from 1st June to end of August. For sea trout in five lochs, four voes, and one large burn. Good shooting over 20,000 acres, snipe, plover, rock pigeon, many kinds of duck, rabbits and seals and otters along the coast. The boating and sea-fishing are excellent.

T. A. ANDERSON, *Secretary.*

ISLE OF SKYE.

SLIGACHAN HOTEL.

*Within easy driving distance of the Terminus of the Highland Railway,
Kyle of Lochalsh Station.*

NEAREST Hotel to Loch Scavaig and Loch Coruisk. "Sligachan in Skye is the rock-climbing centre 'par excellence' of the British Isles." See Badminton Library, Vol. *Mountaineering*, p. 342. Beautifully situated at the Foot of the Cuchullin Hills. Ponies and Guides for Loch Scavaig and Loch Coruisk. Parties living in the Hotel have the privilege of good Salmon, Sea, and Brown Trout Fishing during May, June, and July on one of the best Lochs in Skye, also Sea-Trout fishing on the River Sligachan; also good Loch and Sea Fishing.

BOATS FREE OF CHARGE.

BOATMEN, 4s. PER DAY.

Parties landing at LOCH SCAVAIG or LOCH CORUIK can have Ponies and Guides sent to meet them at Camasunary, or the hill above Loch Coruisk, by sending Letter or Telegram the day previous. Cook's Coupons accepted.

Post and Telegraph Offices in the Hotel.

POSTING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Telegraphic Address,

"SHARP, SLIGACHAN."

WM. SHARP, Proprietor.

ISLE OF SKYE.

BROADFORD HOTEL.

THE best starting-place for the Cuchullins, Loch Scavaig, and Loch Coruisk, which are seen to greatest advantage when approached from the Sea. Good Sea, River, and Loch Fishing; also Boats free of charge. Parties Boarded at Moderate Terms.

All Steamers between Oban, Kyle of Lochalsh, Portree, Gairloch, Stornaway, etc., call here daily.

The new Pier is now open, and all Steamers land passengers there. Boots will await arrival of Steamers during the Season.

Posting. Post and Telegraph Office.

J. ROSS, Lessee.

SLIGO.

VICTORIA HOTEL

(FIRST-CLASS).

PATRONISED BY ALL THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY.

TOURISTS, Anglers, and Families will find every convenience, combined with cleanliness and moderate charges.

PRIVATE ROOMS, LADIES' SITTING ROOMS.

BATHS—HOT, COLD, AND SHOWER. BILLIARDS, GOLF.

Gentlemen staying at this Hotel have the privilege of Free Fishing for Salmon and Trout on Lough Gill. Boats for hire. Posting in all its branches. Omnibus attends all trains. Cook's and Gaze's Coupons accepted.

J. A. HALL, Proprietor.

SOUTHPORT.

SMEDLEY HYDROPATHIC BIRKDALE PARK.

RE-FURNISHED and RE-DECORATED. ELECTRIC LIGHT. LATE DINNERS

WELL adapted for Summer or Winter residence, for either Invalids or Visitors.
Terms from 7s. 6d. per day. Turkish, Russian, Plunge, and other Baths.

Hydropathy fully treated, under own Physician, Dr. Corkhill.

NEAR GOLF LINKS. LAWN TENNIS, BILLIARDS, ETC.

For Prospectus, apply MANAGERESS.

SOUTHSEA.

ROYAL PIER HOTEL,

SOUTHSEA, PORTSMOUTH.

Manageress:—Miss BRAINE.

THIS First-Class Hotel has been redecorated and refurnished. It is situated in the best part of Southsea, and is the most convenient for Naval, Military, and Official Gentlemen and Families.

The spacious Dining and Drawing Rooms, as well as the principal Bedrooms, immediately overlook the Common, the Channel, and the Isle of Wight.

Tariff very moderate. Modified terms arranged for large parties or for long periods.

Book to Portsmouth Town Station, from which the Hotel is only about five minutes' drive.

STIRLING.

WAVERLEY TEMPERANCE HOTEL.

Formerly CARMICHAEL'S. Established over Fifty Years.

Within three minutes' walk of the Station, and on the way to the Castle. Also Restaurant in Connection.

First-Class Hotel for Families, Tourists, & Commercial Gentlemen.

MODERATE CHARGES.

P. M'ALPINE, Proprietor.

SPA HOTEL.

THE OLDEST-ESTABLISHED & LEADING HOTEL

HIGHEST SITUATION (400 feet above Sea-level).



THE SPORTING HOTEL OF THE HIGHLANDS.

SUPERIOR MIXED SHOOTING.

SALMON & TROUT FISHING FREE.

BOATING. GOLF. TENNIS. CROQUET.

CLOSE TO FINE 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE.

CONTAINS Spacious Public Rooms, Private Apartments *en suite*, Recreation and Ball Rooms, Conservatories, and is secluded enough to ensure to visitors the Privacy and Quiet of an ordinary Country Residence.

Cycle Court with Professional attendants. Croquet Green.

POSTING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

A. WALLACE, *Manager.*

Telegrams—"WALLACE, STRATHPEFFER."

MUNRO'S
STRATHPEFFER HOTEL.
HIGHLAND SPA.

NEAREST HOTEL TO THE RAILWAY STATION, THE WELLS,
 AND NEW GOLF COURSE. HOTEL ENLARGED.

EVERY HOME COMFORT WITH MODERATE CHARGES.

EN PENSION 2½ GUINEAS, £3:10s.

JOHN M. MUNRO, Proprietor.

STRATHPEFFER SPA, ROSS-SHIRE.

WHYTE'S HOTEL.

CLOSE TO THE WELLS AND BATHS.

A. D. WHYTE, *Proprietor.*

STRATHPEFFER.

RAVENS CROFT.

FIRST-CLASS BOARDING HOUSE.

FINELY and healthily situated on elevated ground, and within easy walking distance of the famous Sulphur and Chalybeate Wells and Baths. Good cooking and every comfort. Moderate terms.

Apply MRS. ANDERSON,
 RAVENS CROFT, STRATHPEFFER, N.B.

STRATHPEFFER.

BALMORAL LODGE,
FIRST-CLASS BOARDING HOUSE,

SITUATED on the hill, commanding a fine view with southern exposure; close to the Mineral Wells, Baths, and Golf Course. Public Dining Room and Drawing Room, Private Parlours. Terms on Application.

Mrs. DUNNET, Proprietrix.

TENBY. TORQUAY COBOURGH THE COBOURG HOTEL

FACING THE SEA. NORTH BAY.

Ladies' Drawing Room, Private Sitting Rooms, Hot and Cold Bath Rooms. Tariff on application. Special Terms for Winter Season. Omnibus to all Trains.

Also of the Royal Station Hotel, Bath.

MRS. J. HUGHES, *Proprietress.*

TINTAGEL, NORTH CORNWALL.

WHARNCLIFFE ARMS HOTEL,

FIRST-CLASS FOR FAMILIES AND TOURISTS.

DELIGHTFULLY situated near the Sea, and within five minutes' walk of the celebrated King Arthur's Castle, and the finest and most romantic scenery in England. Within four-and-a-half miles of the Camelford Station on the L. & S. W. Railway. Conveyances from this Hotel meet the principal trains, or Private Carriages can be sent at any hour on receipt of Wire.

Telegraphic Address—"FRY, TINTAGEL."

JAMES FRY, *Proprietor.*

TOMINTOUL, N.B.

By Grantown or Ballindalloch.

RICHMOND HOTEL.

(In connection with King's Arms, Oban).

NEW First-class Family Hotel and Health Resort; 1161 ft. above sea level; on driving route between Braemar, Balmoral, and Grantown. Fishing, Golf, Posting.

Stage Coach, 15th June to 15th Sept.

Tomintoul...leave 9 a.m.
Grantown...arr. 11.30 a.m.
Grantown...leave 3.30 p.m.
Tomintoul...arr. 6 p.m.



STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

SHAKESPEARE HOTEL

AND ITS FIVE GABLES.

First-Class Family Hotel and Posting House. Centrally situated.

HOTEL OMNIBUS MEETS THE TRAINS.

BILLIARDS AND BATHS.

A. JUSTINS, *Proprietress.*

TORQUAY OLD ESTABLISHED HIGH-CLASS BOARDING ESTABLISHMENT.



South aspect, grand Sea View. Close to Royal Terrace, Gardens, Rock Walks, Promenade Pier, Town Station. House stands in its own Grounds. Lawn Tennis Courts free to Visitors. Terms on application. *Proprietress Mrs. MANN, Kistor House, Belgrave Road.*

TROSSACHS.

STRONACHLACHAR HOTEL, HEAD OF LOCH KATRINE.

DONALD FERGUSON, PROPRIETOR.

THIS Hotel, the only one on the shores of Loch Katrine, is most beautifully situated in the heart of ROB ROY'S Country GLENGYLE and the romantic GRAVEYARD of CLAN GREGOR, both described at page 77 of "Perthshire Guide," being in close proximity; and as a fishing station it is unsurpassed. Excellent boats and experienced boatmen are kept for parties staying at the Hotel.

The Hotel is replete with every comfort, and is reached either by way of Callander and Trossachs and the Loch Katrine Steamer, or by the Loch Lomond Steamer and Coach from Inversnaid, there being a full service of Coaches and Steamers by both these routes during the season.

Post and Telegraph Office in Hotel.

BOARD BY WEEK OR MONTH.

Carriages and other Conveyances kept for Hire.

ADDRESS: STRONACHLACHAR, by Inversnaid.



THE TROSSACHS HOTEL, LOCH KATRINE.

R. BLAIR, Proprietor,

THIS FIRST-CLASS HOTEL is beautifully situated in the midst of the classic scenery of Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and is the **ONLY HOTEL** in the Trossachs.

Parties staying for not less than a week can be boarded on **SPECIAL TERMS**, excepting from 15th July to 15th Sept.

During the season Coaches run from Callander Railway Station to the Trossachs, in connection with all Trains, and in connection with all Steamers on Loch Katrine. These Coaches all stop at this Hotel, giving passengers time to Lunch.

Excellent Fishing in Lochs Katrine and Achray. Boats engaged at the Hotel, and at the Boathouse, Loch Katrine Pier.

BILLIARDS. LAWN TENNIS.

Address **THE TROSSACHS HOTEL,**
Loch Katrine,

By CALLANDER, N.B.

R. BLAIR, Proprietor.

POST AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE IN HOTEL.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

WILD'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL.

FIRST CLASS.

GROVE HILL ROAD.

TWO minutes from S.E.R. Station. Ten minutes from L.B. & S.C.
Close to Common. Home Comforts and Cleanliness. Drawing Room
Smoke Room and Large Coffee Room.

Also at BRIGHTON.

YORK HOUSE TEMPERANCE HOTELS, LTD., Proprietors.

TWEEDSMUIR, PEEBLESHIRE.

THE CROOK HOTEL, OR ANGLER'S RESORT

IS finely situated on Upper Tweed, 7 miles from Broughton Station
Peeblesshire (Caledonian Rly.). Free Fishing on Tweed and tribu-
taries. Posting from the Hotel. Charges moderate. Visitors coming
from a distance should write at least a day before, to have conveyance
waiting them at Station.

Any other information may be had from the MANAGERESS.

TYNDRUM.

ROYAL HOTEL, TYNDRUM, PERTHSHIRE

800 feet above sea-level, and gravel soil. Bracing, clear
mountain air. Picturesque scenery. Trout-fishing good and
free of charge. Large modern rooms.

CHARGES MODERATE.

POSTING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

JOSEPH STEWART, Proprietor.

WARWICK.

WOOLPACK HOTEL.

FIRST-CLASS Family. Much enlarged, refurnished throughout
Ladies' Coffee Room. Drawing and Bath Rooms. Well
patronised by Americans. Excellent Stabling. Charges moderate.

Heated throughout in Winter.

MRS. ANNE HALBEARD, Proprietress.

(WATERFORD, WATERVILLE, WEST LINTON, *see* 84)—WINDERMERE. 83

BELSFIELD HOTEL,

WINDERMERE.



"BELSFIELD HOTEL" has justified its claim to the premier position among the leading hotels of the neighbourhood. This palatial building—originally erected as a private mansion—stands within no fewer than eight acres of charmingly designed and well-wooded grounds that are remarkable as vantage-points for some of the most picturesque views. The interior has been superbly decorated, the ceilings and mural embellishments being really remarkable as works of art, while equal taste has been displayed in the details of the costly furniture. Indeed, such handsome surroundings are rarely to be met with at Hotels either in or out of London.

**Private Omnibus attends all Trains, and also at the
Steam Yacht Pier, Bowness Bay.**

**Four-in-hand Coaches leave the Hotel daily for all parts of the
Lake District.**

GOLF. BILLIARDS. FISHING. TENNIS.

Lighted by Electricity.

Under the Personal Superintendence of the Proprietor,

TELEPHONE NO. 123.

**TELEGRAMS—
BELSFIELD, WINDERMERE.**

A. D. M'LEOD

(Late Manager, Gairloch Hotel, Ross-shire).

WATERFORD.

THE ADELPHI HOTEL, WATERFORD.

DAVID KEOGH, PROPRIETOR.

THIS is one of the most beautifully situated Hotels in the South of Ireland; it commands a full view of the River Suir, the unrivalled Quay of Waterford, and the most picturesque scenery about the city.

THE SITTING ROOMS, LADIES' COFFEE ROOMS, AND BEDROOMS are large, lofty, and commodious.

There is also a well-appointed Billiard Room and a comfortable Smoking Room. Families, Tourists, and Commercial Gentlemen who appreciate comfort, cleanliness, and careful attention, combined with moderate charges, will find in this Hotel all that is desirable.

An Omnibus attends the arrival and departure of the Trains and Steamboats.

WATERVILLE.

BAY VIEW HOTEL,
WATERVILLE, CO. KERRY.

Salmon and Sea Trout Fishing.

VISITORS to this Hotel can have the privilege of free Salmon Fishing on the well-known Cummeragh and Inny Rivers, and White Trout fishing on the well-known Derriana Lakes, now admitted to be the best fishing in Ireland, the Proprietor having leased the Fishing on these Private Waters for the exclusive use of his Visitors.

Also 60,000 acres of Grouse Cock and Snipe Shooting. Bathing, Boating, Sea Fishing, Golfing, and Lawn Tennis Courts on own grounds. Scenery magnificent, Lake, Sea, and Mountain.

J. GALVIN, Proprietor.

WEST LINTON.

RAEMARTIN TEMPERANCE HOTEL.

830 feet above sea level.

OFFERING Home Comforts and unlimited delights to Golfer, Angler, Cyclist, or Pedestrian; and medically recommended as a most excellent Health Resort, Moderate Terms.

J. K. RAE, Proprietor.

QUEEN'S HOTEL, Marine Parade, Great Yarmouth.

5 NATIONAL TELEPHONE, No. 28. TELEGRAMS, "Nightingale, Queen's, Great Yarmouth."

FINEST position, in the centre of the Marine Parade. Opposite the New Pier, close to Aquarium. Facing the Sea and New Beach Gardens. Unrivalled views. Nearest Hotel to the Golf Links. Luxuriously furnished. Fitted with all modern improvements, Sanitation perfect. Private Apartments, Coffee and Table d'Hôte Room (electric light) 120 feet long—facing the sea. Ladies' Drawing Room, Smoke, Billiard (newly erected and re-fitted), Reading and Writing, Bath Rooms (Fresh and Sea Water—direct supply), etc. 125 Bed and Sitting Rooms. Excellent Cuisine. Table d'Hôte at separate tables.

J. W. NIGHTINGALE, Proprietor.

"The 'Queen's' for position, is unrivalled."—*Gentleman's Journal*, 3rd September 1897.

NORTH DEVON. LYNTON AND MINEHEAD.

The Well-appointed Fast Four-Horse Coaches

"LORNA DOONE" & "RED DEER"

Commence running for the Season, on Easter Monday, between Railway Station, Minehead, and Royal Castle Hotel, Lynton. For particulars see G. W. Railway Time Tables and Bills.

THOMAS BAKER, Proprietor.

LYNTON, 1902.



BALLATER, 1st June 1902.

DEESIDE COACHES.

BALLATER & BRAEMAR VIA BALMORAL.

Are now running Daily (Sundays excepted), in connection with Trains from and to ABERDEEN, as undernoted :—

	May.	June.	July, August, September.
Ballater ... dep.	10 0 a.m.	10 0 a.m. 2 15 p.m.	10 0 a.m. 12 5 p.m. 2 15 p.m.
Braemar ... arr.	12 30 p.m.	12 30 p.m. 4 45 p.m.	12 30 p.m. 2 35 p.m. 4 45 p.m.
Braemar ... dep.	3 15 p.m.	9 25 a.m. 4 40 p.m.	9 15 a.m. 3 5 p.m. 4 40 p.m.
Ballater ... arr.	5 30 p.m.	11 40 a.m. 6 55 p.m.	11 30 a.m. 5 20 p.m. 6 55 p.m.

Tickets secured at Joint Railway Station Ticket Office, Aberdeen ; Invercauld Arms Hotel, Ballater ; Fife Arms and Invercauld Arms Hotels, Braemar.

THE ESKDALE AND LIDDESDALE COACHING TOURS

In the Southern Highlands of Scotland.

No. 1. Eskdale Tour. *Daily* at 9.45 a.m. 30 miles' drive midst the bracing air and moorland scenery of the Eskdale Hills, in the Historical Land of Roman Camps, Druid Circles, Hand-fastening Haughs, Covenanting Haunts, and Martyrs' Monument, etc., etc.

Returning 4.50 p.m. in connection with trains North and South. *Fare* 3s. 6d. *Parties of six, 3s. each.*

No. 2. Liddesdale Tour. *Every Thursday* at 9.10 a.m. 40 miles' drive in Ewesdale, Liddesdale, and Eskdale, through the Land of Lord Ernest Hamilton's "Outlaws of the Marches," visiting Hermitage Castle (associated with the name of Mary Queen of Scots, Bothwell, Lord Soulis, and Sir W. Douglas), and passing Hartgarth, Redheugh, Whithaugh, Tarras, etc.

Returning 5.15 p.m. in connection with trains North and South. *Fare* 4s. *Parties of six, 3s. 6d. each.*

For full particulars of both Coach Tours, send 3 stamps for Illustrated Guide.

Proprietor—WM. DOUGLAS, Eskdale Temperance Hotel, Langholm, N.B.

Telegrams—"Eskdale Hotel."

For Hotel advertisement see page 42.

THE HIGHLAND RAILWAY.

THE HIGHLAND LINE, *via* PERTH AND DUNKELD,

IS THE DIRECT AND QUICKEST TO

INVERNESS AND THE NORTHERN HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

For particulars as to Train Service, Through Carriages, Fares, etc., see the Company's Time-table, which will be sent to any address on application.

*The Station Hotel, Inverness, has been Renovated and Refurnished,
and is now open to Visitors.*

INVERNESS, 1902.

T. A. WILSON, General Manager.

FURNESS RAILWAY.

Twenty Coach and Steam Yacht

TOURS THROUGH LAKELAND

DAILY DURING

JUNE, JULY, AUGUST, & SEPTEMBER 1902.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>No. 1.—OUTER CIRCULAR TOUR, embracing Windermere Lake, Furness Abbey, and Coniston.</p> <p>No. 2.—INNER CIRCULAR TOUR, embracing Furness Abbey, Coniston Lake (Gondola), and Crake Valley.</p> <p>No. 3.—GRANGE and WINDERMERE CIRCULAR TOUR, embracing Grange, Kendal, and Windermere Lake.</p> <p>No. 4.—MIDDLE CIRCULAR TOUR, embracing Windermere Lake, the Crake Valley, and Coniston Lake.</p> <p>No. 5.—RED BANK and GRASMERE TOUR, <i>via</i> Ambleside and Skelwith Force.</p> <p>No. 6.—THIRLMERE, GRASMERE, and WINDERMERE TOUR, <i>via</i> Ambleside, Clappersgate, and Red Bank.</p> <p>No. 7.—THE FOUR LAKES CIRCULAR TOUR, <i>viz.</i> Coniston, Grasmere, Rydal, and Windermere.</p> <p>No. 8.—CONISTON to CONISTON TOUR, <i>via</i> Red Bank, Grasmere, and Ambleside.</p> <p>No. 9.—TARN HOWS TOUR, <i>via</i> Ambleside and Coniston, returning by Tilberthwaite and Elterwater.</p> <p>No. 10.—ROUND THE LANGDALES and DUNGEON GHYLL TOUR, <i>via</i> Ambleside, Colwith Force, Grasmere, and Rydal.</p> | <p>No. 11.—ULLSWATER TOUR, <i>via</i> Ambleside, Kirkstone Pass, and Brothers Water, returning <i>via</i> the Vale of Troutbeck and Lowwood.</p> <p>No. 12.—DERWENTWATER (Keswick) TOUR, <i>via</i> Ambleside, Grasmere, and Thirlmere.</p> <p>No. 13.—THE FIVE LAKES CIRCULAR TOUR, <i>viz.</i> Windermere, Rydal, Grasmere, Thirlmere, and Derwentwater.</p> <p>No. 14.—WASTWATER TOUR, <i>via</i> Seascale and Gosforth.</p> <p>No. 15.—THE SIX LAKES CIRCULAR TOUR, <i>viz.</i> Windermere, Rydal, Grasmere, Thirlmere, Derwentwater, and Ullswater.</p> <p>No. 16.—THE DUDDON VALLEY TOUR, <i>via</i> Broughton-in-Furness, Ulpha, and Seathwaite.</p> <p>No. 17.—THE ROUND OF CONISTON LAKE NEW TOUR.</p> <p>No. 18.—ENNERDALE LAKE and CALDER ABBEY TOUR, <i>via</i> Seascale, Gosforth, and Cold Fell.</p> <p>No. 19.—ACROSS THE FERRY TOUR, <i>via</i> Esthwaite Water, Hawkshead, Ferry, and Storrs Hall.</p> <p>No. 20.—CARTMEL PRIORY and NEWBY BRIDGE TOUR, <i>via</i> Windermere (Lake Side), Holker Park, and Grange.</p> |
|---|--|

For further particulars see "TOURS THROUGH LAKELAND" Pamphlets, to be had gratis at all Furness Railway Stations; of Mr. F. J. RAMSDEN, Superintendent of the Line, Barrow-in-Furness; at Messrs. THOS. COOK & SONS' and H. GAZE & SONS' Offices, and the Polytechnic Institute, Regent Street, W., and Royal Exchange, Manchester; or Messrs. W. H. SMITH & SON's principal Bookstalls (price $\frac{1}{2}$ d.).

The New Palette Album, illustrating the above Tours, is now published, price 6d.

ALFRED ASLETT,

BARROW-IN-FURNESS, Secretary and General Manager.

April 1902.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

QUICKEST, BEST, AND MOST PICTURESQUE ROUTE TO

Bath, Bristol, Exeter, Plymouth, North and South Devon, Cornwall, Birmingham, Midland Counties, South Wales, Ireland, etc.

EXPRESS TRAINS between LONDON (Paddington Station)

AND	HOURS.	AND	HOURS.	AND	HOURS.	AND	HOURS.
Bristol . . in	2½	Plymouth . in	5½	Leamington . in	2	Chester . . in	5
Weymouth. .	3½	Penzance . .	8½	Birmingham .	2½	Birkenhead .	5½
Exeter . . .	3½	Oxford . . .	1½	Wolv'hmpt'n .	3	Cardiff . . .	3½
Torquay. . .	5	Worcester. .	2½	Shrewsbury . .	3½	Swansea. . .	4½

ALL TRAINS are FIRST, SECOND and THIRD CLASS.

Corridor Carriages, with reserved Compartments for Ladies, Smoking Saloons and Lavatory Compartments of each class, are run on many of the Express Trains.

Channel Islands, via Weymouth or Southampton.

The Steamboat Service between Weymouth and the Channel Islands and Southampton and the Channel Islands is carried on jointly by the Great Western and London and South Western Railway Companies. For full particulars see Time-book.

IRELAND.

POWERFUL FAST STEAMERS BETWEEN NEW MILFORD AND WATERFORD, AND CORK.

The powerful Steamers between **Milford Haven** and **Waterford**, and **Cork** afford the **Quickest Route** to all Stations in the South and West of Ireland. During the Summer months Tourist Tickets are issued to **Killarney**, by the renowned and picturesque route popularly known as the "Prince of Wales," *via* Glengarriff.

NORTH OF IRELAND EXPRESS SERVICE.

LIVERPOOL, BELFAST AND LONDONDERRY.

Through Express Trains by the Shortest and Best Route between **WEST OF ENGLAND** (via Severn Tunnel), **Swansea, Cardiff, Newport** and other Stations in South Wales, and **Liverpool, Manchester, Lancashire** and **Yorkshire Districts**,

And all the Principal Towns in the North of England and Scotland.

EXCURSION, TOURIST, AND OTHER PLEASURE TRAFFIC.

During the Season the Great Western Company supply gratuitously programmes of Tourist arrangements and Passengers are thereby enabled to secure valuable and reliable information as to Fares, Routes, Conveyances, etc. **Winter Tourist Tickets** are issued to **Torquay, Paignton, Fowey, Newquay, Truro, Falmouth, Helston, St. Ives, Penzance, Tenby** and certain other Health Resorts. **Pleasure Party Tickets** at Reduced Rates are issued during the Summer months, and special arrangements made for the conveyance of Football Parties, Cricketers, etc. **Excursion Trains** are run during the Season between the Principal Stations on Great Western Railway.

PASSENGERS' LUGGAGE COLLECTED AND DELIVERED IN ADVANCE AT 1s. PER PACKAGE.

DINING, LUNCHEON AND BREAKFAST SALOONS between **London** and **Bristol**, and **Exeter** and **Cardiff**. Table d'Hôte dinner, 3s. 6d.; Breakfast or Luncheon, 2s. 6d.

LUNCHEON BASKETS can be obtained at the principal Stations. Hot or Cold Luncheon, with bottle of beer, 3s.; without beer, 2s. 6d.

TEA BASKETS, containing Pot of Tea or Coffee, Bread and Butter, and Cake or Bun, for one person, 1s.; Tea Basket for two persons, 1s. 6d.

Hotels under the Management of the Great Western Railway Company.

Great Western Royal Hotel, **PADDINGTON STATION**; Tregenna Castle Hotel, **ST. IVES, CORNWALL**; South Wales Hotel, **NEW MILFORD**; Hotel Wynclyffe, **GOODWICK, PEMBROKESHIRE**.

MARCH 1902.

J. L. WILKINSON, *General Manager*.

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THE RAILWAYS RUNNING INTO LONDON.

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DISTRICT LINE AND ALL STATIONS IN
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Principal Booksellers throughout the Kingdom.

Price 6d. (on Paper), 1s. Mounted (Limp or Stiff Cover),
3s. 6d. Mounted, Rolled, and Varnished.

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Bathing, Boating, Fishing (Sea, River, & Lake), Golfing, Coaching, Mountaineering.

TOURIST TICKETS available for two months, issued throughout the year, from London and all principal Stations in England, Scotland, and Ireland to **Aberystwyth, Borth, Machynlleth, Aberdovey, Towyn, Dolgelly, Barmouth, Llanbedr and Pensarn, Harlech, Portmadoc, Crickieth, Pwllheli, Llanidloes, Rhayader, Builth Wells, and Brecon.**

CHEAP WEEK-END & TEN DAYS' TICKETS are issued every Friday or Saturday (with certain exceptions, for which see the Issuing Companies' Announcements) **Throughout the Year**, from **LONDON, SHREWSBURY, BIRMINGHAM, WOLVERHAMPTON, STAFFORD, BURTON, DERBY, LEICESTER, PETERBORO', LEEDS, HUDDERSFIELD, STOCKPORT, OLDHAM, MANCHESTER, PRESTON, BLACKBURN, ROCHDALE, BRADFORD, WAKEFIELD, HALIFAX, BOLTON, WIGAN, WARRINGTON, CREWE, LIVERPOOL, STOKE, BIRKENHEAD**, and other Stations to the **CAMBRIAN WATERING-PLACES.**

ABOUT 30 RAIL AND COACH EXCURSIONS DAILY

Are run from the Cambrian Railways, during the Summer Months, through the finest Scenery in the Principality.

Cycling and Walking Tours at cheap fares, through the Mountain, River, and Lake Districts.

For particulars see Rail and Coach Excursions Programme, issued gratis (July).

EXPRESS TRAINS WITH 1st, 2nd, AND 3rd CLASS LAVATORY CARRIAGES

(LONDON to ABERYSTWYTH 6½ hours; BARMOUTH 7 hours)

Are run daily during the Season in connection with Fast Trains on the London and North-Western and other Railways, between London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Stafford, Shrewsbury, Hereford, Merthyr, Cardiff, Newport (Mon.), &c., and Aberystwyth, Barmouth, &c.

See the Cambrian Railways' new and beautiful Album "**A SOUVENIR, Gems of picturesque scenery in Wild Wales. 55 SUPERB VIEWS.**" Price 6d. At the principal Railway Bookstalls, the Company's Stations, and the undermentioned Offices, &c.

"PICTURESQUE WALES" (Illustrated).

The Official Guide-Book to the Cambrian Railways, edited by Mr. GODFREY TURNER, price 6d., can be obtained at the Bookstalls, and at the Company's Offices or Stations; also of Messrs. W. J. Adams and Sons, 59 Fleet Street, London, E.C.

FARM-HOUSE AND COUNTRY LODGINGS.

Attention is drawn to the illustrated pamphlet issued by the Company,

LISTS OF LODGINGS.

Price 1d. at the principal Railway Bookstalls and Company's Stations.

Time Tables, Tourist Programmes, Guide-Books, and full particulars of Trains, Fares, &c., may be obtained from Mr. W. H. GOUGH, Traffic Superintendent, Oswestry, at any of the Company's Stations, and at the Cambrian Offices, 91 Lord Street, Liverpool, The Exchange, Cardiff, 8 Stanley Road, Meersbrook, Sheffield, or on application to the undersigned. Also at the **CAMBRIAN RAILWAYS' LONDON OFFICES, 32 WESTBOURNE GROVE, 53 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, 150 PICCADILLY**, and at the undermentioned Offices of Messrs. Henry Gaze & Sons, Ltd., Excursion Tourist Agents—

Manchester—111 Market Street; **Liverpool**—93 Lord Street; **Birmingham**—36 Union Passage, New Street; **Dublin**—16 Suffolk Street; **Glasgow**—Central Station.

C. S. DENNISS,

Secretary and General Manager.

LONDON & SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

CORRIDOR TRAINS, LUNCH and DINING CARS, all classes, are now running in principal services—between LONDON (Waterloo) and the WEST OF ENGLAND.

The *Shortest, Quickest, and most Picturesque Route* between London, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, and the West of England.

This popular Railway skirts the *South West Coast*, runs through most beautiful scenery of *North and South Devon*, and provides direct communication with the attractive *North Cornwall coast* via *Camelford*: also with the *Isle of Wight* via *Portsmouth Harbour*, via *Stokes Bay*, via *Southampton*, or via *Lymington*.

It also supplies frequent services between London and the *Thames Valley*, *Richmond*, *Windsor*, etc. Passengers travelling by the London and South Western Expresses may at Exeter make connections for *Torquay*, *Dartmouth*, and *South Devon*.

Express Trains between *London (Waterloo)* and *Exeter* in 3 hours 30 mins.; *Uracombe* in 6 hours 6 mins.; *Lynton* in 6 hours 57 mins.; *Plymouth* in 5 hours 5 mins.; *Swanage* in 3 hours 8 mins.; *Bournemouth* in 2 hours 5 mins.; *Brookenhurst* (for *New Forest*) in 2 hours 5 mins.; *Weymouth* in 3 hours 18 mins.; *Southampton* in 1 hour 41 mins.; *Portsmouth* in 2 hours 1 min.; *Ryde* in 2 hours 50 mins.; *Ventnor* in 3 hours 20 mins.; *Seaton* in 4 hours 22 mins.; *Budleigh Salterton* in 4 hours 36 mins.; *Bude* in 6 hours 10 mins.; *Padstow* in 7 hours 20 mins.

First, Second, and Third Class Lavatory accommodation in principal trains.

Pullman Cars are run in the 9.30 a.m., 12.30,* 2.0, and 4.50 p.m. trains from Waterloo to Brookenhurst and Bournemouth, and in the 7.50, 9.12, 11.10 a.m., and 1.58 p.m. trains from Bournemouth to Waterloo.

* Not for Brookenhurst.

Steamship Services.—The London and South Western Steamships are the *largest, most commodious, and fastest vessels* engaged in the *Channel service*, and possess all modern improvements.

To *Havre* (for *Paris*, *Normandy*, and *Brittany*) every week day, leaving Waterloo Station at 9.50 p.m., arriving Havre 6 a.m. and Paris 11.30 a.m.

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To *St. Malo* every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

To *Cherbourg* every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, leaving Waterloo Station at 8.5 p.m.

Passengers' Personal Luggage collected, forwarded, and delivered in advance.

Cheap Tourist and Excursion Tickets are issued, during the season, to all parts.

Full particulars can be obtained at any of the Company's Stations, or upon application to Mr. Henry Holmes, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

CHAS. J. OWENS, General Manager.

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KILKEE (Spanish Point), LAHINCH and LISDOONVARNA,

and the UNRIVALLED CLIFF and COAST SCENERY of

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The Direct Route to these famous Health and Pleasure Resorts is by the

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From ENNIS to ENNISTYMON (for Lisdoonvarna).

LAHINCH (for the Golf Greens and the Cliffs of Moher).

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The West and South Clare Railways and the Board of Works' Coach and Steamer Services give a through connection from Killarney, Glengarriff and Listowel to Tarbert, Kilrush, Kilkee, Miltown Malbay, Lahinch, Lisdoonvarna, Ennis, Connemara, Dublin, and the North of Ireland, and *vice versa*.

THROUGH TOURIST TICKETS are issued at the Principal Railway Stations in Ireland and England; also at the Offices of Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son, Messrs. Henry Gaze and Sons, and Messrs. Dean and Dawson; and at the Irish Railway Companies' Tourist Office, 2 Charing Cross, London, S.W.

For information as to Fares, Routes, Hotels, Golfing, Fishing, etc., apply to—

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PATRICK SULLIVAN, Manager.

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BY THE

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*Albert Quay Terminus,
Cork, Season 1902.*

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General Manager.

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NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAYS ROYAL MAIL ROUTE.**
FLEETWOOD TO BELFAST
AND THE
NORTH OF IRELAND.

EVERY EVENING (SUNDAYS EXCEPTED).

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Every Evening (Sundays excepted), at 11.15 p.m., or after arrival of trains from London, Birmingham, Hull, Newcastle, Bradford, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Preston, and all parts of the Kingdom; returning

FROM BELFAST TO FLEETWOOD

Every Evening (Sundays excepted), at 8.30 p.m. (on Saturdays the Steamer leaves at 10.30 p.m.), arriving in Fleetwood in time for early morning trains to the above places.

During the Summer Season, special additional Steamers will sail from Fleetwood to Belfast, and *vice versa*, by which Tourist and Excursion Tickets will be available.

FARES.—(No Steward's Fee) **SINGLE JOURNEY**, Saloon, 12s. 6d.; Steerage, 5s.; **RETURNS** available for two months, Saloon, 21s.; Steerage, 8s. 6d. Through Tickets (single and return) are also issued from all the principal Stations of the London and North-Western, Lancashire and Yorkshire, North-Eastern, Great Western, Great Northern, and Great Central Railway Companies, to Belfast, and *vice versa*.

SPECIAL TOURISTS' TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR TWO MONTHS

Are issued during the Summer Season, *via* the Fleetwood Route, whereby Tourists may visit all places of interest in the North of Ireland and Dublin. For particulars, see the Lancashire and Yorkshire and London and North-Western Companies' Tourists Programmes.

At Fleetwood the railway trains run alongside the steamers, and passengers' luggage is carried from the train at the quay on board **FREE OF CHARGE**.

Fleetwood is unrivalled as a steam packet station for the North of Ireland, and the unexampled regularity with which the Belfast Line of Steamers have made the passage between the two ports for more than forty years is probably without a parallel in steamboat service, and has made this Route the most popular, as it is certainly the most Expeditious and Desirable, for Passengers, Goods, and Merchandise, between the great centres of commerce in England and the North and North-West of Ireland.

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For further information apply to the above, and also to S. WHITEHALL, District Superintendent; W. SMITH, Goods Department, Fleetwood; or to any L. & Y. or L. & N. W. Station.

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HISTORIC
INTEREST
NATURAL
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This book is intended to put in the smallest possible space the means by which one may reach the chief places of interest in England. It will possibly make many holidays, week-ends, or isolated days, more enjoyable by placing a defined object before the Rambler. Places within an hour or two of London are in the front of the book, so that as one turns over the pages one is taken further and further afield. The brief summary of the interests of each place, and the many illustrations, may help to memorise the impressions obtained.

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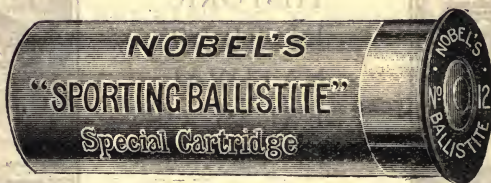
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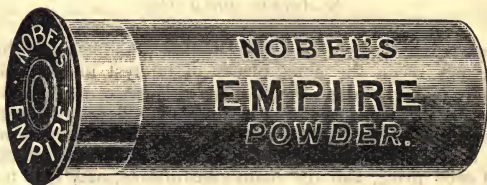
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Is one of the Largest and most important Agencies of
the kind in the Kingdom.

From Messrs. J. WATSON LYALL & Co.'s extensive knowledge of Scotland, and their connection with it, they are in a position to be of use to those who may entrust the Letting and Selling of their Estates to them, and also to those who wish to Rent or Purchase Deer Forests, Grouse Moors, Mansion Houses, Low-ground Shootings, or Fishings, &c.

SPLENDID COASTING TOURS.

The new and powerful Steamers (Electrically lighted) of the Clyde Shipping Company, Limited, sail from **St. KATHARINE DOCK**, London (near the Tower Bridge) for **Greenock** and **Glasgow** every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday; for **Belfast** every Tuesday and Saturday; and for **Waterford** every Thursday. Thursday's Steamer calls at **Southampton** (during Summer months) and **Plymouth**.

SHORT SEA VOYAGES of a week's duration (calling at various ports) can be made every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Some sailings are so arranged that passengers can remain on board during the round voyage, but in any case only one night ashore is necessary, thus minimising Hotel Expenses. Return Saloon Fare, £2:10s.

Private 2 Berth Deck Cabins—Single Journey, £5:5s. (per cabin); Return, £8:8s. *State Cabins (4 Berths)* for Families—Single Journey, £6; Return, £10.

LONDON AND DARTMOUTH for Torquay, Totnes, the River Dart, etc. Grand Week End Trips from London every Thursday, arriving at Dartmouth on Friday; returning on Saturday afternoon, and arriving in the Thames on Sunday afternoon. Saloon Fares, Single, 17s. 6d.; Return, £1:7:6 (available during the Season). This route affords a favourable opportunity for families removing to Seaside quarters on the Devon Coast. This service begins on 3rd July and ends on 4th September.

ISLE OF MAN.—From London, by Sea, every Tuesday and Saturday (via Belfast). Passengers proceed from Belfast per Isle of Man Steam Packet Company's Steamers to Peel Pier (daily, at 4 aft. Irish time, during July and August), thence Rail to Douglas. Return Fares, Saloon and 1st Class Rail, £3. Or, London to Belfast, Peel, Douglas, Ardrossan, Glasgow, and Glasgow to London. Saloon and 1st Class Return, £3:5:8.

GRAND IRISH COASTING TOURS.—Embracing Portrush (for the unequalled Golf Links), Dublin, Cork, Limerick, and the Western Highlands of Ireland.

The new Steamer "VALENTIA" leaves Cork every Tuesday for various West Highland (Ireland) Ports, returning on Sunday. Return Cabin Fare, £1:2:6.

Magnificent Mountainous Scenery.—The Company's Steamers take the route via South of England, Land's End, Irish Channel, and the famous Firth of Clyde, to Glasgow.

SUPERIOR CUISINE.

SALT WATER BATHS

For Hours of Sailing and Illustrated Guide (Free) apply to

CLYDE SHIPPING COMPANY, LIMITED,
138 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

Telegraphic Address—"CUMBRAE, LONDON."

DAVID HUNTER, Agent.

LONDON AND DUBLIN, AND THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND.

The best route for Cornwall, Devon, Wilts, Sussex, Kent, Essex, Hants, and Surrey and for the Scilly Islands, the Isle of Wight, the Channel Islands and France.

The British and Irish Steam Packet Company's large and powerful Steam-Ships, fitted with electric light, and with superior passenger accommodation, and carrying goods, horses, carriages, &c., at moderate rates, leave **LONDON** and **DUBLIN** Twice a Week (unless prevented by unforeseen occurrences), calling both ways at

PORTSMOUTH, SOUTHAMPTON, PLYMOUTH AND FALMOUTH
SAILING DAYS

From **LONDON: Sundays and Wednesdays.**

From **DUBLIN: Wednesdays and Saturdays.**

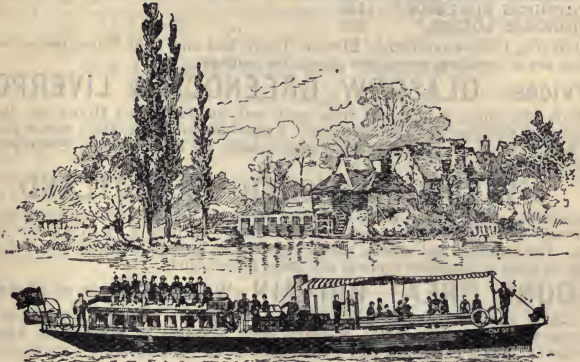
Passengers from London can embark the evening before sailing day without extra charge, but must be on board not later than 10.0 P.M.

FARES FROM LONDON	1st CABIN.		2nd CABIN.		DECK.	
	Single.	Return.	Single.	Return.	Single.	Return.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
To Portsmouth	10 6	16 6	6 6	10 0	4 0	6 0
„ Southampton	11 0	17 0	7 0	10 6	4 6	6 6
„ Plymouth	15 0	24 0	11 0	17 6	7 0	11 0
„ Falmouth	20 0	32 0	15 0	24 0	10 0	15 0
„ Dublin	25 0	38 6	17 6	27 0	11 0	17 0

Children from 3 to 12 years of age half fare. Return Tickets are available for three months, and passengers are allowed to break the journey at intermediate ports. Provisions are supplied on board at moderate rates. Private cabins can be reserved on payment of extra charge, on early application being made for same.

London Offices:—19 Leadenhall Street, E.C. **JAMES HARTLEY & Co., Agents.** Berth: North Quay, Eastern Basin, London Dock, near the Shadwell Stations, Great Eastern and Metropolitan Railways. Chief Offices, Dublin; 3 North Wall. Telegraphic address; Awe, Dublin.
A. W. EGAN, Secretary.

DELIGHTFUL STEAMER TRIPS THROUGH 90 MILES OF THAMES SCENERY.



SALOON STEAMERS run daily between **OXFORD, HENLEY, and KINGSTON**, from 12th May to 4th October 1902.

DOWN TRIP.

Oxford, depart . . .	9.30 a.m.	2.15 p.m.
Wallingford, arrive about . . .	1.40 p.m.	7.0
" depart " . . .	2.40	9.0 a.m.
Henley, arrive about . . .	7.0	1.30 p.m.
" depart " . . .	9.50 a.m.	2.40
Windsor, arrive about . . .	1.45 p.m.	7.15
" depart " . . .	2.40	9.15 a.m.
Kingston, arrive " . . .	7.10	1.30 p.m.

UP TRIP.

Kingston, depart . . .	9.0 a.m.	2.30 p.m.
Windsor, arrive about . . .	1.40 p.m.	7.15
" depart " . . .	2.40	9.15 a.m.
Henley, arrive " . . .	7.15	1.40 p.m.
" depart " . . .	9.0 a.m.	2.40
Wallingford, arrive about . . .	1.40 p.m.	7.15
" depart " . . .	2.40	9.0 a.m.
Oxford, arrive about " . . .	7.10	1.15 p.m.

The through journey occupies two days each way, but passengers can join or leave the boat at any of the locks, or regular stopping-places. Circular Tickets for Combined Railway and Steamer Trips are issued at most of the principal G.W.R. Stations, and at Waterloo, Richmond, and Kingston Stations, L. & S.W.R. Time Table giving full particulars of arrangements, fares, etc., post free, 1d.

Rowing Boats of all kinds for Excursions down the River
at Charges which include Cartage back to Oxford.

Full Particulars on application.

Steam and Electric Launches for Hire by the day or
Week, and also for the Trip.

Boats of every description, Canoes, Punts, etc., built to Order.
A large selection, both New and Second-hand, kept in readiness for Sale or Hire.

Illustrated Price Lists may be had on application.

House Boats for Sale or Hire, and also built to Order.

SALTER BROTHERS,
Boat Builders,
FOLLY BRIDGE, OXFORD.

M. LANGLANDS & SONS' Passenger and Cargo Steamers.

"PRINCESS MAUD."	1466 tons.	Number of Berths in Staterooms	126.
"PRINCESS VICTORIA."	1249 "	"	126.
"PRINCESS BEATRICE."	1146 "	"	104.
"PRINCESS LOUISE."	932 "	"	50.

All having Cabins amidships, Electric Light, Hot and Cold Water Baths, etc., etc. Besides the above there are others of smaller tonnage.

Services—GLASGOW, GREENOCK, & LIVERPOOL.

About four times a fortnight from each end, for Dates and Hours see Bills and Liverpool or Glasgow Daily Newspapers. Fares—Cabin, single, 11s.; return (available for 2 months), 16s. 6d. Special Returns (available for 10 days), 14s. Steerage, single, 5s. 6d.; return, 8s. 3d.

LIVERPOOL & NORTH OF SCOTLAND.

Departures every week—Calls are made at OBAN, KYLE, STORNOWAY, STROMNESS, ABERDEEN, LEITH (for EDINBURGH), and DUNDEE. Returning to LIVERPOOL by same route. The steamers sail among the islands of the West Highlands, and the scenery passed *en route* is therefore some of the finest in Scotland.

ROUND GREAT BRITAIN (Without Change of Steamer).

This tour is run fortnightly and occupies 12 days; steamers start from LIVERPOOL and proceed north through the Western Isles, and call at STROMNESS, ABERDEEN, NEWCASTLE, HULL, SOUTHAMPTON, PLYMOUTH, etc., etc., then up to LIVERPOOL.

Full particulars on application to—

M. LANGLANDS & SONS

Telegram for all these places "LANGLANDS."

- 10 Rumford Place, Liverpool.
- 14 Cross Street, Manchester.
- 80 Constitution Street, Leith.
- 45 Hope Street, Glasgow.

LEITH AND LONDON.



THE LONDON & EDINBURGH
SHIPPING COMPANY'S First-Class
Steamships, FINGAL, IONA, MALVINA,
MARMION (all lighted by Electricity), or

other of the Company's Vessels, are intended to Sail (until further notice) from VICTORIA DOCK, LEITH, every WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY, and SATURDAY, and from HERMITAGE STEAM WHARF, WAPPING, E. every TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY.

FARES.—First Cabin, including Steward's Fee, 22s.; Second Cabin, 16s.; Deck (Soldiers and Sailors only), 10s. Return Tickets, available for 12 months (including Steward's Fee both ways)—First Cabin, 34s.; Second Cabin, 24s. 6d.

Provisions, &c., may be had from the Steward on moderate terms.

Not responsible for Passengers' Luggage, unless booked and paid for.

CHEAP CIRCULAR TOURS round the Land's End in connection with Clyde Shipping Company's Steamers—Fare, First Cabin, 47s. 6d. By Bristol Channel, in connection with Messrs. Sloan & Co.'s Steamers—Fare, 1st Cabin, 35s. (Railway Fares extra.) Round the North of Scotland in connection with Messrs. Langlands & Sons' Steamers to Liverpool—Fare, First Cabin, London to Liverpool, 60s. By British and Irish Steam Packet Company's Steamer to Dublin, thence via Silloth to Edinburgh, returning by this Company's Steamer to London—Fares for the Round, Saloon and First Class Rail, 52s.; Saloon and Third Class Rail, 47s. By North of Scotland Steamers to Orkney and Shetland—Return Fares to Kirkwall and Stromness, First Class, 60s.; Second Class, 33s. To Lerwick and Scalloway, First Class, 67s. 6d.; Second Class, 35s.

Apply in London to LONDON & EDINBURGH SHIPPING COMPANY, Hermitage Steam Wharf, Wapping; M'DOUGALL & BONTHON, 72 Mark Lane, E.C.; GEORGE MUTCH, 102 Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; G. W. WHEATLEY & Co., 23 Regent Street. Edinburgh—COWAN & Co., 14 North Bridge. Glasgow—COWAN & Co., 28 St. Vincent Place. Greenock—D. MACDOUGALL, 1 Cross Shore Street; and to

THOMAS AITKEN, 8 & 9 COMMERCIAL STREET, LEITH.

ENGLAND AND NORTH OF IRELAND.

The best route is by the Direct Service of Express Steamers.

"MAGIC" (Twin Screw), "OPTIC," "COMIC" (Twin Screw).
"CALORIC," "MYSTIC" (Twin Screw), "LOGIC" (Twin Screw), &c.

Via LIVERPOOL and BELFAST.

Open Sea Passage about Six Hours.

The Steamers of the Belfast Steamship Company are lighted by Electricity, and are fitted with every modern improvement for the comfort of Passengers. The Cabins are amidships, the Saloon being on deck, with a spacious Promenade above.

From Liverpool (Prince's Landing Stage or Prince's Dock) for Belfast—Daily (Sundays excepted) at 10.30 p.m.

From Belfast (Donegal Quay) for Liverpool—Daily (Sundays excepted) at 8 p.m.; Saturdays at 10.30 p.m.

Omnibuses await the arrival of the Steamer at Liverpool, to convey Through Passengers and their Luggage to the Lime Street and Central Stations FREE of charge. Omnibuses also leave the Lime Street and Central Stations every evening, in time to convey all Through Passengers and their Luggage from all Districts to the Steamer FREE of charge.

Through bookings between all principal English Stations and Stations in the North of Ireland at fares as cheap as any other route.

For Fares, Rates, and all particulars apply to H. H. STEVENSON, 6 BROWN STREET, Manchester; BELFAST STEAMSHIP COMPANY, LIMITED, 5 Chapel Street, Liverpool; or to The Head Office, Belfast Steamship Company, Limited, Belfast.

Telegraphic Address—"Basalt, Belfast"; "Afloat, Liverpool."

LONDON, SCARBOROUGH AND MIDDLESBROUGH

THE Tees Union Shipping Company's (Limited) New Passenger Steamer "Claudia" (fitted throughout with electric light, with handsome saloon accommodation, piano, smoke-room, and every convenience for passengers) leaves Free Trade Wharf, Ratcliff, London, E., every Saturday evening for Scarborough and Middlesbrough. Returning from the Company's Wharf Middlesbrough to Scarborough and London every Wednesday.

The s.s. "Dione," carrying a limited number of passengers, leaves London every Tuesday for Middlesbrough, and Middlesbrough every Saturday for London (Weather, etc., permitting). Fares—Saloon, 11s. 6d.; Return, 17s. 6d.; Fore Cabin, 7s. 6d.; Return, 11s. 6d. Returns available for 3 months.

For full particulars apply—London, J. Greig, Free Trade Wharf; Scarborough, Jno. Stephenson; or to the Head Office, North Street, Middlesbrough.

CHRISTOPHER FORSTER, *Secretary.*

GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.

WEEKLY CIRCULAR TOUR.

THE Favourite Steamer DUNARA CASTLE sails from Glasgow every Thursay at 2 P.M., and from Greenock, West Quay, at 7 P.M., for Colonsay, Iona, Bunessan, Tyree, Barra, Uist, Skye, and Harris, returning to Glasgow on Wednesdays. Affords to Tourists the opportunity of about a week's comfortable Sea Voyage, and at the same time a Panoramic View of the magnificent scenery of the Western Isles.

CABIN FARE, £1:15s., INCLUDING MEALS, £3:5s.

Extended Tours to the Island of St. Kilda on special dates in June, July, and August. Return Cabin Fare, including Meals, £4:4s.

Berths may be booked at the London Offices of the Carron Company, 87 Lower East Smithfield, E.C., and 73 Great Tower Street, E.C.

Time Bills (with Maps) and Berths secured on application to

MARTIN ORME, 20 Robertson Street, Glasgow.

CARRON LINE.

SCOTLAND AND LONDON.

Four Sailings Weekly.

The splendid steamers "AVON," "GRANGE," "FORTH," and "THAMES" (which have been specially built for the service, and are all lighted by electricity), or other steamers, are expected to sail, unless prevented by unforeseen circumstances,

From GRANGEMOUTH for LONDON every TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY. From Bo'NESS for LONDON every MONDAY. From LONDON for GRANGEMOUTH every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY. From LONDON for Bo'NESS every THURSDAY. Trains run alongside the Steamers at Grangemouth.

The only route by which passengers can obtain a perfect view of the Forth Bridge, the steamers of this Line sailing underneath.

Fares: Glasgow and London.				Single.	Return.
First Cabin, including 1st Class Rail	.	.	.	26s.	39s.
" " 3rd "	.	.	.	24s.	35s.
Second Cabin " 3rd "	.	.	.	17s. 6d.	26s. 6d.
Soldiers and Sailors on Deck, and 3rd Class Rail	.	.	.	12s.	..
Grangemouth or Bo'ness and London.					
First Cabin	.	.	.	22s.	34s.
Second Cabin	.	.	.	16s.	24s.
Soldiers and Sailors on Deck	.	.	.	10s.	..

Return Tickets available for Two Months.

Circular Tours, Glasgow to London, returning by Clyde Shipping Co.'s Steamers; also to Bristol, Dublin, Belfast, and Isle of Man, etc. Each steamer carries a Stewardess.

For Berths, Guide-books (free), and all information apply in LONDON at Carron and London and Continental Wharves, 87-93 Lower East Smithfield, E.; City Office, 73 Great Tower Street; in GLASGOW, at Carron Company's Offices, 125 Buchanan Street; in EDINBURGH, to T. Cook & Son, Princes Street, or J. & H. LINDSAY, 18 South St. Andrew Street; and at Carron Company's Offices, GRANGEMOUTH.

DUNDEE AND LONDON.

THE DUNDEE, PERTH, AND LONDON SHIPPING COMPANY'S splendid Steamships "DUNDEE," "PERTH," and "LONDON," or other of the Company's Vessels, will sail (weather, casualties, and strikes excepted) every Wednesday and Saturday from Dundee Wharf, Limehouse, E., and from Dundee every Wednesday and Saturday.

Fares.—First Cabin, including Steward's Fees, 22s. 6d.; Return Tickets, available for Twelve Months, 35s. Second Cabin, 15s.; Return Tickets, 22s. 6d. Children, 3 to 14, half-fare. Passengers can secure berths in London at G. W. WHEATLEY & Co.'s Office, 23 Regent Street, W.; Company's City Office, 75 Great Tower Street; and on application to JAMES MITCHELL, Dundee Wharf, Three Colt Street, Limehouse, E.

CIRCULAR TOURS.

Dundee, London, and Glasgow.—By this Company's Steamers between Dundee and London, and by Clyde Shipping Company's Steamers between London and Glasgow calling at several intermediate English and Irish ports. Fare, First Cabin, 47s. 6d. The railway fare between Glasgow and Dundee (First Class, 14s.; Third Class, 6s. 10½d.) is not included, passengers being thus at liberty to travel through Scotland by any route they may choose. This route may be reversed.

Dundee, London, and Grangemouth.—Return Tickets are available by the Carron Company's Steamers, London to Grangemouth, thence by rail to Dundee, or *vice versa* at the following fares:—First Cabin and First Class Rail, 45s.; Second Cabin and Third Class Rail, 27s. 6d.

Dundee, Bristol, and Glasgow.—By this Company's Steamers between Dundee and London, and by Messrs. WILLIAM SLOAN & Co.'s Steamers between Bristol and Glasgow calling at several intermediate ports. Fare, First Cabin, 37s. 6d., exclusive of all Fares for Rail parts of the journey, which are London and Bristol (First Class, 20s. 10d. Third Class, 9s. 10½d.); Glasgow and Dundee (First Class, 14s.; Third Class, 6s. 10½d.) This route may be reversed.

Further particulars can be obtained at the Company's Office, 5 Shore Terrace.

JAMES W. KIDD, Manager.

ABERDEEN AND LONDON.

THE ABERDEEN STEAM NAVIGATION CO.'S STEAMSHIPS

HOGARTH, CITY OF LONDON, or CITY OF ABERDEEN,

will be despatched (weather, etc., permitting)—

From ABERDEEN, 87 Waterloo Quay, every Wednesday and Saturday.

From LONDON, Aberdeen Wharf, Limehouse, every Wednesday and Saturday.

The Steamers are fitted up in First-Class style—Ladies' Saloon, and Smoking Room on Deck—Electric Light throughout—Time on Passage 36 hours.

The Company's steam tender 'ICH DIEN' attends the Steamers on their arrival in London for the purpose of conveying Passengers to the Temple Pier, Thames Embankment; she also leaves that Pier with Passengers for the Steamers one hour before the advertised time of sailing from Limehouse.

FARES—*Private Cabins* accommodating four passengers £6.

Private Cabins, if occupied by fewer than four passengers £5.

Single Tickets—1st Cabin, 30s.; 2nd Cabin, 15s.; Children under 14 years, 15s. and 10s.

Return Tickets—available for six months—45s. and 25s.; Children, 25s. and 15s.

A Stewardess carried in both First and Second Cabins.

Berths secured and further information obtained on application to GEORGE MUTOH, Agent, The Aberdeen Steam Navigation Co.'s Wharf, Limehouse; and at 102 Queen Victoria Street, E.C., London; or to

WILLIAM A. MALCOLM,

Manager, Aberdeen.

SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.

ROYAL MAIL LINE.

QUICKEST, Cheapest, and Best Route between all parts of Scotland and the North of Ireland.

MAIL SERVICE twice every evening (Sundays excepted) to and from all parts of Ireland *via Belfast*; and all parts of Scotland, *via Glasgow*, *via Greenock*, and *via Ardrossan*.

DAYLIGHT SERVICE DURING SUMMER SEASON.

Glasgow to Belfast and back same day, by "Adder" from Ardrossan. Also Steamers between—

Glasgow and Manchester, three times weekly.

Glasgow and Liverpool (calling at Greenock). Fast and commodious new steamers "Spaniel" and "Pointer." Cheap Excursion Fares. Five sailings in the fortnight during the winter months, and three times weekly during the summer season. See newspaper advertisements.

Glasgow and Londonderry (calling at Greenock). Twice weekly.

For full details see Advertisements and Sailing Bills, or apply to

G. & J. BURNS,

Glasgow, Belfast, Londonderry, Manchester, and Liverpool.

LOCH-LOMOND.

"QUEEN OF SCOTTISH LAKES."

THE Dumbarton and Balloch Joint Line Committee's First-Class Saloon Steamers sail from Balloch Pier, calling frequently at all Loch-Lomond Piers, also in connection with Trossachs Tours, Loch - Lomond and Loch - Long Tours, Trossachs and Aberfoyle Tours, Trossachs and Callander Tours, &c. &c.

The most direct and picturesque route to Oban and Fort-William, *via* Loch Lomond, Ardlui, and Crianlarich.

For Train and Steamboat hours see North British and Caledonian Railway Time Tables; apply to both Companies' Stationmasters, or to WM. J. FRASER, Secretary and Manager, 21 Hope Street, Glasgow.

INTERESTING AND POPULAR

PLEASURE EXCURSIONS BY COACH, STEAMER, & TRAIN,

During June, July, August, and September 1902.

OBAN to OBAN and LOCHAWA to LOCHAWA.

**Via Pass of Melfort, Lochawe, and Pass of Brander,
at the base of Ben Cruachan.**

BY Coach leaving M'Gregor's Coach Office on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 9.45 A.M. by way of Lochfeochan, Pass of Melfort, Loch Craignish, Carnasary Castle, and Ford, where Passengers join the Steamer "Countess of Breadalbane" for Lochawe Station; thence per Train due to arrive in Oban at or about 6.30 P.M.; and on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays by Train leaving Oban about 9.40 A.M. for Lochawe Station, thence per Steamer "Countess of Breadalbane" to Ford, and from Ford by Coach due to reach Oban about 6.30 P.M.

Fares for the Round:—First Class, 15s. 6d.; Third Class, 14s. Coach driver's and Guard's Fees not included.

Passengers Booked at Lochawe Hotel, and at Coach Office and Railway Station, Oban.

SCENERY SURPASSING GRAND.

SUMMER TRIPS ROUND SCOTLAND

VIA WEST HIGHLANDS.

THE well-known Steamers "Princess Maud," "Princess Victoria," "Princess Beatrice," "Princess Ena," "Princess Louise," and "Princess Irene," leave Liverpool twice a week *via* Oban, and West and Northern Highlands of Scotland, for Aberdeen, Leith, and Dundee, calling occasionally at Kyleakin, Broadford, Gairloch, Lochinver, Stornoway, Stromness, Loch Eriboll, and Inverness. Regular sailings between Liverpool and Glasgow, also Manchester and Glasgow. Full particulars from M. LANGLANDS & SONS, 10 Rumford Place, Liverpool.

LEITH to ABERDEEN, BUCKIE, LOSSIEMOUTH (for Elgin), BURGHEAD (for Forres), CROMARTY, INVERGORDON (for Strathpeffer), and INVERNESS.

S.S. EARNHOLM leaves Leith every Monday, and Aberdeen every Tuesday, for Buckie, Lossiemouth, Cromarty, Invergordon, and Inverness: leaves Inverness every Thursday for Cromarty, Invergordon, Aberdeen, and Leith. S.S. JAMES HALL leaves Leith every Thursday (and every Tuesday to Aberdeen only), and Aberdeen every Friday for Burghead, Cromarty, Invergordon, and Inverness: leaves Inverness every Monday for Cromarty, Invergordon, Aberdeen, and Leith. S.S. SILVER CITY leaves Leith for Aberdeen every Saturday. S.S. EARNHOLM, or S.S. JAMES HALL leaves Aberdeen for Leith every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday. **FARES MODERATE.**

For further particulars apply to the Manager of The Aberdeen, Leith, and Moray Forth Steam Shipping Co., Limited, JAMES CROMBIE, Trinity Buildings, Aberdeen, or to M. LANGLANDS & SONS, 80 Constitution Street, Leith.

GLASGOW & THE WEST HIGHLANDS.

WEEKLY CIRCULAR TOURS BY THE

Splendid new Steamer.

Lighted by Electricity.

From GLASGOW at 2 p.m.

Berth 42, North Side.

"HEBRIDES"

EVERY MONDAY

Superior Accommodation.

Bathroom, etc.

From GREENOCK at 6.15 p.m.

Customhouse Quay.

For Islay, Colonsay, Oban, Mull, Coll, Tiree, Rum, West of Skye, North and South Uist, Barra, etc., affords the Tourist a splendid opportunity of viewing the magnificent scenery of the West of Skye and the Outer Islands.

Cabin for the Round, from 35s.; Board included, from 65s.

ISLAND OF ST. KILDA.—During the Season extended trips are made to this most interesting and romantic Island, when passengers are given facilities (W.P.) for landing.

Cabin on St. Kilda Trips, from 50s.; Board included, from 84s.

Time Bills, Maps of Route, Cabin Plans, and Berths secured at

JOHN M'CALLUM & CO., 10 Ann St., City, Glasgow.

GALWAY BAY STEAMBOAT CO., LIMITED.

THE cheapest, shortest, and most enjoyable route for tourists from England, Dublin, and the North of Ireland, to the beautiful scenery on the West Coast of Ireland, is by the Midland Great Western Railway, Dublin to Galway; and thence *per* new steamer "Duras," to the ISLANDS OF ARAN, every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

For Ballyvaughan in connection with the far-famed Spa, Lisdoonvarna, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday during summer.

These sailings are subject to alteration. For correct dates see monthly Time Tables.

For further particulars apply to MANAGER, Midland Great Western Railway, Broadstone, Dublin; or to JAMES A. GRANT, Secretary, 19 Eyre Square, Galway

British & Irish Steam Packet Co., Ltd.

GRAND HOLIDAY SEA TRIPS

(Magnificent Coast Scenery)

BETWEEN

LONDON AND DUBLIN

AND THE

SOUTH OF ENGLAND.

The best route for Cornwall, Devon, Wilts, Sussex, Kent, Essex, Hants, and Surrey and for the **SCILLY ISLANDS**, the Isle of Wight, the Channel Islands and France.

THE COMPANY'S LARGE AND POWERFUL STEAM-SHIPS

Fitted with electric light, and with superior accommodation for Passengers, leave London and Dublin twice a week, calling both ways at Portsmouth, Southampton, Plymouth, and Falmouth.

FLEET:

LADY WOLSELEY	1450 Tons	LADY MARTIN	1352 Tons
LADY HUDSON-KINAHAN	1375 "	LADY OLIVE	1103 "

SAILING } From London—Sundays and Wednesdays.
DAYS } From Dublin—Wednesdays and Saturdays.

PASSENGER FARES (STEWARDS' FEES INCLUDED) BETWEEN	1st Cabin.		2nd Cabin.		Deck.	
	Single.	Return.	Single.	Return.	Single.	Return.
LONDON and PORTSMOUTH	s. d. 10 6	s. d. 16 6	s. d. 6 6	s. d. 10 0	s. d. 4 0	s. d. 6 0
" SOUTHAMPTON	11 0	17 0	7 0	10 6	4 6	6 6
" PLYMOUTH	15 0	24 0	11 0	17 6	7 0	11 0
" FALMOUTH	20 0	32 0	15 0	24 0	10 0	15 0
" DUBLIN	25 0	38 6	17 6	27 0	11 0	17 0

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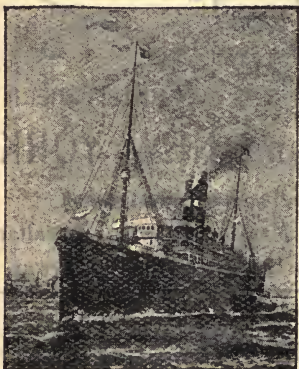
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